

on, like
fevered
ancholy
remote-
ness had
coloured
ly. This
aptitude,
and pur-
ings—a

the dis-
saloon,
against
sleeping
led me,
aptious

hythm of
in one
ide the
a vain
ll open
anical,
o well,
ranger;
anifold
elf and
mantel,
d here
panel-
heavy
ance in
classic
he fes-
illared
orned,
to boot
e, dis-
ur for
on the
indeed,
terest:
ughty
ionate
kindly,
lowing
s, who
with an
er had
eyond
it for
cravat
borne
e and
er in a
him to
of the
nten-
ing of
anged
esent-
telling
me. I
e pro-
ced to

myself
from
ridual
prise
s and
ured;
once
er of
icely,
rans-
h the
o her
er to
dame
rtrait

hung beyond her again; he who had taken an old man's life for that it stood too long between himself and the broad lands of Linne. It had always irked me to think that among those of our race we were forced to count this foul parricide, of whom the story is told how, under pretence of easing the old squire of some disorder, by letting blood, he suffered him to bleed to death, soothing him the while with soft words and anxious phrases; feigning the utmost sorrow at the success of his infamous scheme. No, those arched brows and full aquiline features are in some measure common to our family; but I turned away from the coarse, cruel face beneath its powdered peruke, with an impulse of gladness that I was not as this man. Often I had urged the removal of his portrait, and its banishment to the twilight of the vast lumber-room beneath the rafters; but my father had always gainsaid me, discrediting the truth of the rumour, and urging in Sir Roger's favour his public virtues as a statesman, and his politic yet determined efforts for the advancement of the fortunes of our house. My father could never perceive that which to me was so apparent, what the heavy curves of the lips alone would have sufficed to tell: the latent brutality underlying the courtly composure of the countenance, the hard cunning of those dark, prominent eyes, set wide apart, that seemed to watch my every movement with a covert sneer. Far pleasanter to look upon was a full-length portrait, some few paces nearer the western window, of my great-grandfather, the Judge. Here the features were cast in a sharper mould, the eyes shrewd and deep-set, while, with all its commonplaceness, a certain kindliness shone out from my Lord Justice's homely visage, persuading the beholder of his worth.

This, thought I, was the man I would have most desired to resemble—yes, even rather than handsome Sir George, the chosen comrade of half the wits and men of letters of his day. Yet he, too, was one of whom a descendant might be not unjustly proud. His, truly, was a picturesque figure, slender, well-poised, something touched with foppishness, and yet manly enough in all conscience. He wore his luxuriance of dark hair longer than the mode now commands, and his expression reminded me a little of our ill-fated ancestor of the love-locks. An ample-folded white stock enwrapped his throat, the draperies of a long, loose cloak flung with premeditated grace athwart his left shoulder; both were completely in keeping with the dignified artificiality of his appearance. I could not, however, flatter myself with any supposition that I might be heir of that comely person, that lordly presence. No, 'twas rather toward the gaunt form in its scarlet robes that I turned again, with the reflection half-sad, half-pleasurable, that here was the human being who owed his resurrection to me; who had died, and now lived once more, in my brain, in my flesh and blood. I, also, might, some day, triumph over capricious fortune and cramped circumstance. Like him I would be generous, beneficent, a just and upright soul, as clean in my own inmost consciousness as before the world.

Long and earnestly did I gaze upon the face of this dead man in whose likeness I was made; and my emotion swelled and grew into a mute promise, an unspoken compact with the stainless nature speaking unashamed from those keen, kindly eyes.

Taking a candlestick in my hand I went nearer, the better to examine a signet-ring on the left hand, when suddenly the flame trembled and was gone. A thin voice quavered out my name, over and over, in slow, agitated sequence, rousing me from my reverie. I looked towards the door. It was wide open, and old Stephen, my father's body servant (who had seemed ancient unspeakably to me even when I was a little child), stood upon the threshold, ghostly in the pallor of his white, shrunken face and bleached locks. Behind him yawned the unlighted hall, a vaulted cavern of blackness.

So startled was I by the unexpected apparition,

that for the first few moments his words conveyed no actual meaning to me. Then I understood.

"Come, sir," he was saying. "Come at once; there is no time to lose—your father is dying."

And, as the sense of the message cut its way to my brain, a great joy arose in me; an infamous rejoicing, resistless and brutal as a pent-up tide that bursts its crumbling dam. I could have sobbed aloud for very gladness.

He was dying! he would die!

Then all would be mine; wealth which is power; power which is the very breath of life. All would be mine. Farewell the painful effort, the hampered plan, the pitiful contriving. My foot should be set on the necks of those who had scorned me. All would be mine thus soon, thus unexpectedly.

My head swam as I glanced round the room before leaving it in obedience to the querulous summons, now again repeated. And in that instant my riotous senses sank sobered as by a blow.

Those cruel eyes, the eyes of the parricide, held mine once more, and this time with an intensity of scorn in their insolent stare that drove me to long for death, for extinction, for torture—anything to expiate the unavowable sin that my own soul had sinned, the wanton outrage I had wrought upon myself and against him who gave me existence.

I was not as this man? Ay, but I was: had not my joy been as spontaneous, as instinctive as that of a child who grasps at last some long-wished-for plaything?

I hid my face in my hands, but the cognisance of that cold continuous gaze again drew my eyes to the face of my yoke-fellow in iniquity.

And, as I faced him with the desperate shamelessness of despair, his thick lips parted in a devilish smile; his whole face came to life and leered at me.

Then, ever and anon looking back, I followed the aged serving-man from the chamber.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ARROGANCE OF THE CHURCH.

SIR,—Two wrongs do not make a right, and the controversy which has all but soured the charity of the Grindelwald meetings is not made more pleasant to the Catholic-minded by the bitterness of the article in this week's *SPEAKER*. *Corruptio optimi pessima*, and, just as there are few things more reactionary than the Toryism of the soured Liberal, so there are few things more bitter than the intolerance of the narrow preacher of toleration.

To take an instance. The writer of the article denies, dogmatically, and with indignation, that the Church of England is "the most learned, the freest, and the most rational Church." "If this audacious claim were even half true," he could understand, he confesses, a Churchman's enthusiasm. Well, isn't it? In learning, will he tell us what Church is more learned? No doubt he would like to include as one Church those whom he vaguely styles Nonconformists, and who, according to this preacher of humility, will "decline to treat" with the arrogant historic Church. Even if we count all the nonconforming bodies as one Church, have they then as much learning as the Church of England? as the Scotch, the Roman, the Lutheran? As a matter of fact, if we take the different nonconforming bodies separately (and bitterly separate they were in the palmy days of Nonconformity) they are, every one of them, smaller and less learned, even in Wales, than the English Church. Let me, before going any further, define a Nonconformist, and thus help to clear away part of the ignorance which is the cause of so much prejudice. A Nonconformist is an Englishman, whether Protestant, Papist, or Agnostic, who, having been baptised, is by right of his baptism a member of the Church of England, but who does not choose to use his rights for the reform of those undoubted abuses in the Church which he prefers to criticise from afar.

Secondly, he denies that the Church of England is the freest of the Churches. But, if to be free is to be democratically governed, what Church can be freer than that Church which, acknowledging the people of England, Nonconformist as well as Conformist, as its members, places the election of its bishops entirely in the hands of the representatives of that people? Are the well-to-do pewholders of a dissenting chapel the possessors of a more democratic principle? Or are the ministers

who are bound by the title-deeds of a chapel to some bygone creed of Calvinism more free?

The existence of patronage in the Church is a gross abuse; but an abuse it is and not a principle: it has come down from a time when the patron did roughly represent the people (not the pew-holders) of the parish; it is, with all its iniquity, a witness to the inalienable right of the people to elect their own parson, a right which we should have, ere now, regained had the Nonconformists but sacrificed their religious individualism and helped the cause of democracy at large, instead of building up select bodies of *laissez-faire* religionists, caring only for their own particular interests. I do not blame Nonconformity for this; it was the fault of the age that produced Nonconformity.

Thirdly, he denies that the Church of England is the most rational of the Churches. Well, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" has always been the text-book on the Anglican Church. Can any other Church still stand by its Reformation leader? I fancy the writer of the article would have less discomfort in reading to an intelligent modern audience the works of the judicious Hooker than those of Luther, of Knox, of Calvin, or of Brown.

The same is true of the Articles. Their avoidance of Calvinism, at a time when Calvinism was rampant, is but an example of the sturdy common sense which has been the consistent mark of the Church through three centuries of religious fury. Your contributor calls them "a maze of contradictory articles." Are they contradictory? If so, are Butler, Wesley, Kingsley, Newman, and Dr. Perowne dupes and liars? They must be, for a man cannot believe in two contradictory things, let alone thirty-nine. To these men, and to their fellows, they appeared an honest and successful attempt to include all moderate and rational men, within the two extremes, in the National Church, a marvel of tolerance and foresight in an age of furious extremes. Dr. King and Dr. Ryle could both teach the writer of this article that to be comprehensive is not to be contradictory.

Lastly, the apostolic succession of the bishops is disposed of as "a piece of insular and modern absurdity." Why insular more than continental? Why modern more than ancient? And why absurd? Is it not a little unbecoming in a writer who dislikes arrogance to treat with such strange contempt a belief that has been held by the immense majority of Christians for at least sixteen centuries, a belief which is held by the majority to-day? This century has produced only two theologians of supreme excellence—Newman and Maurice. They both spent most of their lives in vindicating that which this gentleman, in his dislike of arrogance, calls simply—absurd. Perhaps if "the theologians of other Churches," who, we are told, "do not pay even the respect of argument" to this piece of absurdity, would condescend to learn, they might see that there is something quite as rational in a unity stretching through time as in a unity spreading over space.

But, fortunately, the theologians of other Churches are not in reality made of this contemptuous stuff. The true note of reunion which was sounded at Grindelwald is not likely to be made discord by the bitterness of either THE SPEAKER or of the *Church Times*. At Grindelwald Mr. Price Hughes and Dr. Stephenson both bore witness to the importance of the episcopal system, which depends for its integrity on a carefully guarded succession of regular bishops. They, and others, both declared their conviction that this—the system of a different Church to their own—was the most rational form of Church government, and gladly conceded the precedence in dignity and learning to the Church of England. But the writer of the article does not notice these speeches. Perhaps he passed them over with that silent contempt which he and his friends, the unknown "theologians of other Churches," consider the most liberal and least arrogant method of treating those who have the misfortune to disagree with them.—I am, yours, etc.,

October 4th, 1892.

PERCY DEARMER.

[We confess we think Mr. Dearmer's letter is the best justification of the writer he attacks.—ED. SPEAKER.]

FAITH.

SIR,—In the interesting letter you print to-day, Mr. F. E. Thompson cites with approval Pattison's definition of Faith as "Belief in the unproved." But ought not the definition rather to run, for nine people out of ten at the present day, "Belief in the disproved"?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS BADEN POWELL.

New College, Oxford, October 1, 1892.

"REAL LICENSING REFORM."

SIR,—I beg to make the following contribution to the discussion proceeding in the columns of THE SPEAKER on the subject of licensing reform:—

1. No good can come of representing prohibition as impracticable because the great mass of the people still use intoxicating drinks. This would be an argument against imperative and national prohibition, but it has no application to the proposal to

confer on districts a permissive veto. It is this local liberty of choice which the Liberal party have decided to support, and it is this alone which Prohibitionists at present demand.

2. No good can come of blaming Prohibitionists for not being zealous licensing reformers. Supposing the charge to be true—which I am not prepared to admit—Prohibitionists are not banded together to reform the licensing system, but to suppress the issue of licences; and it would surely be unreasonable to blame them for not doing what they have never pretended to do.

3. No good can come of accusing Prohibitionists of having, passively or actively, opposed measures of licensing reform. They have done nothing of the kind; and though this charge has been repeatedly advanced in your columns, not a single atom of evidence has been adduced to sustain it. You say, "The members of the Alliance now resent any allusion to 1872 [1871], and to the fate of Mr. Bruce's excellent proposals for licensing reform. We confess we do not wonder at their desire to ignore that particular episode in the history of the Alliance." As one who knows something of the history of the Alliance, I can only say that its members have resented nothing except gross misrepresentations of their attitude to Mr. Bruce's Bill; and that so far from desiring to ignore what they then did, they are prepared to do it again should similar circumstances arise—namely, to approve of what is good and to resist what is evil.

4. No good can come of trying to throw the responsibility for future licensing reforms upon Prohibitionists. As such they are engaged in what they regard as a more excellent way; and if an appeal is made to them as citizens, they are no more bound to assist measures of licensing reform than are all other citizens and politicians, in comparison with whom you have spoken of them as a "small section." Those who have had the power must bear the accountability for past neglect; and I would point out that Mr. Gladstone's Government during its five years of office, from 1880 to 1885, did not take a single step in that path of licensing reform which, for thirty years, successive Governments had confessed to be urgently demanded.

What the temperance party will do in the future must greatly depend upon the proposals submitted. They will be ready to do all they can to forward measures that would make what is now so bad even a little better, but they are not bound to support any scheme which may be described by its authors as one of licensing reform. If any attempt is made to revive the objectionable features of Mr. Bruce's Bill, you may take it for granted that, instead of support, the former opposition will reappear in augmented energy and force. One of those features was to put up licences for sale, so that for a certain number of years the holders would have a vested interest in them as property. To this odious proposal you may expect the friends of temperance to give no quarter. Bad as the licensing system has been in its administration, it has been founded upon the principle that licences are granted only for the public benefit, and are not matter of purchase or mercantile exchange. Excise fees have, indeed, been imposed upon the holders of licences, but the justices' certificate is never sold to any bidder, and it has always been supposed to be granted and renewed annually, subject to the public interest involved. Hence the claim for compensation has been barred from the first, since what is granted for public purposes can never be claimed for private profit. To surrender this great moral principle, and to legalise a traffic in licences, would be, in the eyes of the temperance party, to traffic in the lives and morals of the community.

It is believed that the Government will introduce next session a Bill for reforming the system under which licences are granted, and that this Bill will include the direct veto. No one has a right to say what the temperance party will do in regard to such a measure until it is printed; but if it should, as I hope, make provision for reducing drinking facilities generally, and avoid proposals which contravene temperance principles, I do not hesitate to say that it will receive from the temperance party an enthusiastic support, proportioned to its merits and to the greatness of the interests at stake.—I am, Sir, sincerely yours,

DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

United Kingdom Alliance, 15, Great George Street, S.W.

September 28th, 1892.

SIR,—I am glad to see that you have taken up the important question of licensing reform. Last session some Liberal members of Parliament raised a discussion on the unearned increment of value of land. I should have liked to have seen them turn their attention to the great increase in value of licences and to do their utmost to prevent the further development of the liquor monopoly.

It is needless to say that the liquor trade is not carried on in the same way as it was twenty years ago. Then it was exceptional to find one man holding two licences, now licences to any number are granted to one man or one firm. How is the further growth of this system to be prevented? The magistrates—not of this town—but all over the country, seem to encourage the tied-house system. They seem to be too susceptible to social influence, to judge from the manner in which they grant licences to rich and well-to-do men and to the representatives of powerful syndicates.

I beg to submit the following idea for your consideration. That a Bill be drawn up whereby a licence may be granted to property for the lifetime of the licence-holder, or during his occupation of the premises (subject to an annual renewal for purposes of supervision, etc., as at present), so that when the holder of the licence dies, or withdraws from business, the licence to the property shall lapse. If the licensing authorities think a public-house needful to the district they shall advertise to that effect, and any owner of property in the prescribed district who wishes to have the privilege of a licence, and who is willing to pay for the privilege, can make an application, and the authorities shall decide which house shall have the licence. By this means the value of the licence—the benefit of which goes principally to the owner of the house and not to the publican—would be kept down, and the question of compensation simplified, if not abolished altogether.

Another matter that demands immediate attention is the question of extension of licensed premises. Here, in Newcastle, a new licence is very difficult to obtain, but it is very easy (apparently) to get permission to incorporate a house or two with already licensed premises, and to carry on the business under one licence. In this town the number of licences has been greatly diminished during the last ten years, but there is more space licensed for drinking now than ever. To show the anomaly—and injustice—of this system of extension, we will suppose two houses adjoining—number one is licensed, number two is not. If the owner of number two apply for a licence he will be refused, because the adjoining house is licensed; but if the owner of number one purchase number two, and applies for permission to extend his licensed premises, his request is invariably granted, and the business is really carried on in two houses under one licence. This is called keeping down the number of licences; it is a case of driving the proverbial coach-and-six through the Act of Parliament. A separate licence should be required for every separately rated and self-contained house.—Yours truly,

October 3rd, 1892.

NOVOCASTRIAN.

BEAUTY'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THAT beauty such as thine
Can die indeed,
Were ordinance too wantonly malign!
No wit may reconcile so cold a creed
With beauty such as thine.

From wave and star and flower
Some effluence rare
Was lent thee, a divine but transient dower;
Thou yield'st it back from eyes and lips and hair
To wave and star and flower.

Shouldst thou to-morrow die,
Thou still shalt be
Found in the rose and met in all the sky:
And from the ocean's heart shalt sing to me,
Shouldst thou to-morrow die.

WILLIAM WATSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, October 7th, 1892.

"PEER GYNT" takes its place, as we hold, on the summits of literature precisely because it means so much more than the poet consciously intended. Is not this one of the characteristics of the masterpiece, that everyone can read in it his own secret? In the material world (though Nature is very innocent of symbolic intention) each of us finds for himself the symbols that have relevance and value for him; and so it is with the poems that are instinct with true vitality."

I was glad to come across the above passage in Messrs. William and Charles Archer's introduction to their new translation of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* (London: Walter Scott), because I can now, with a clear conscience, thank the writers for their book, and they can accept my thanks without compromising themselves as Ibsenists. The passages in *Peer Gynt* which thrill me, the scenes which take my breath, the pages which I read again and find wise and delightful, are—I fear there's not a doubt of it

—precisely the passages, scenes, and pages which the true Ibsenist deprecates. But the play's the thing after all. *Peer Gynt* is a great poem: let us shake hands over that. It will remain a great poem when we have ceased pulling it about to find what is inside or search out texts for homilies in defence of our own particular views of life. The world's literature stands unaffected, though Archdeacon Farrar uses it for chapter-headings and Sir John Lubbock wields the bulk of it as a mallet to drive home self-evident truths.

Peer Gynt is an extremely modern story founded on old Norwegian folk-lore—the folk-lore which Asbjørnsen and Moe collected, and Dasent translated for our delight in childhood. Old and new are curiously mixed; but the result is piquant and not in the least absurd, because the story rests on problems which are neither old nor new, but eternal, and on emotions which are neither older nor newer than the breast of man. To be sure, the true Ibsenist will not be content with this. You will be told by Herr Jaeger, Ibsen's biographer, that *Peer Gynt* is an attack on Norwegian romanticism. The poem, by the way, is romantic to the core—so romantic, indeed, that the culminating situation, and the page for which everything has been a preparation, have to be deplored by the Ibsenists as "a mere commonplace of romanticism, which Ibsen had not outgrown when he wrote *Peer Gynt*." But your Ibsenists are for ever taking their god off the pedestal of the true artist to set him on the stump of the hot-gospeller; even so genuine a specimen of impressionist work as *Hedda Gabler* being claimed by them to be a sermon. And if ever you have been moved by *Ghosts*, or *Brand*, or *Peer Gynt* to exclaim "This is great!" you have only to turn to Herr Jaeger—whose criticism, like his namesake's underclothing, should be labelled "All pure, natural wool"—to find that you were mistaken and that it is really parochial.

To be sure, in one sense *Peer Gynt* is a sermon upon a text. That is to say, it is written primarily to expound one view of man's duty, not to give a mere representation of life. The problem, not the picture, is the main thing. But then the problem, not the picture, is the main thing in *Alcestis*, *Hamlet*, *Faust*. In *Peer Gynt* the poet's own solution of the problem is presented with more insistence than in *Alcestis*, *Hamlet*, or *Faust*: but the problem is wider, too.

The problem is, What is self? and how shall a man be himself? And the poet's answer is, "Self is only found by being lost, gained by being given away": an answer at least as old as the gospels. The eponymous hero of the story is a man essentially half-hearted, "the incarnation of a compromising dread of self-committal to any one course," a fellow who says,

"Ay, think of it—wish it done—will it to boot,
But do it— No, that's past my understanding!"

—who is only stung to action by pique, or by what is called the "instinct of self-preservation," an instinct which, as Ibsen shows, is the very last that will preserve self.

This fellow, *Peer Gynt*, wins the love of Solveig, a woman essentially whole-hearted, who has no dread of self-committal, who surrenders self. Solveig, in short, stands in perfect antithesis to *Peer*. When *Peer* is an outlaw she deserts her father's house and follows him to his hut in the forest. The scene in which she presents herself before *Peer* and claims to share his lot is worthy to stand beside the ballad of the Nut-browne Mayde: indeed, as a confessed romantic I must own to thinking Solveig one of the most beautiful figures in poetry. *Peer* deserts her, and she lives in the hut alone and grows an old woman

while her lover roams the world, seeking everywhere and through the wildest adventures the satisfaction of his Self, acting everywhere on the Troll's motto, "To thyself be enough," and finding everywhere his major premiss turned against him, to his own discomfiture, by an ironical fate. We have one glimpse of Solveig, meanwhile, in a little scene of eight lines. She is now a middle-aged woman, up in her forest hut in the far north. She sits spinning in the sunshine outside her door and sings:—

*"Maybe both the winter and spring will pass by,
And the next summer too, and the whole of the year;
But thou wilt come one day"*

*God strengthen thee, whereso thou goest in the world!
God gladden thee, if at His footstool thou stand!
Here will I await thee till thou comest again;
And if thou wait up yonder, then there we'll meet, my friend!"*

At last Peer, an old man, comes home. On the heath around his old hut he finds (in a passage which the translators call "fantastic," meaning, I hope, approval by this word) the thoughts he has missed thinking, the watchword he has failed to utter, the tears he has missed shedding, the deed he has missed doing. The thoughts are thread-balls, the watchword withered leaves, the tears dewdrops, etc. Also he finds on that heath a Button-Moulder with an immense ladle. The Button-Moulder explains to Peer that he must go into this ladle, for his time has come. He has neither been a good man nor a sturdy sinner, but a half-and-half fellow without any real self in him. Such men are dross, badly cast buttons with no loops to them, and must go, by the Master's orders, into the melting-pot again. Is there no escape? None, unless Peer can find his real Self, the Peer Gynt that God made. After vain and frantic searching across the heath, Peer reaches the door of his own old hut. Solveig stands on the threshold.

As Peer flings himself to earth before her, calling out upon her to denounce him, she sits down by his side and says—

*"Thou hast made all my life as a beautiful song.
Blessed be thou that at last thou hast come!
Blessed, thrice-blessed our Whitsun-morn meeting!"*

"But," says Peer, "I am lost, unless thou canst answer riddles." "Tell me them," tranquilly answers Solveig. And Peer asks, while the Button-Moulder listens behind the hut—

"Canst thou tell me where Peer Gynt has been since we parted?"

Solveig.—*"Been?"*

Peer.—*"With his destiny's seal on his brow;*

Been, as in God's thought he first sprang forth!

Canst thou tell me? If not, I must get me home,—

Go down to the mist-shrouded regions."

Solveig (smiling).—*"O, that riddle is easy."*

Peer.—*"Then tell what thou knowest!"*

Where was I, as myself, as the whole man, the true man?

Where was I, with God's sigil upon my brow?"

Solveig.—*"In my faith, in my hope, and in my love."*

"Nonsense," says your true Ibsenist, "this may be magnificent, but it is not Ibsen." "Peer's return to Solveig," say the Messrs. Archer, "is (in the original) a passage of the most poignant lyric beauty, but it is surely a shirking, not a solution, of the ethical problem. It would be impossible to the Ibsen of to-day, who knows (none better) that 'no man can save his brother's soul or pay his brother's debt.'" So the beauty of being no disciple of Ibsen is that you are free to admire, with all your soul, Ibsen's art in a crowning effort; for that this scene is the climax of the poem cannot be denied. Had I space, I might venture to show that it is not so much a question of saving a brother's soul as of showing him where his soul is and helping him to save it before he meets the Button-Moulder at the next cross-road. But after all there is only one man who can settle the question, and he smokes contentedly at Munich, and "talks like a wholesale tradesman" on ordinary topics while people wrangle over his masterpieces.

Of the merits of Messrs. Archers' translation I have no title to speak. I can only say that I read their translation, breathlessly at first and the second time carefully, and owe them a heavy debt of pleasure.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM THE FIRST.

POLITISCHE CORRESPONDENZ KAISER WILHELM'S I. Berlin: H. Steinitz.

THIS book has no value of its own, it contains nothing new; but is simply a compilation of letters, memoirs, telegrams, etc., which have appeared in other books, or have, as official documents, become public property long ago. There are many years of the Emperor's life of which we know nothing, and as to which it teaches us nothing more. Nevertheless, the collection it contains may be considered as welcome, for its contents present a pretty complete portrait of the writer.

William I., although never a contemner of good cheer and female beauty, was from the beginning a serious man; the sad experiences of his youth, which fell in the time when Napoleon held Germany, and particularly Prussia, in his ruthless grasp, and the early death of his adored mother, Queen Louisa, may have contributed to form his character. He won his spurs in the war which ended with the downfall of the French conqueror, and henceforth military matters remained his chief interest; he understood them thoroughly, but at the same time had discernment enough to know that he was not born a great captain, and modestly submitted his judgment to that of the superior intellect of men like Muffling, Natzmer, Moltke, etc. Military questions fill the greater part of these pages, yet even at an early age the Prince took a keen interest in politics, and showed an independent judgment. In 1824, for instance, he writes to General von Natzmer: "If the nation in 1813 had known that eleven years after having reached the climax of glory, splendour, and influence, nothing would remain but the memory of it and no reality, who would have sacrificed all for such a result? This is an important question, the answer to which is painful. You know from our conversations to whom I must attribute the fault of our backslidings in all political relations; but the mere fact imposes upon us the solemn duty of maintaining and fortifying for a people of eleven millions a place which it conquered by exertions, which were hitherto unheard of and will not be witnessed again. Now this is lost sight of; we are told that it is ridiculous to aspire with eleven millions to a place among nations of forty millions, forgetting that that place was won by three millions. What then was done by enthusiasm, must now be done by increased intelligence; a nation will not find allies which voluntarily resigns its rank; if one is satisfied to be nothing why appear to be anything and keep up an army at an enormous cost?"

Notwithstanding such free-spoken criticism, Prince William was always the soul of loyalty, and without murmur submitted to what the King thought fit to ordain. This is particularly seen in the great affair which engrossed years of his younger life, his intended marriage with Princess Elisa Radzvil; he loved this beautiful woman passionately, and she was worthy of his affection; but the Crown Prince was childless, and the lawyers were divided in their opinion whether the children of this marriage would be able to succeed to the throne. The question was examined and re-examined, years passed in anxious waiting for the lovers, and at last it was decided in the negative. Neither ever overcame that disappointment. The Prince died very young, the Prince made a *mariage de raison*

d'état, but he submitted without objection to what the interests of the State demanded. In this spirit he wrote to the King, thanking him warmly for the kindness tending to alleviate the blow, and promising to repay it by constant filial devotion. "I shall justify your confidence and shall overcome this heavy trial by struggling against my deep sorrow and by proving uprightness. I appeal to God's help; He has not left me in so many painful moments of my life, nor will He abandon me now. So I conclude these lines with a heart deeply rent, but with a heart more devoted than ever to you, dearest father." And to his friend General von Natzmer, the Prince writes, "I may well say that I have been rudely used by human complications, which have kept me in a constant tension during the last four years, but, nevertheless, I am free from bitterness against their authors. God uses men as means by which He directs our fate according to His will, therefore, the only thing for us is to submit to higher decrees, and He who tries us sorely also shows the ways which we have to take for finding consolation and strength. To this I shall cling; but the heart is deeply shaken, and human sympathy, although most welcome, cannot heal it. I must have time to recover. At first the pain was acute, now I feel an utter emptiness and barrenness by the contrast of my former glowing feelings and those which are now thrilling me when all is hopeless; only gradually I shall reconquer tranquillity of mind by doing my duty."

Duty and loyalty were indeed the guiding stars of William I. from his youth until his death. No man in the empire worked harder than its sovereign. At 8 o'clock he was at his writing table; he opened all letters himself, distributed them to the different departments, and until a late hour was given entirely to business; an evening hour in the theatre was his only recreation. Nothing was too small to escape his attention; of this I had a personal experience. When Professor at Strassburg I had founded, with friends, a working men's home for which we desired to acquire a house. At a visit in Berlin I saw the Emperor, and for this purpose applied to him for a subvention. The Emperor answered that he could not decide off-hand, but would have the matter inquired into. Before I had returned to Strassburg the police had been ordered to report on the establishment, and after five weeks I received a grant of 3,000 marks. And with all the business he had to transact he found time for a vast private correspondence. The same loyalty which he proved to his father he showed to his elder brother when the latter became king. Seldom were brothers more unlike. William IV. was a highly gifted man, a scholar, and first-rate connoisseur in art, full of fertile ideas, but as a French critic truly said, "il ne savait pas le métier de roi." Vacillating, he wanted the quiet energy and cool reasoning of a statesman for realising his lofty aspirations. He roused the greatest expectations, and did not know how to satisfy them; he professed an ardent admiration for English institutions, yet clung to the divine right of kings, swearing that never should a sheet of paper (a constitution) erect a barrier between him and his people; yet after the Revolution of 1848 he granted a constitution modelled upon that of Belgium. Modern ideas and feudal principles were strangely mingled in his mind. Prince William was of altogether a different type; he was a staunch Conservative, admiring the Czar Nicholas as a great man, and by principle opposed to Constitutionalism. A letter of 1831 shows that after the Revolution of 1830 he would have liked to re-establish the Bourbon throne by force of arms. But when his brother had granted the constitution he forthwith declared that he would faithfully adhere to it. He did not withhold his opinion, and, above all, frankly avowed his mortification after the surrender of Olmütz, but he never took the part of a "prince frondeur"; and when his opposition was overruled quietly retired to Coblenz.

During the Eastern complication of 1853-56 his attachment to Nicholas did not blind him to the fact that the Emperor, by his occupation of the Danubian Principalities, had placed himself in the wrong, and he strongly advocated Prussia remaining firm in the opposition of the four Powers against Russia's encroachments, because, as he truly discerned, the Czar would not risk to thwart the resistance of united Europe. The King also disapproved of his brother-in-law's policy, but had not the resolution to force him to come to terms, and the consequence was the Crimean War. Prince William, only a few years his junior, had little thought of ascending the throne when the illness of the King made him Regent. He dismissed the Manteuffel Ministry, which had humiliated Prussia, but was not lucky in the choice of his new Ministers, who had good intentions but not sufficient energy. His accession to power coincided with the Italian complication. A letter to Prince Albert of February 2nd, 1859, shows that he truly discerned Napoleon's policy, moved by the feeling, "La guerre ou le poignard"; but the Ministry had not the necessary decision to take a firm course, and thus were taken by surprise by the peace of Villafranca. The Regent did not reproach them with fickleness, but when he heard the news he said, "There, again, a great opportunity is lost." The question of the reorganisation of the army now became the leading topic. The Ministers had not the skill for handling this difficult problem successfully; they tried a shifting policy, and, when that had come to a deadlock, retired. The King was terribly embarrassed, but, convinced of the necessity of the reform, would not yield. Bismarck came to the rescue, and for years carried on the struggle against the Chamber. William I. at that time had become most unpopular, and felt this deeply, but he remained firm, and events showed that he had been right. It is but natural that the wonderful successes of the Austrian and French wars, for which he had at his age never hoped, elated his mind, but he never lost the sense of what was possible, and when German unity was achieved he became the great supporter of peace. Filled with a strong feeling of his dignity, he frequently suffered keenly under the overbearing personality of his omnipotent Chancellor, but bore this hardship patiently, because he was convinced that Bismarck was indispensable for maintaining Germany's prestige. Neither did the atrocious attempts at his life by Hoedel and Nobiling embitter him, he simply saw in them a sad sign of the times, and was doubly thankful to the grace of the Lord, who had saved his life from the assassins' balls. Thus he continued to do his work with quiet constancy to his end, surrounded by an unbounded popularity. At his ninetieth birthday he was still hale and fresh, the sovereigns of Europe and their representatives had flocked to Berlin to feast that rare event, and at the circle then assembled at his palace, one might well speak of a *parterre de rois*. In this brilliant crowd the old monarch moved with the same chivalrous courtesy and cheerfulness which had always distinguished him. His last year was overshadowed by the heavy affliction of seeing his only son and heir doomed by a hopeless sickness, but he bore it as a visitation of God. One of his last words on his death-bed was, "I have no time to be tired." His memory will ever stand as that of a great sovereign and a truly good man. H. GEFFCKEN.

THE RURAL EXODUS.

THE RURAL EXODUS. The Problem of the Village and the Town. By P. Anderson Graham. London: Methuen & Co.

Vestigia nulla retrorsum is the doleful keynote of Mr. Graham's treatise; the villagers are stepping townwards, and they do not return. The fact is as incontrovertible as census statistics can make it. From small farms and large, from districts well paid and ill paid, the migration steadily accelerates; silently and without grumbling Hodge lays down his

spade and quits the home of his fathers, to congest the town with unskilled labour, to recruit the Submerged Tenth, to lower the rate of urban wage; leaving the villages to be garrisoned, like scornful Jebus, by the blind and lame.

In ranking the causes of this phenomenon, Mr. Graham puts agricultural depression first. The farming industry has never been adjusted to the changes brought about by the abolition of the Corn Laws. Conditions of rent and tenure on the one hand, processes of cultivation on the other, endurable in the days of Protection, are ruinous in the face of competition. £160,000,000, paid for produce formerly to our own agricultural classes, now goes to the foreigner. Landowners become absentees, farmers bankrupt; where forty years ago twenty labourers were employed the whole year round, one or two alone to-day obtain intermittent work; the blacksmith and carpenter, mason and gardener, woodman, road-maker, carrier, small tradesman, find their occupation gone, and migrate to the town.

Again, the country is duller than of yore. Duller in itself;—the old rude oft-recurring festivities are no more; the "kirn dolly," the "merry night," the "quilting" parties, the motherings, the May-day frolic, Whitsun mummins, and pace-egging at Easter, the roping at a marriage and the easing cake at a birth, are as extinct as bull-baiting and cock-throwing; boys and girls are born, marry, die, without sympathy or consequence or fun. Duller, again, by comparison:—the knowledge born of schooling is just enough to make a clever lad restless and dissatisfied. The excursion trip takes him to the town, and he comes back to compare the crowded streets, the stir and go, the gas and movement, the brilliant shops, the cheap theatre and music hall, with his miry, dismal lanes, his dark, lonely, stagnant village.

Our boasted education ministers to rural discontent. Bright, judicious, specialised teaching, adapted to their surroundings and opportunities; knowledge of birds, insects, flowers; a chapter now and then from "Walton's Angler," "Frank Buckland's Jottings," "Wood's Common Objects," would exercise and enforce the love of Nature which is the heritage of village children, would send them egg-hunting and loach-fishing, foraging for plants and butterflies; would link them by a thousand ties to hedgerow, quarry, stream. Technical training in the business of their coming lives—for the boys, scientific agriculture in class, ploughing, draining, cropping, on the two or three acres which should be attached to every rural school; for the girls, domestic economy, cooking, washing, marketing, needlework, dairying or bee-keeping or poultry-rearing—would launch both sexes into life with that consciousness of proficiency and skill which makes all work delightful, would counteract the restlessness of discontent, would show them that the country yields delights in which many a town child longs vainly to participate. As it is, one-half of the children forget in the fields what they have learnt in school, the other half look down upon the country life which has no place in the world their teaching opens to them; all loathe and shirk the mechanical drudgery of class repetition, the dull revolving mill of the three R's; while the teachers, inferior, badly paid, unsuited to the class they have to teach, acknowledge their helplessness by clamouring for increased compulsion.

Meanwhile, it is important to observe—and Mr. Graham seems to have overlooked the fact—that Hodge has in these last few years gauged on his own account the causes of his pastoral and rural melancholy, and propounds a recipe for its cure in allotments and Parish Councils. The chapter on allotments shows imperfect experience of what has been done with them already under fertilising provisions—scant estimate of their potentiality if their tenure were improved by legislation. It is a tested fact that a labourer can even now cultivate an acre of land in his spare time at a net profit of four shillings a week throughout the year. There is little doubt that if the representatives of the

labourers, as chosen by themselves, were empowered by law to acquire large amounts of land compulsorily, at fair rent and perpetual tenure, with security to allottees for the houses they might build on their allotments, the profit per acre would in a short time be more than doubled. So, again, Parish Councils, as conceived with singular clearness by the intelligent rustic of to-day, will not be limited to local charities and rights of way, nor even to the acquisition and management of allotment land. He desires to shape for himself the entire polity of his parish; to supplant overseers, churchwardens, vestry; share the control of schools, regulate public-houses, initiate parish relief, direct sanitary improvements, establish hospital and dispensary, organise bazaar and flower show, reading room and recreation ground. In the rare instances where squire and parson are popular, they will find their place upon the Council; in any case, men exist amongst the labourers themselves, as all who are really conversant with village life can testify, capable of directing communal economy with moderation and good sense; understanding, as guardians, magistrates, County Councils must ever fail to understand, the conditions and the requirements with which they have to deal.

Rural legislation, inevitable in the near future, may well confine itself to these two points. They will clear the ground for automatic change that may cover all the nostrums of reformers; will give scope for expanded education on the one hand, for small holdings, fruit farms, agricultural co-operation, on the other. The prosperity of the peasant, Mr. Graham rightly urges, must ultimately depend upon himself. Freedom to work out that prosperity is all he asks. He believes, his friends believe, that by the removal of monopolist obstruction, by the creation of public opinion, by the educating and civilising influences of genuine self-government, his lot will be ameliorated, his local interest revived, and daily life will once more be worth living in the country.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PUBLIC FINANCE.

PUBLIC FINANCE. By Dr. F. C. Bastable. London: Macmillan & Co.
ENGLISH TRADE AND FINANCE, CHIEFLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
By Mr. A. S. Hewins. London: Methuen & Co.

DR. BASTABLE'S "Public Finance" is a very interesting and valuable book, and may well become the standard work of reference on the theory and practice of modern finance. The historical portion of the work is, to us, the most interesting; for in finance, though political economists seldom recognise the fact, an ounce of practice is, as everywhere else, worth a ton of theory.

The term "finance" is as a rule—especially by political economists—too much confined to the question of Taxation. Taxation is no doubt the bottom fact of modern finance; but the discussion of finance should include, not only the question of all sources of revenue, but that of public expenditure as well; and this our author fully appreciates. Moreover, in some ways it may be said that—in England, at least—taxation has been placed on such a simple basis that the question of revenue has become proportionately of less interest. Indeed, the modern Chancellor of the Exchequer must look back with envy to the good old days of Huskisson, of Peel, and of Gladstone—to the times described by Sydney Smith, when there were "taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on the earth and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which

decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride; at bed or board; couchant or levant, we must pay."

There are plenty of financial problems still to be faced—the problem of the death duties, Imperial and local; the problem of graduated taxation; the problem of local taxation. But these are on a different footing to the fiscal and financial reforms of sixty, fifty, forty, and thirty years ago. Then, when import duties were reckoned by the hundred, and the excise duties were vexatious in their mode of levy, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day could not very well go wrong in the path of financial reform. Whatever reforming step he took was sure to be advantageous to each and all, and to the country at large, by striking fetters off trade and by relieving the springs of industry.

The present financial problems are on a different footing. Founded on justice, they ought to be carried through. But, to a large extent, they deal rather with the incidence than with the relief of taxation; more with the apportionment of the burden to the benefit than with remission or repeal.

Among the many interesting points discussed in the book before us are the question of the Income Tax and the question of the Debt. The Income Tax in England has had a singular career. From a temporary tax instituted for special purposes—first for war, then for fiscal reforms—it has insensibly glided, and with all its blemishes thick upon it, into permanency. Imposed originally by Pitt, in 1799, as a war-tax, at the rate of two shillings in the pound, it prevailed, with various alterations, until 1816. Re-imposed by Peel in 1842 for three years, at the rate of sevenpence in the pound, in order to carry out fiscal reforms, it was renewed in 1845 for a further three years, again renewed from time to time for various periods and at various rates, and is now, while nominally an annual tax, in reality a permanent part of our financial system.

In his chapters on the Debt, Dr. Bastable re-discusses the often-discussed point of Pitt's loans—Should he have raised the money he required as near as possible at par, by offering a high rate of interest, or was he right to raise it in three per cent. stock at a heavy discount? His action certainly requires defence, for the upshot was that at least £250,000,000 sterling was added to the National Debt. Mr. Newmarch's defence of Pitt is well known; and Lord Rosebery, in his delightful volume, has lately supported the view that, whatever the merits of the case, Pitt had no choice in the matter, by reason of the refusal of the public—or, rather, of the loan-mongers—to take other than three per cent. stock. Dr. Bastable traverses the defence set up; but while he disposes of the argument that borrowing in a three per cent. stock was really as cheap in the end as borrowing in a five per cent. stock, we do not think he adequately meets the plea of necessity. No doubt also the reliance placed on the magic power of an automatic sinking fund led at first to some recklessness in borrowing; and, borrowing having once begun in three per cent. stock, it became very much more difficult to create stock of any other denomination. It must not be forgotten either that Pitt, firmly believing in the speedy collapse of Republican France, was reluctant, at the beginning of the war and for some time after, to have recourse to taxation to meet the growing annual charges.

Pitt's sinking fund comes in for a considerable share of discussion. Should he have kept it going during the war after it had palpably broken down in principle and was very costly in detail? Unquestionably it was started on a proper basis—an excess of revenue over expenditure. Pitt, indeed—like Sir S. Northcote in 1876—actually imposed taxation to make his sinking fund effective. But there can be little doubt, we think, that, as in regard to his costly borrowings, so in regard to his costly sinking fund, Providence was too much for

Pitt. Without the institution of a separate sinking fund for each loan to secure its repayment, borrowing would have been much less easy. To have suspended the sinking fund during the war would have been a confession of weakness, if not of bankruptcy—and the maintenance of the credit of the country was everything at the moment. And because Pitt had not himself suspended or reduced the sinking fund while the death struggle continued, it was retained in principle—such is the power of a great name—for fifteen years after peace had prevailed, the pressure of the fund causing the postponement for the time of any drastic attempt to deal with the crying fiscal needs of the day. But we have lingered too long over the fascinating subject of Pitt's finance. Every branch and form of taxation is completely and adequately dealt with in this valuable work. One fault only we must note—a serious one, however. There is no index, and a "contents," however elaborate, by no means makes up for this deficiency.

Mr. Hewins' book is practically a "University Extension" primer, and as a text-book the little volume will doubtless be of much use to students. It deals lucidly, though somewhat drily, with the principles and practices of our ancestors of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. The author shows, what indeed hardly required elaboration, that the merchants of the seventeenth century were actuated in their trading by the same interests and motives as those of the nineteenth. They possessed knowledge and enterprise; and, unless they happened to be monopolists themselves, they desired freedom from trade combinations. Their commercial intelligence was considerable, if their ideas were at times somewhat crude in regard to the theory of exchange, to that of the value of bullion, and to that of the "Mercantile System." They had to contend with a debased coinage, with the lack of communication, with the existence of piracy, and with the laws of usury. But they worried through somehow, and laid the foundation for that commercial supremacy which England has now so long boasted.

THREE MASTERS.

RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, AND BROWNING. By Mrs. Ritchie. London: Macmillan & Co.

MALICIOUS people, who love scandal while they read, need not put this book upon their list, nor will the analytical crew find much in it to their mind. It contains no hint of a literary revolution, or of a possible bad time coming, when Tennyson's verse, Ruskin's rhetoric, and Browning's philosophy shall have ceased to charm. All is most pleasantly taken for granted. Were a sub-title required, "Stories of Demigods by the Non-recording Angel" would be an accurate one.

As we read we find no difficulty in subduing the rebellious spirit within us which usually tempts us to quarrel with those who are too easily pleased. Mrs. Ritchie has a touch so deftly humorous that we recognise that she knows as well as we (else were she not the daughter of her father) that Black Care sits behind every horseman, and that nobody is absolutely perfect—either in his character or his work—in this not-on-the-whole unpleasing valley. But what of that? With a pen in your hand it is every whit as easy to describe the sun shining as the rain falling, and who need quarrel with Mrs. Ritchie's sunshiny pages?

The paper on Ruskin is very delightful. Mrs. Ritchie sympathises most generously with this errant son of genius. She quaffs the bowl of his eloquence without troubling herself about his plenary inspiration. She does not seek to reconcile his contradictories. She mourns that his mother should ever have whipped him for tumbling downstairs, and that he was only allowed three raisins a day. She tells a pretty story how Ruskin, after a severe illness, was at Carlyle's house and grew excited

over some topic. "Carlyle stopped him short, saying the subject was too interesting. 'You must take care,' he said, with that infinite kindness which Carlyle could show; 'you will be making yourself ill once more.'"

What a contrast the two men make!—Ruskin making himself ill once more, aflame with fury at the evil things under the sun; and Carlyle full of tenderness to the individual, but wholly mindless of the sufferings of the race. As the ruffianly Scotch Judge once said to the prisoner, "You will be none the waur for a hanging," so Carlyle might have addressed mankind, "You will be none the waur for a damning." We shall, we suppose, be safe in attributing this frame of mind of Carlyle's to his humour. Ruskin certainly has no humour. It seems a useful commodity.

Mrs. Ritchie's account of Mrs. Browning is especially interesting—so little is known of this remarkable woman. Her portrait we should be better without; of her illustrious husband Mrs. Ritchie has many pleasant things to say. Mrs. Carlyle once snubbed him for putting a hot kettle down upon her carpet, and he never quite forgave her. Mr. Browning never found it easy to forgive, but when he did forgive he did it royally.

There is only one statement in the book to which we are disposed to demur. It is the following:—"The sons and daughters of men and women eminent in their generation are, from circumstances, fortunate in their opportunities." If by this is meant fortunate in their opportunities of intellectual development, we doubt it very much. A hungry boy out of the street has a keener appetite for, and will quicker become a judge of, pastry than the confectioner's son who lives above the shop, and who is apt either to be wholly indifferent to puff-cakes, or else entirely conventional in his criticism of them.

The references in the book to Mr. Thackeray are all too few. Of him we can never hear enough. No one ever attempts to turn the giant into a god. His faults, such as they were, none seek to disguise, and the result is, we love him all the better, and hail him, as Carlyle did, a faithful brother man. Still, this demigod talk is pleasant fiction, founded, we are glad to believe, on a substratum of fact.

FICTION.

1. BOB MARTIN'S LITTLE GIRL. By David Christie Murray. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus.
2. MY FLIRTATIONS. By Margaret Wynman. One vol. London: Chatto & Windus.
3. THE ROMANCE OF A DEMON. By Thomas Malyn. One vol. London: Digby, Long & Co.

MELODRAMA has many postulates, in whatever form it may be presented. The taste or distaste of the reader for the melodramatic novel must depend on his willingness or reluctance to grant postulates. Take, for instance, the simple question of disguise. The potentialities of a disguise are, it has often been observed, greater in melodrama than in real life. It would be impossible for us to say whether a reader would enjoy his perusal of "Bob Martin's Little Girl," unless we first of all were told how far the reader was prepared to believe that which he knew to be untrue. If we grant these postulates, then "Bob Martin's Little Girl" is a perfectly enthralling story; in any case it contains a clever plot, of which the most has been made, and some remarkably impressive and dramatic scenes. On the other hand, its characters are not satisfactory. Mr. Murray does not give us mere dummies, but neither does he quite succeed in portraying real men and women. We have the attempt in some instances; but the exigencies of the plot are too strong for him. We find characters doing certain things not because they naturally would do them, but because, for the plot's sake, they must. The villain is not, at the commencement of the story, quite conventional; but by the end of the third volume anyone will have found out the weak points in the delineation, the incon-

sistency—one might almost say the impossibility—of part of the villain's conduct. The scene of the story is laid partly in Australia and partly in England; it is full of incident; murder threatened, attempted, committed, gives a progressive interest to the pages. Detection lingers; the full ripeness of melodramatic justice is long in coming, but that is partly due to the extraordinary perfection of melodramatic disguise. The book is not of the best kind, perhaps; but of its kind it is well done. The skilful management of an intricate plot is not such child's play that any critic should dismiss it with a sneer. Mr. Murray shows in "Bob Martin's Little Girl," as he has shown in other novels, considerable knowledge and cleverness.

Whoever "Margaret Wynman" is, two facts about her are absolutely certain: she has a very pretty wit, and she knows the artistic circle of London society thoroughly. We own that the external appearance of the book prejudiced us against the author. "My Flirtations" is an exasperatingly silly title; the pinkish cover and the open fan depicted upon it seemed to us suggestive of the most odious, the most suburban, sentimentality. However, on the title-page we noted that the illustrations were by Mr. Bernard Partridge, and we concluded, justly, that here at least there was joy for us. But the letterpress is as clever as the drawings—delightfully clever. The book is not a record of feminine silliness at all; it is a series of wonderfully lucid and telling sketches of men. Are they taken from real life? Real life gives no more than suggestion, and three real men may be required for one good delineation of a single character. That, at least, is the impression which "My Flirtations" gives us. The author is writing only of what she knows; recognition must be to many readers a certainty. Even the rather curious furnishing of some rather well-known rooms seems to have provided the author with material. Is it, the voice of conscience asks us at times, is it all in the best possible taste? The question is rendered inevitable from the choice of subject; the answer, while the reader is being amused, may possibly be shirked. Even supposing that the writer seems to be, to some extent, a victim of—of the something, not ourselves, which makes for smartness, her observation is not the less acute. The sketches are cynical enough; yet they are not altogether without their touches of tenderness, which gain by the contrast. The satire is always vigorous and often fresh, although we have heard before of one who had an ambition to start a *salon* and only succeeded in running a restaurant. "My Flirtations" is a book which must be read, and without doubt will be read. Its heroine comes to marriage in the end, although the devotion of men had in no previous instance lasted longer than three months; "some people," the heroine remarks, "say it is because I don't let them talk about themselves." That sounds probable. The author can hardly be very young or very inexperienced; yet none of the unfailing signs of the literary matron of long standing are to be found in this volume.

A good play is an entertainment; a bad play is a bore; but a very bad play begins to be an entertainment again. The same remark applies to books. A very bad book unquestionably lightens a reviewer's task, and he should be thankful that very bad books are still written. But no known superlative is of any use to a reviewer who would attempt to describe "The Romance of a Demon." Simply to call it a very bad book would be gross and unpardonable flattery; on the other hand, to call it the very worst book in the world—which we fully believe that it is—might look like an exaggeration to anyone who had not yet been disgusted by reading it. It is intended to be terrible, and it would not frighten a hysterical kitten. It is at once pretentious and imbecile. It should never have been published, and we are perfectly willing to own that it should never be criticised, not even in a space as small as that which we grudge it in this article.

THE MAGAZINES.

WHAT a very admirable thing it would have been had the editors of the monthlies determined to take advantage of the political holiday at present accorded these long-suffering nations! How wholesome it would be, both mentally and physically, for all concerned, if a cessation of polemic and exposition in matters political could be arranged for the dailies and weeklies! Surely no possible sacrifice would have been too great, if during half a year a great political silence had been allowed to brood over the United Kingdom and Ireland. Halcyon days indeed those would have been! and the minds of men and leader-writers could for once have clarified themselves. But the fermentation goes on, and the muddy brew, unracked, continues pouring into all receptacles. Mr. Massingham (*New Review*) actually grumbles because the fermentation is not brisk enough, the "precipitate stampede from the idea of an autumn session" suggesting to him that the days of the sporting statesman are not yet over. Mr. T. Raleigh (*Contemporary*), with more than the normal obliquity of vision which is a condition of partisanship, finds an exact parallel between the Secession of the Southern States in America, and the Irish demand for Home Rule. Mr. Redmond—but his article in the *Nineteenth Century* keeps in the front such a valuable phrase that we are willing to overlook the fact that he, too, has broached the political barrel at a time when we might have been allowed to indulge in less heady liquors. Pascal said of the phrase, "Opinion the Queen of the world," that it was more valuable than the contents of most books known to him. "Readjustment of the Union," the title of Mr. Redmond's article, is really of more consequence than all the political writing in all the magazines. It is the one reply to the cry of disunion. The foolish old-school Tory, and the brisk, not so foolish, new-school Tory, who write on "The Future of the Tory Party," in the *National Review*, would be wise to clear their minds from cant, and, seeking out quiet corners, give themselves up to a good hard eight hours' day of thinking about the "Readjustment of the Union."

The *Fortnightly Review* is a specially strong number. Mr. Walter Pater, Mr. Swinburne, and M. Ferdinand Brunetière, are among its contributors this month. A comparison of the two prose stylists naturally suggests itself. Mr. Swinburne's manner is crystalline compared with the fluent, dissolving periods of Mr. Pater; the one has the strength of adamant, the other of a great river. There is change in both. Mr. Swinburne's prose becomes more statuesque; Mr. Pater's more picturesque. The indebtedness of the latter to Carlyle appears remarkably. Sentences like the following actually read like imitations:—

"Raphael was already become a freeman of the most strictly religious school of Italian art, the so devout Umbrian soul finding there its purest expression, still untroubled by the naturalism, the intellectualism, the antique paganism, then astir in the artistic soul everywhere else in Italy."

M. Brunetière's essay "On the Essential Characteristic of French Literature" is a very suggestive piece of writing, surveying as it does a vast field, in the employment of the comparative method, with unusual scope and ease. But the faults, as well as the advantages, of the comparative method are evident in M. Brunetière's article, and he seems to us to stagger somewhat when he talks of France having had more than one Æschylus and Sophocles, more than one Cicero and Horace. Other literary and kindred articles "necessary to be read"—by those who read the magazines, that is—are Mr. Irving's bright reply to Mr. Barlow (*Nineteenth*), Mr. Lang's "The Song of Roland and the Iliad" (*National*), "Literary Tramps" (*Macmillan*), "A Twilight Gossip with the Past" (*Temple Bar*), by Mrs. Crosse, Mr. Norris's "Style in Fiction" (*Atlantica*), and the interesting interview with Mr. Barry Pain in the *Novel Review*.

The *Medical Magazine*, a new review now in its third number, is distinguished by its admirable type, paper, and general appearance. The laymind is exceedingly well satisfied with Dr. Van Eeden's "Theory of Psycho-Therapeutics." By psychotherapy he means every description of therapeutics that cures by means of intervention of the psychological functions of the sufferer. The use of the words hypnotism and hypnosis is intentionally avoided. By hypnotism, indeed, Dr. Van Eeden understands a quantity of abnormal conditions, which, when spontaneous, are pathological, and when artificial are experimental, but which have nothing to do with therapeutics. Parisian hypnotism he takes to be the greatest enemy of psycho-therapeutics, having frightened sufferers and instilled aversion and distrust into the medical faculty. He is very severe on the experimentalists of the Salpêtrière, and demands in every case in which the psychological functions are operated on, absolute integrity of purpose and the sincerest effort to heal. The ideal of his system is to engage to its full extent the co-operation of the patient's will in the cure of disease.

Travel papers of much interest are "Days and Nights in the Guiana Forest" (*Longman's*), and "Mount Etna" (*Cornhill*). Mountains and mountain-climbing are a subject of the day. Mr. Clinton Dent deals with the ascent of Mount Everest in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Charles F. Hart chats pleasantly about "Volcanoes and Earthquakes" in *St. Nicholas*.

"Our National Defect and its Dangers" (*United Service*), an alarmist article by Colonel E. M. Lloyd, will probably attract more attention than it deserves.

The *New World*, a new American quarterly review of religion, ethics, and theology, is broad-minded and scholarly.

THE NICE YOUNG GEN-TLE-MEN FROM OX-FORD.

OUR TRIP NORTH. By R. Menzies Fergusson, M.A., with illustrations by J. Donovan Adam, R.S.A., and T. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A., R.I. London: Digby, Long & Co.

THERE were two nice young gen-tle-men pur-su-ing their studies at the U-ni-ver-si-ty of Ox-ford, and they took a lit-tle hol-i-day trip to the O-r-k-n-e-y-s, and one of them has writ-ten a kind lit-tle book a-bout it. We have read the book, and our lit-tle bro-ther is read-ing it now, but he shuts it up when we are not look-ing at him. Mis-ter Fer-gus-son, M.A. (Mas-ter of Arts), is ev-i-dent-ly a ve-ry cle-ver man; but as he knew he was writ-ing for ma-n-y peo-ple who had nev-er been to Ox-ford, he thought he would say ev-ery-thing in a ve-ry sim-ple way, and make lots of quite ea-sy lit-tle jokes. Here is one of his ea-sy lit-tle jokes; it is a-bout an-oth-er Ox-ford gen-tle-man who was go-ing in a boat, not to catch fish, but to row:—

"If you catch a crab, Jack, you might fetch it round for supper."

We were sure our lit-tle bro-ther would laugh at that, but he did not. Here is an-oth-er:—

"He asked us to make a rhyme out of the words, 'There was an old woman, and she was as deaf as a post.' We were to keep the words in the order given, but yet to make a rhyme. We gave it up. The old man's reverend face lit up with humour as he enlightened us by reciting—

"There was an old woman, and she
Was as deaf as a P-O-S-T."

But the book is not al-ways as fun-ny as this. There is some-thing a-bout the Ork-neys in it, and a great deal of ear-nest con-ver-sation u-p-on art, and re-li-gi-on, and crit-i-cism, and Am-er-i-ca, and "Old Wordsworth," and "Old Biglow." Some of these, as you know, are ve-ry dif-fi-cult sub-jects to talk and write well and use-ful-ly a-bout, but Mis-ter Fer-gus-son has tried to say noth-ing but what all of us could und-er-stand. Here are some of the things he has said:—

"Patience and perseverance are two most necessary qualities."

"The newspaper critic performs a very useful function."

"The truth will stand fast."

"We live in a practical age."

"There is a great deal of unreality about many of our clergy."

"The too generous spending of money tends somewhat to make the recipients greedy and extortionate."

"Ladies always appear to have a lot of writing to do."

Now you know some things which per-haps you did not know be-fore. You see al-so how ea-sy they are, when a cle-ver man who has been to Ox-ford and the Ork-neys puts them in a sim-ple way. Read-ing Mis-ter Fer-gus-son is like tak-ing your bread-and-milk, is it not? Should you not like to go to Ox-ford, and per-haps some day to the Ork-neys too? And should you not like to meet Mis-ter Fer-gus-son there? We know we should, ve-ry much; but our lit-tle bro-ther says No. We are sure Ox-ford must be ve-ry proud of Mis-ter Fer-gus-son.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE writings of Thomas Fuller, Dr. Jessopp reminds us, had fallen into unmerited oblivion, when Coleridge and Charles Lamb, at the beginning of the present century, drew attention to them and gave them, so to speak, a new lease of life. There is a good deal to justify the comparison which is drawn in these pages between Thomas Fuller and Sydney Smith. Both were clergymen of an unconventional type, and both were endowed to an uncommon degree with wit, courage, and common sense. Their outward circumstances differed as much as the seventeenth century differs from the nineteenth, but they were alike the bold and uncompromising foes of formality and pretence. The present collection of "Wise Words and Quaint Counsels" is avowedly intended for the use of those who wish to form some estimate of Fuller's genius, and who have not the time to make a general survey of his voluminous and very unequal writings. Dr. Jessopp believes that the "Church History" and the "Worthies of England" will live as long as English literature is appreciated; but scattered through books of less renown from the same hand are many witty similes and weighty criticisms, and the aim of the present volume is to rescue at least a few of them from hopeless entombment in dusty and forgotten folios. In an admirable introductory essay Dr. Jessopp points out that Thomas Fuller was not a theologian, but rather a great literary craftsman, and also the first Englishman who, with a critical instinct and a power of accumulating information such as few have ever equalled, had also that measure of constructive genius which breathes life into the dry bones of history. Although a Royalist, Fuller knew how to do justice to that which was highest and best in Puritan life and character, in witness whereof take the words in which he describes in his "Church History" Mr. John Dod—"humble, meek, patient, hospitable, charitable—as in his censures, so in his aims to others." We do not think that this is by any means the best selection of epigrams and aphorisms which it is possible to gather from the works of Thomas Fuller, but in spite of such a drawback it is a welcome book.

A young London clergyman, the Rev. F. Ealand, of St. Ann's, Holloway, has just published a little book, entitled "Sermons from Browning." The intellectual subtlety and spiritual intensity of the poet in his deeper moods are obvious, and it is not too much to say that he has shed on some of the most abstruse problems of the age, alike in the region of faith and of morals, the transfiguring light of a great imaginative intellect and of a strong and tender heart. The poems which are thoughtfully expounded in these pages are "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "The Ring and the Book," "La Saisiaz," "Abt Vogler," "Prospice," "Pippa Passes," "Christmas Eve," and "Easter Day," and the ethical significance of Browning's philosophy of life is unfolded, for the most part, with reverent care and admirable skill. Robert Browning was a great creative artist, a moralist, and a metaphysician in the realm of song, who looked with kindly eyes at humanity, even while he probed the hidden things of his heart. This little book, simple and elementary though it is, makes us feel once more how brave and good a man he was, and how closely linked are the imperishable fruits of his genius to the qualities which are noblest, most enduring, and least selfish in the lives of his fellow-men.

The scope of Cassell's "Storehouse of General Information" is tolerably well indicated by its title, and the characteristics of the work are by this time familiar to most people. The new volume—it consists of three hundred and eighty double-column pages—extends from "castro" to "deodar," the latter a name of Sanscrit origin applied to the cedar of India. Amongst the principal contributors to this instalment of the work are Professor A. H. Keane, Canon Benham, Colonel Cooper King, Mr. E. Cutler, Q.C., and Mr. J. W. Gregory, of the British Museum. Such a work of reference appeals chiefly to that large class of readers which has not access to public libraries, and which can scarcely hope to come into personal possession of more costly, elaborate, and authoritative encyclopædias. The compilers of the book have been compelled, by the exigencies of space, to study brevity; but their statements, if slight, are clear and

reliable, and when a really important topic is reached the editor appears to have had the wisdom to summon to his aid the services of a specialist.

"Beneath Helvellyn's Shade" consists of notes and sketches in the Valley of Wythburn, a picturesque spot which, in spite of Manchester's appropriation of Thirlmere, has not yet lost its old-world character or artistic charm. Wythburn lies on the coach-road between Grasmere and Keswick, and sheltering under the mountain is its "modest house of prayer," which Wordsworth has immortalised—the little church which the dalesmen, with a broad grin, sometimes point out as the place where "Adam and Eve were married." Tourists in the Lake District are, perhaps, quite as familiar with the adjoining building, an ancient hostelry, called the Nag's Head, a roadside retreat which can boast of its associations, not merely with the poet of Rydal Mount, but with Coleridge, Southey, Christopher North, and De Quincey. The local traditions of the district, the characteristics of the dalesmen, the Roman antiquities, and above all the scenery of a locality where Nature seems, both in storm and sunshine, to reach the level of the sublime, are interwoven in these pages with the fancies and reflections of a thoughtful and cultivated mind. The chapter on cloudland as seen from the Lake District is not the least interesting passage in the book, especially as it contains a brief unpublished letter from Ruskin on the study of the sky.

"Selections from Sydney Smith" is the title of the new volume—edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Ernest Rhys—of "The Scott Library." The preliminary essay is rather slight, but, on the whole, it is well informed and in good taste. We cannot quite understand, however, the principle of selection which has guided Mr. Rhys in this inadequate and one-sided compilation. "Peter Plymley's Letters" are surely worthy of much more attention than they receive in this volume, and we could have spared—if the exigencies of space had to be studied—some of the earlier criticisms from the early files of the old "Buff and Blue." Where are the "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton"? and where, for the matter of that, are the less formal and more friendly epistles with which Sydney Smith dazzled and delighted the statesmen and belles of a vanished generation? Mr. Rhys hints that a better account remains to be given when "lapse of copyright" shall have left the field clear for compilers, but he certainly has not availed himself of much more than half the materials upon which he might now have laid hands without let or hindrance. Still, we are grateful for the little book even as it stands, for Sydney Smith is such good company that, meet him where we will, he always makes his own welcome. The truth is, in five minutes every man is at home with him, and before the book is laid down the author is forgotten in the personal friend. His humour is genial, and his fun peeps out in the most unexpected places to enliven a subject with which it seems at first sight to have nothing in common. A master of easy and inimitably ironical statement, his style is as clear and sparkling as a mountain brook. He was by no means infallible, and his prejudices in certain directions seem themselves almost laughable now; but his shrewd common-sense, and the honesty of purpose which always went with it, make generous amends for casual departures from good taste. As a political and social reformer, Sydney Smith, it goes almost without the saying, was fifty years in advance of his times.

Charles Lamb and Sir Walter Scott—to name but two representative men of letters—were ungrudging in their praise of Defoe, and, so far as "Robinson Crusoe" at least is concerned, all the world has followed their example. "The Golden Treasury" edition of that classic story of adventure reproduces faithfully the original text. It is based on the first edition of 1719, and neither the phraseology nor the spelling has been tinkered in deference to modern ears. Few archaisms darken the page of Daniel Defoe, and the meaning of those which do occur are not of a kind to perplex even the ordinary reader. Students will know how to value this choice and scholarly edition, and they, at least, will thank Mr. Clark for preserving in its integrity the original text.

NOTICE.

—o—

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 12, Rue Bleue.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	7s.

* WISE WORDS AND QUAINC COUNSELS OF THOMAS FULLER. Selected and arranged, with a Short Sketch of the Author's Life, by Augustus Jessopp, D.D. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

SERMONS FROM BROWNING. By the Rev. F. Ealand, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 12mo.

THE STOREHOUSE OF GENERAL INFORMATION. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Royal 8vo.

BENEATH HELVELLYN'S SHADE: NOTES AND SKETCHES IN THE VALLEY OF WYTHBURN. By Samuel Barber, author of "The Lost Village," etc. London: Elliot Stock. Crown 8vo.

SELECTIONS FROM SYDNEY SMITH. Edited, with an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys. "The Scott Library." London: Walter Scott, Limited. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Edited by J. W. Clark, M.A. ("Golden Treasury" Series.) London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

LORD TENNYSON'S funeral on Wednesday was a striking and most imposing ceremonial. Its chief charm, however, was to be found not in the well-ordered procession which accompanied the body of the singer to the grave, nor in the beautiful music which, as it rang through the aisles of Westminster Abbey, moved many to tears, but in the evidence which was everywhere afforded that those present in the church had come not to witness a splendid pageant of immense interest in the literary history of their country, but to pay the last marks of honour to one whom they loved. All classes were represented in the great throng of mourners in the Abbey, and the most illustrious in the land were either present or were formally represented at the side of the grave. There has probably never been such a gathering of English men of letters before as was brought together to honour TENNYSON'S burial. Nor was any discordant note struck from first to last. The service was fittingly rendered as it only can be rendered in our great national shrine; the singing of TENNYSON'S own words seemed to bring those present very near to the singer's spirit, and the marks of emotion everywhere visible bore testimony to his hold upon the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. The controversy which has already been raised as to his successor in the Laureateship—for it does not seem likely that the suggestion that the office should be abolished will be adopted—will probably rage strongly now until it has been settled by an actual appointment. MR. SWINBURNE, MR. LEWIS MORRIS, MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, and SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, are those whose names are most frequently mentioned in connection with the succession to a post which no man living, it is certain, can fill so completely as the man who is gone.

It is perhaps hardly fair to take too seriously SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S fanciful deprecation of Nationalist sentiment at Liverpool on Monday. His notion that a nation is primarily formed by a combination against a common enemy seems at first sight fit only to rank with the familiar original contracts between King and People, and between Church and State, or with that imaginary "hiring for life" which CARLYLE once discovered to be the essence of negro slavery. But, like all these figments, it contains a germ of truth. Granted that modern Nationalism is often a figment, generally the product of a common language and literature, still its use is real and important. The common enemy against which Nationalists are banded is really the over-centralised bureaucracy of modern Europe. The Young Czechs are noisy and fantastic enough, but they have real and tangible grievances—the most pressing being perhaps, even under the proposed "Compromise," the transaction of legal business in a tongue not understood of the litigants. The Hellenic nationalists in Bulgaria, the Italian nationalists at Trient and Fiume, demand that they shall be governed according to their own ideas, not according to those of Sofia or Vienna. Irish nationalism is largely a revolt against Castle domination in favour of local self-government. It is the championship of democracy as against bureaucracy that is the real function of the Nationalist. There is no talk of Italian nationalism in Ticino amid all its conflicts, nor of

French nationalism in Lausanne. The Scotch, whose case SIR THEODORE MARTIN cites, did not take the same course as Ireland, simply because England oppressed them less. And the indefiniteness of the conception, looked at from this point of view, is one of its greatest advantages. We may yet see the national spirit of Lombardy evoked against the devastating bureaucracy directed by Piedmontese or Sicilians.

THE great fall in prices at the Ballinasloe October Fair—which may be called the annual winter-gauge for Ireland—indicates a very serious prospect. The great rains of August and September have wrought terrible havoc over many parts of Ireland on what was a very promising crop. The consequent scarcity and dearness of fodder has checked the buying and ran down the prices of all kinds of stock. Cattle were sold at Ballinasloe, after a year of feeding and rearing, at thirty shillings a head less than they were bought for twelve months ago. Sheep have fallen even more. This means that over a large portion of the country the November rents have not been earned—farmers, so far from having a turnover on their outlay, being at a dead loss. Even the Irish Tory journals have taken to warning the landlords in advance against perpetrating the cruelties to which this state of things may tempt them, and which they will not find so practicable with a Government in Dublin Castle determined to lend no countenance to either inhumanity or injustice. The weather has improved within the past week, and, while it is too late to save the ruined harvest or to restore the fallen prices, a fine week or two may enable at least a portion of the damage to be retrieved.

THE "discreditable project" of certain naval officers stigmatised by the *Times* this week is, no doubt, based on very real grievances. The officers complain that the period for which ships are commissioned is far too long—there are a dozen ships in commission now on distant stations whose crews will have been more than three years away from home by the time the commissions expire; that they do not get nearly so much leave as if they were in the army (to which it may be replied that soldier officers, in the nature of things, can get more, and frequently get too much); that they are charged income-tax on their pay—with doubtful legality; and that the wardrooms are suffering, like the rest of the world, from the domestic servant difficulty, which entails further expense. The "depreciation of money" is a complaint which indicates that officers, as a body, are as yet unaffected by the study of economics. No doubt the rest of the grievances are real enough; but it is tolerably clear that the officers have taken the wrong method to obtain redress. Officers receive certain definite and real advantages in return for distinct cessions of the normal rights of British citizens. They are expressly forbidden by the Queen's Regulations to write to the newspapers when on active service, to form committees to ventilate their grievances, and to obtain signatures to petitions. All these things have been done, and even the splendid advertisement the wily *Times* has given the agitators cannot justify them.

THE present system of appointment of officers to interpreterships in the army seems unfair both to

the country and the candidates. The Professor of Russian at King's College has recently pointed out that while in Germany officer-interpreters are continually called on to prove their proficiency in the language they have selected, in England one single examination is held to suffice. Moreover, the standard in this is quite uncertain. On the last occasion there were eight candidates in Russian, three exceptionally well qualified. On a previous occasion candidates had passed with ease on very moderate knowledge. This time, all the eight failed. It is hardly surprising that a connection should have been inferred between this result and the difficulties of the Indian Budget—especially as the sum due to the candidates from the Indian Government to cover their expenses of study in Russia is only paid in the event of success. Another examination takes place next week, and the result will be awaited with interest. Meanwhile, it ought to be made clear that in all public examinations there is that kind of continuity in the examining authority and its standards which is secured by the traditions of the Oxford Schools and the appointment of revising examiners in the Local Examinations—and which is conspicuously absent in the University of London, for instance.

WE commented last week on the one-sided character of the discussion at the Church Congress on Religious Education in Elementary Schools. The omission has been partly repaired by the *Guardian*, which suggests that the experiment of calling in the clergy to give religious instruction in the schools instead of the ordinary teachers may have failed in Victoria from purely local causes, as it worked well enough in Belgium till it was upset by the anti-clerical party; and that if it will only work in England it will be greatly preferable to the inefficient and colourless "undenominational" instruction which the ordinary teacher is likely to give. We gladly welcome this liberal proposal. The religious instruction of the ordinary school teachers may be quite as colourless and inefficient in a Church school as in a Board school; we strongly suspect it is so more often than not. If so, we put it to Churchmen who are also educationists—Is it worth while to starve education for its sake, after the manner of the Diggleite majority?

THE Congregational Union has been meeting at Bradford this week, and the representatives of the Independent churches of the land have been considering many questions of religious and social importance. At Bradford, as at Folkestone, there was proof of the awakening of the churches and the clergy to the social questions of the day. It is clear that unless the politicians bestir themselves, and that quickly and effectually, the ministers of religion will be before them in the attempt to grapple in good earnest with those problems which now vex the repose of statesmen. There was, however, an unfortunate and quite unnecessary breach of the harmony which might have been expected to prevail at Bradford when men were discussing questions upon which all were more or less agreed. One of the speakers had referred to certain ill-considered words spoken by MR. KEIR HARDIE, the Member for South-West Ham, touching ministers of religion and the poor. MR. HARDIE insisted upon explaining what he had actually said, and he did so in a speech which showed how little he understands the way in which to state a position or to conciliate an audience. We believe that MR. KEIR HARDIE is himself a conscientious man who believes thoroughly in what he teaches. But if he is to do any good in the world, or rather if he is not to do an infinite amount of mischief to the cause he represents, he will have to amend both his speech and his manners, and to give other people credit for being as honest as he is himself.

NOT long ago France, with characteristic promptitude, forestalled Germany in arranging for an International Exhibition at the end of the century to celebrate the triumphs it has seen. Now Belgium is in a fair way to forestall France. An active discussion is in progress as to the possibility of holding an exhibition in that country in 1895. Whether the locality chosen will be Brussels, Antwerp, or Liège, and whether the exhibition is to be general or special, is as yet wholly undetermined. But seriously, would it not be well that the World's Fair at Chicago should finally close the list? As a means of advertisement, exhibitions will soon defeat their main object. As a means of enjoyment, they are becoming an unpleasant rehearsal of the festivals of a world populated up to the Malthusian limit.

THE rise in silver still goes on. The price was on Thursday 38½d. per ounce. For the moment the feeling of hopelessness that so long prevailed has passed away, and speculative recklessness has taken its place; but there is not the slightest good ground for the advance in silver. It is just as certain as ever it was that the American Act of 1890 must be repealed, for purchases at the rate of fifty-four million ounces every year cannot be continued unless Government and people are willing to face a national crisis. And with that before us, it is quite clear that the present speculation is unjustified. There has also been some slight advance in the rates of interest and discount, but in the latter part of the week the money market is hardly as firm as it was earlier. It seems certain that a good deal of gold will be withdrawn from the Bank of England during the remainder of the year. Already the Austrian authorities are taking some. As long as they could provide themselves in New York they spared the London market; but they can no longer get what they want in New York. Germany is also withdrawing; there is to be a Chilean loan which will lead to gold exports, and, of course, there will be the usual miscellaneous demand. A rise in rates, therefore, seems inevitable.

THERE has been a gamble this week in all South American securities. The new Argentine President has been peaceably installed in office and Congress has met. In Chili the Government has concluded with MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD a convention for a loan of £1,800,000 intended to pay off floating debt and to reform the currency. In Brazil the exchange is rising. Everyone is, therefore, hopeful that the breakdown in South America is about to right itself and that now we shall see a steady recovery. Of course, there are large numbers of influential persons interested in inducing the public to take this view, and the public, apparently tired of its unusual caution during the past two years, is buying eagerly in the hope that prices will continue to go up and that each successive buyer will make a profit. It is quite possible, of course, that all this may happen, but it is far more likely that the clever people who have set the movement going will sell to the public and that the later buyers will then find that all life has gone from the market. In the United States department not very much has been doing, for the Columbus fêtes are distracting the attention of operators. But it looks as if next week a determined effort will be made to extend the speculation from the South American department to the North American. People with a little money ought to recollect, however, that all the difficulties which frightened the City a few weeks ago are with us still; that the silver crisis is not at an end, and that it must grow worse before it grows better, that the American Currency is in an utterly bad state, that the banks doing business with the East have lost heavily, that the crisis in Australasia is still going on, and that Portugal is bankrupt, while Russia, Italy, and Spain are in desperate case.

NEXT SESSION.

WITH the autumn Cabinet Councils in prospect, it is only natural that men should be beginning to think of next year's Session, and of the work which it may see accomplished or begun. The actual Ministerial programme will not, of course, be revealed until the Queen's Speech is heard in February, but it can do no harm to consider the possibilities of useful legislation as they now present themselves. Upon one point the course of Ministers is already sufficiently clear. Never before, indeed, did the country know with such absolute certainty what the first business of Parliament in a year on which we have not yet entered will be. But Ireland and its ever-pressing problems by no means fill the political horizon to the exclusion of other questions, and it is only natural that the people of Great Britain should already be asking themselves what the future may have in store for them. Without pretending to any special knowledge of the line which Ministers mean to take, we may, we think, venture upon a forecast of the policy which seems most likely to be acceptable to the Government and their supporters. It is admitted that Ireland holds the first place in the programme of next Session, but it is also recognised that this programme must consist of more than one item. Already, indeed, the advocates of different causes are pressing to the front and clamouring for the first place in the work which will be undertaken after the Home Rule Bill has been introduced. The Welsh members, though they have shown a loyal devotion to the great cause with which Ministers are specially identified, have at the same time evinced a resolute determination to claim the next place for their own special question—that of the Welsh Church. The advocates of the Permissive Bill, and those who seek for a change in the labour laws, are hardly less resolute in their demand that their claims should receive early and full consideration; whilst the general body of politicians—those who represent the rank and file of the party, and whose opinion, it may be taken, is fairly representative of that of Liberalism as a whole—insist that no time should be lost in clearing the ground for the next General Election by a reform of the Registration Laws and the introduction of a measure which shall give our villagers the enfranchisement for which they have waited so long and so patiently.

We are not going to discuss the relative importance of the measures thus hinted at. In due time they will come to the front in their proper order, not by the will of statesmen, but by that process of natural selection which works as completely in the political as in the physical world. Whether the Welshmen or the Teetotalers, the Labour advocates, the Rural Reformers, or the friends of Electoral Revision succeed in gaining the first place, someone must have it, and the others must follow closely on the heels of the first. It is well, however, that Ministers should take such steps as they can even now—if not to settle the precedence of different questions, at all events to make it practicable to bring them forward in turn in the easiest and most efficient manner. We have a watchful and unscrupulous Opposition to face, an Opposition which, flushed with self-conceit and the applause of the classes, imagines that it will be an easy matter to wreck the Government when once the work of Parliament begins. Ministers, on their part, will have to arm themselves at every point, if they wish to wage battle successfully against their foes. One thing at least is certain—they cannot afford to risk a defeat in the House of Commons, supposing such a defeat were possible, until they have unfolded their

whole programme to Parliament and to the country. We believe that they can best secure this by preparing for presentation to the House next Session a series of Bills, short and simple in themselves, but dealing with principles of the first importance. If next year—when the Home Rule Bill has been introduced and read a second time, as we may fairly assume that it will be—the Government are able to produce measures dealing with such questions as Registration and Election Reform, the Liquor Traffic, and Rural Government, together with resolutions on Welsh Disestablishment, they will be in a position to defy their enemies both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords. It would be a fatal mistake, in the position in which they find themselves, with a comparatively narrow majority and a question of such grave difficulty confronting them as the first item in their programme, if they were to attempt to follow up their Irish Bill by any other measure of a complicated character. Happily none of the questions which we have named need to be dealt with by complicated measures. It ought to be a comparatively easy thing to place before the House Bills which, if not complete in every detail, will at least lay down the principles upon which the domestic questions of which we have spoken ought to be settled. This, we trust, will be the course which the Cabinet will decide upon in the meetings which will begin at the close of the present month. Armed, not with a mere programme like that adopted at Newcastle, but with actual Bills, from which the electors can see in what manner they propose to settle the more pressing problems of the time, the Government will be able to face their opponents with equanimity, and to dare them to do their worst. They will have given proof to the nation of the genuineness of their desire to secure the reforms which Liberal opinion demands, and they will consequently be in a far better position than that in which they stood on the eve of the General Election last July.

Of course, the critics of the Opposition will scoff at the idea that any attempt can be made in the first session of a new Parliament to make progress with a large number of Bills. Let them scoff. It is not with the Opposition, but with Ministers and their supporters, that the power lies, and, so long as the latter are loyal and firm, nothing can prevent the realisation of a plan which will enable the Government to show that they have kept faith with their supporters not merely in Ireland, but throughout the United Kingdom. It must not be forgotten that the late Government, by the manner in which it appropriated to itself, not for purposes of great and useful legislation, but for the mere work of the administration, nearly the whole time of the House, has furnished Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues with a precedent which they would be wrong not to follow. At all events, in a Session of such immeasurable importance and significance as the next promises to be, the private member may well be content to see his rights circumscribed if the policy of Parliament and of the country may be thereby advanced. We do not care to speak of the weapon placed in the hands of the Administration by the Closure. It is not one to be employed save in case of actual necessity, and we should be sorry to see a Liberal Administration resorting to it as easily and as frequently as did the late Tory Government. But it exists. It is there to be used if the occasion should arise, and it will do much to enable Ministers to carry out their programme when they have once formulated it and laid it before Parliament. Many things may of course happen between now and next February, but we own that, when we consider the prospect, we regard it as highly encouraging for all

who desire that the installation of a Liberal Government in power should be quickly followed by the carrying of large measures of reform.

THE PARNELL ANNIVERSARY.

THE celebration of the anniversary of Mr. Parnell's death in Dublin on Sunday has given rise to a good deal of varied comment. That it was an imposing demonstration, both in its numbers and orderliness, and in the earnest demeanour of those who took part in it, all observers appear to be agreed. Many thousands walked to Glasnevin in solemn procession, and we have no doubt they were the representatives of many thousands more throughout the country who would have been there too if they could. It was an honourable sentiment which brought them together, in so far as it was a desire to honour the memory of the great Irishman whose last year of life was passed in such tragic eclipse, and the pity is that circumstances should for the time being restrict the celebration of Parnell's memory to a section only of his countrymen. Amongst the vast majority of Nationalist Irishmen who were compelled to hold aloof from Sunday's demonstration were hearts that burned as passionately as any Parnellite's to lay a token, both of forgetting and remembering, on the grave of the lost leader—*Sunt lacrimae rerum*. That they were compelled to hold aloof is itself one of those tragedies of which Irish history is especially prolific.

It would be easy to exaggerate the significance of such displays as that of Sunday. On the other hand, it would be easy to misunderstand them. For our part, we see no advantage to be gained either by neglecting or contemning this manifestation of Parnellite sentiment. There will be more profit in considering it dispassionately as an index of things as they are just now in Ireland. We find that, on the whole, it points to an improvement in Parnellite feeling as compared with this time last year. We discern symptoms of a growing sense of responsibility on the part of the Parnellite leaders, both in Sunday's proceedings and in those of the following day, when a Parnellite convention was held in the Rotunda. The sense of responsibility is a wholesome plant, and it is better to recognise and encourage it than to regard only those weeds of sentiment which tend to hinder its growth, and which it is but too easy to provoke into luxuriance. Mr. O'Kelly, for example, who was the Mark Antony of Sunday, showed no desire above the corse of Caesar to "set mischief afoot"; on the contrary, while breathing some strong sentiments, which we suppose were *de rigueur* on such an occasion, there was a distinct note of reconciliation in his address, and a distinct repudiation of that spirit of vengeance which was so prominent in Parnellite oratory immediately after Mr. Parnell's death. "Not vengeance for the dead do we seek," said Mr. O'Kelly, "but safety for the cause to which the best efforts of his life were given"; "let us hold out the hand of friendship to all those whose judgment has been warped and misled"; "around this grave let us forget the insults and misrepresentations of which both our leader and ourselves have been the objects." These admirable sentiments are so much to the good, and ought to be so taken account of. Similarly, at the convention the following day, the resolutions, especially that providing for the release of the Paris Funds, were a further indication of a sense of responsibility in Parnellite counsels which, we repeat, is worth welcoming as a good omen. Mr. Redmond's

article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in its tone, though not in its declarations, goes to a like effect.

It is true that Mr. Redmond on Monday, as the spokesman of his friends, thought it right to insist on the continuance of an attitude of mistrust and suspicion towards the Liberal Government; but this attitude it will be impossible to maintain, once the Government have had a fair opportunity of giving effect to their undertakings. Until then, it does not really matter how suspicious any body of Irishmen may choose to be, so long as they act loyally up to the intentions publicly avowed by Mr. Redmond on behalf of his followers, and give the Government simple fair play. The Irishmen of both parties who, by unreasonable criticism, or by ill-considered or ill-conditioned courses of action, add to the obstacles in the already sufficiently difficult path of Mr. Morley and Lord Houghton—the two first Englishmen charged with the task of starting Ireland on the career of self-government—will incur a heavy responsibility indeed; it is in the power of a very small body on either side in the present crisis to do, if they choose, much mischief. And we gladly note it as a hopeful thing that Mr. Redmond and his friends are beginning to show themselves sensible of this fact.

So far as we can observe, there seems no prospect of an actual healing of the split between the two sections of Nationalists; though, for outsiders, the differences on which the dispute is founded are harder to understand than ever. We may regret this for Ireland's sake; but so long as, in settling their family differences, Irish Nationalists do not forget the national interests which they are supposed to cherish in common, the worst dangers of the split may be averted. The fact of representatives of the two sections coming together (as we hope they may) over the administration of the Paris Funds, should at least tend to temper the strife; and with this and with a correspondence of action, if not absolute unity, in presence of a Home Rule Administration on the one hand and of the efforts of the common enemies of Home Rule on the other, the possible harm will be reduced to a minimum. Until Home Rule is safe, patriotic Irishmen will need to present to the world a fair working application of the Augustinian rule, and give us, at any rate, practical harmony in essentials, and practical liberty in non-essentials, if charity in all things be as yet a little too much to expect from mere political human nature.

UGANDA.

CAPTAIN LUGARD has now delivered his pronouncement upon the question of Uganda, and the public will be able to judge whether any case for Imperial intervention has been made out. The East Africa Company is presented as a three-legged stool, resting upon claims commercial, political, and philanthropic; and, as is naively pointed out, "each of these interests has its own exponents." Herein obviously lies the strength of the case. The stool, if reduced to one form of support, would be unable to stand. Meanwhile, the expected information is not at present forthcoming from the Company's agent. We do not require a vague dissertation upon the general aspects of the question. There are many things which we do not know, and on which we expected to learn the impressions of Captain Lugard. How is communication to be maintained with the Victoria Nyanza?—by road or railway, by wheeled traffic, or by porters, camels, mules, or donkeys? Is there any available labour, and of what class, and to what extent? What does the occupation of Uganda involve, and what annual sum would probably suffice? The all-important question of

communications appears to have dropped out of sight in this academical disquisition. Mr. Stanley, it will be remembered, is sufficiently explicit on the point. The cost of the transport of the recent expedition was, he stated to the people of Swansea, no less than £300 per ton—an amount absolutely prohibitive if any commercial advantage is to be reaped. Naturally, therefore, while warning us that “as a provision against a time of need, we must not despise this immense African territory,” he is careful to point out that “it is impossible to utilise it without a railway from the coast.” How much will this railway cost, and how is it to be made? Until the report of Captain Macdonald has been made public, no answer can be given; but it may safely be assumed that not less than £4,000,000 sterling, and possibly a much larger sum, will be required. Captain Lugard’s silence on all these points appears eminently significant. The “commercial” argument, which he sets forth with an utter absence of all appearance of conviction, turns—in Mr. Stanley’s mind—upon the construction of this railway. Coffee, even “of a superior class,” gums, cotton, and “cereals” at present non-existent, obviously will not stand a freight to the seaboard of £300 per ton. “Accumulated” ivory does not last. At present there are no means of reaching the markets of Uganda, and Captain Lugard does not appear to recognise the want. The commercial argument, in fact, breaks down absolutely. It would be rash to say that, if the railway were constructed, a return might not ultimately be forthcoming; but the vague conjectures which at present supply the place of definite information would certainly not suffice to attract the necessary capital or to justify the use of national funds.

The causes of the hopeless commercial failure of the East Africa Company have been stated by Mr. Stanley with a frankness almost brutal. This body took over “a coast-line 450 miles long, swarming with stone-built towns, castellated forts, and populous villages, yielding a handsome income. . . . The investment with ordinary care was as good as Consols, for the Company took over a known revenue. . . . But the Company unfortunately allowed themselves to be persuaded by the Government and the Press to extend their operations into that indefinite interior called the British sphere of influence. . . . Moved by these specious arguments, and probably by something more, the directors left their safe and profitable business for adventure.” The blunders of adventurers are now sought to be thrown upon the nation, which is asked to assume the grave responsibilities they have gratuitously created.

The political argument, as re-stated by Captain Lugard, appears to rest upon the pure assumption that Uganda is “the key to the political situation in Central Africa.” Central Africa, however, like India, has possibly an indefinite number of keys according to the “taste and fancy” of the political, military, or commercial speculator, and the extraordinary assertion that Uganda “commands the sources of the Nile and its upward (*sic*) course to Gondokoro” exactly illustrates the looseness of thought which seems inseparable from questions of “keys.” The commercial command of the vast basin of the Upper Nile and its affluents will obviously fall to the Power which connects Berber with the sea, whoever may hold one of the sources of the great river.

The religious and philanthropic aspects of the matter are obviously beyond the bounds of reasonable discussion, for the results of evacuation cannot possibly be foreseen. Captain Lugard has drawn a lurid picture of slaughter and rapine, which may or may not be prophetic. Who would have listened to

a cynic who proclaimed in advance that the recent expedition would have led to murderous fighting between rival Christian factions? “The hordes of Manyema” might “be able to gain a footing in Usongola”; but why they failed to succeed in this operation *previous* to the Company’s advent, or how the cessation of a control exercised for the moment over a mere scrap of territory is to aid their aggression, is not explained. As showing the obscurity in which the whole issue is involved, it is sufficient to notice that Mr. Stanley is convinced that “the Catholics, Mahomedans, and native heathen . . . would *unite* and overwhelm” the Protestant minority, while Captain Lugard is confident that “the position of the French Fathers would be more than precarious.” In the opinion of the former authority, these French Fathers, “whose misdirected zeal lately troubled (!) the British administrator,” would immediately acquire political power involving future dangers. What better proof could be furnished that no one has the slightest idea of what will really occur on the evacuation of Uganda, and that imagination—political or commercial—usurps the place of knowledge?

Stripped of verbiage intended to mislead, the practical questions before the nation are these:—Is it desirable that Imperial policy should take the unaccustomed form of pure adventure for the problematic advantage of manufacturers as yet unborn? Is the liquidation of a grossly mismanaged trading company to be undertaken by the nation? Are responsibilities wholly undefined to be assumed, and an extremely expensive railway constructed under Government guarantee? General Gordon, it has been said, advocated this railway; but it is usually forgotten that at the time he was smarting under the experience of the methods of Egyptian officials at Khartoum, and that as Governor-General of the Sudan he set himself to develop the natural trade route of the Nile. A Sudan policy, conceived with the object of repaying our heavy debt to the Sudanese, and securing the commercial command of the thousands of miles of waterway which lie above Berber, would at least be capable of justification on intelligible grounds. Neither honour nor expediency demand that we should follow up the failure of the East African Company.

THE COLUMBUS CENTENARY.

CENTENARIES have become horribly commonplace, but no one can well quarrel with the recent celebrations at Huelva and New York. An America is not discovered every day. The country is still young enough to desire publicity, and is quite justified in reminding us Europeans of all we owe to it. And the proceedings were marked by striking contrasts which set us thinking. Spain, the country of lost opportunities, Spain, which has barely managed to borrow the money to pay the last half-year’s interest on its debt, has submitted for the moment to a comparison with the live land which never misses a chance. It is true that the southwest corner of Spain is not so hopelessly retrograde as we sometimes fancy. Cadiz is better-paved than Chicago, or than some other American cities which one hardly ventures to offend. The Rio Tinto mine, too, is not quite a wild-cat concern. And some may think that Queen Christina and her little son, going to Mass in the monastery where the good Prior Juan Perez de Marchena housed the homeless Columbus, had not much to learn from Mr. Chauncey Depew’s oration at the Carnegie Music Hall. But say all we can for Spain, and it still remains the very country which Americans

could best choose as a foil to show off their own progress. Looking first at the land which Columbus found, and then at the land Columbus started from, a patriotic American prone to self-complacency, as some Americans are reputed to be, might tell us that Europe was like a squeezed lemon or a British battalion on home service. They might put us down as only a fraction more progressive than the changeless East which the late Professor Freeman talked about.

This would, of course, be an exaggeration; but it would not be nearly so ridiculous as the argument of a contemporary, which suggests that the United States is a second-rate place at best, and can only be cured by going to Downing Street and humbly craving for the aid of those born rulers—the British upper classes. The strenuous persons who sing of the sword, who despise the Irish and the Welsh and the Scots (unless they be elders of the Auld Kirk) and the miserable creatures of English blood who dwell in the outer darkness of Dissent, imagine there is no good thing on the earth that is not of their making. The British world will go to the dogs, unless it is federated, with the House of Lords at the head of it. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry cannot last, because it is unpopular in the Clubs and the Home Counties. They call their opponents "little Englanders." The real little Englanders are those who think the part of this island which they themselves represent has the right to control the English-speaking races, with their diverse origins and destinies. The notion that America has gained anything, or has anything to gain, from these people—the English ruling classes of the past—is a *reductio ad absurdum* of their whole theory.

The English landed class, Whig or Tory, has done nothing for the United States. It is even doubtful whether the majority of the American people are of English origin. A fourth, perhaps, are Irish, if we add the descendants of the Ulstermen who emigrated during the last century to the descendants of the Irish who have flocked over since the famine. A very large section are Scotch. There are French and Italians. There are Germans, Swedes, and Danes. There are Jews and Poles. And though it may still be true that the backbone of the nation is English, it is not English after the heart of the Tory party. Some Englishmen of the section who claim to speak for England went to the Southern States, but so long as they had undisputed rule there the Southern States were the least progressive of English-speaking communities.

The mass of the English of America came from the common folk, the Dissenters, who are of no account, because they do not furnish their fair share of recruits to the army. If the New Englanders had remained in England, they—who in America set up, a hundred years ago, a system of primary education which we have hardly equalled yet—would have been debarred from any share in the management of the village school. The spiritual fathers of Protestant America were Knox and Bunyan and Wesley. Anglicanism within the United States is energetic enough, especially in the newer States and the great cities. But it is merely one sect among many, and by no means the most important. America has gained nothing from the British aristocracy except a few husbands for its surplus heiresses. The Tories harassed it; the Whigs left it alone; neither helped it. One would wish to see a federal parliament of the English-speaking world assemble, if only to watch the poor figure which the sluggish elements of England would cut in it.

We have no wish to speak in the style of Thanksgiving Day, or to say that every American product is worthy of our admiration. They sent us Sir Ellis

Ashmead-Bartlett. But it would, in all seriousness, be difficult to exaggerate the benefits which Western Europe has derived from the discovery of America. What would we have done without it? If Columbus had only discovered what he sought, the eastern shore of populous and half-civilised Asia, the whole fate of our race would have been different. We might have drawn from it some wealth, such as the Venetians drew from the Levant. But there would have been no room for the expansion of the European stock. Even Cortes and Pizarro could not have exterminated the Chinese. We might have made some room for ourselves elsewhere by driving back the Turk from lands which were once the scene of Aryan industry. We might, somewhat earlier, on the principle that necessity is the mother of invention, have discovered a new world within our own four seas by the invention of the steam-engine. But it is just as likely that the Turks might have beaten us, and that the steam-engine might never have been invented at all. The very power of progress which Europeans claim might have been lost if we had had no space to progress in. It is not merely for human carcasses that space was required. Elbow-room was wanted for new ideas. Men had need of being freed from antiquated social arrangements without preliminary revolutions. Applied science could never have been developed if we had been cabined and confined within the old economic bounds. Louis XVI. might have been allowed to work out in his bungling way the good of his people, if the people had not had an American example to encourage them to try themselves. All these things, and many more, we owe to the pluck and good luck of Columbus. So that scientists and monks may for once unite in the thanksgiving service which the Pope has directed in the Church of St. John Lateran. Only the British upper classes need stay away.

RAILWAYMEN IN CONGRESS.

THE Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, which had its Congress a week ago in London, ranks among the most important of trade unions. Its funds amount to £110,000, and it has 29,820 members. Every grade in the service is represented—drivers, guards, signalmen, shunters, porters. Its numbers have gone on steadily increasing since 1882, when, after some years of decline, its membership had fallen to 6,321. There is still plenty of room for extension, as over the whole kingdom the railwaymen number nearly 400,000. Though some of these are members of other societies, a great number remain unattached to any organisation, receiving, as Mr. Hudson the President of the Congress complained, all the advantages of the improved conditions of service without lending a helping hand. Gradually, however, they are coming in, and in other ways the Society is gaining strength. An amalgamation has recently been effected with the Scotch Railway Servants' Society, which under Mr. Tait led the great strike in the winter of 1890-91; and negotiations have been proceeding, though so far without success, to induce the General Railway Workers' Union also to amalgamate. But, whether in one organisation or in several, the Railway Unionists, backed by a strong public opinion, are now powerful enough to make railway directors and Parliament listen to their demands.

Their case is, indeed, a strong one. And it is not theirs only; it is everybody's. In any industry overwork is an evil; in the railway service it is a direct public danger. From Major Yorke's report on the Great Eastern collision of August 21, it appears

that the driver Hale had been on duty sixteen hours at the time of the collision. That such excessive hours are common, and not merely rare incidents, has been shown by the Board of Trade returns of overtime work, and the evidence laid before Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Select Committee. The frequency of accidents is startling. Every year the public derives a great deal of comfort from statistics proving the safety of railway travelling, and is convinced, with good reason, that in a walk through a crowded London street there is more danger than in a fifty-miles-an-hour journey from London to Edinburgh. The railway servant sees the matter from another side. Last year, out of every 695 railwaymen one was killed, and out of every 121 one was injured. As Mr. Harford, the secretary of the Amalgamated Society, points out, these figures do not bring out the whole truth, inasmuch as the proportions are calculated on the entire number of men employed by the companies, and not more than one-half are engaged in the manipulation of the traffic. "An analysis of the different grades which have suffered shows, as usual," he says, "that shunting operations are the most prolific source of accidents, no fewer than one shunter in 160 having been killed, and one in every fifteen injured; while the proportion of brakesmen and goods guards killed and injured was one in 179, and one in nineteen respectively." That the danger can be diminished no one doubts. It is simply a question of expense. The general adoption of improved couplings, automatic fog-signalling, automatic continuous brakes, the better lighting of shunting yards, a rigid observance of the block system, would speedily reduce the number of the killed and wounded; and railwaymen, in their own interest and in ours, are urging the adoption of these and other remedies. But they are right in thinking that overwork is the gravest fact in their situation; not merely because it has been proved to be a frequent cause of accident, but because it inflicts intolerable hardship on themselves. Railway servants have not shared in the reduction of the hours of labour which workmen have steadily been gaining in other industries. In their case the tendency has rather been the other way. The hardship is admitted; but in view of the complexity and fluctuations of railway traffic, the officials of the companies have persistently declared that it is practically impossible to find a remedy. The impossible, however, is happening. Agitation and publicity have already led to considerable improvement. The report of the Select Committee mentions that "the average daily hours of certain engine-drivers on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have been reduced from 16½ in 1891 to 12½ in 1892," and a similar change for the better is evident on nearly every line throughout the country. The railway servants see that if the pressure upon the companies is kept up, the improvement will continue. Accordingly they met in congress in good spirits, having public sympathy on their side, and having obtained a full admission of the justice of their case from a Select Committee, the majority of whose members were certainly not biased in their favour.

A few weeks ago we remarked on the practical nature of the discussions at the Trade Union Congress. The railwaymen discussed their affairs in a like spirit. It is true that they made some impossible proposals. They yielded, for instance, to the heresy of class representation in Parliament. Thinking rather of their rights as railway workers than of their duties as citizens, they resolved unanimously that they ought to have a member of Parliament for themselves—"one of our own class"—and, undeterred by the experience of the Trades

Union Congress, they resolved by a majority that it should be their secretary who should represent them. But such resolutions must not be scrutinised too closely. They express rather the feelings than the judgment of the Congress. In discussing the serious and urgent questions before them, and notably in their attitude on the hours of labour, they showed themselves shrewd, moderate, and practical men. They decisively rejected, by thirty-nine votes to twelve, a motion that the society should support an eight-hour day, or a week of forty-eight hours, for all grades of railway labour. "It is no use," said one delegate, "for railwaymen to go in for what they know they cannot get." What, then, is their claim? In effect it is Mr. Channing's Bill, which they discussed clause by clause and adopted with few alterations; and the Bill of Mr. Channing (could class representation give them a better railway member?) does little more than carry out the recommendations of Sir M. Hicks-Beach's Committee. Shortly stated, it empowers the Board of Trade, on being satisfied that the hours of work of any class of servants in the employ of a railway company are excessive, to call upon the company to reduce the hours; if the company fails to do so, the Railway Commissioners will have jurisdiction to consider the case, and to inflict penalties not exceeding £20 per day while the default continues. Provision is also made for the compulsory adoption of proper coupling apparatus, and other measures for the safety of railway servants. There is nothing extravagant in such a Bill. The case for it has been proved up to the hilt. Its principle has been accepted by every independent person who has looked into the matter, and, whatever may be the case with other industries, the public title to exercise control over railways no longer needs argument. Of course shareholders will grumble. The average net earnings on railway capital, which in 1889 came to 4·21 per cent., and in 1890 to 4·10 per cent., fell in 1891 to 4 per cent.; and, as Mr. Giffen says in the recent report of the Board of Trade, the two chief causes of the decline have been increased prices of coal and increased wages. Mr. Channing's Bill means a further increase of wages, increased working expenditure in other directions, and possibly a further fall in dividends. The thousand millions of railway capital may in the future yield even less than 4 per cent.; but, after all, in these days of declining profits, if railway shareholders keep near an average of 4 per cent., they will not do so badly. Be this as it may, the evidence of excessive labour on the part of railway servants shows a state of things which is intolerable and a public danger, overbearing even one's respect for dividends. The railwaymen will carry their Bill, and workmen in other industries may do well to study their methods. They have proved their case. They have won public opinion to their side. They have made up their own minds as to the remedy. And their remedy has the really great merit of being practicable.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A GAIN the week has passed without much actual incident, at any rate in European politics. Even the Ministerial programme in Italy makes no change in the situation. The visit of the German Emperor to the Emperor of Austria has probably no direct political significance. The Czar has not—as was rumoured early in the week—any intention of meeting the other Emperors at Skiernevics or elsewhere. The report of an attempt to blow up the train conveying him, telegraphed from Paris with

much detail on Wednesday, has fallen stillborn from the press. The week has seen, in Spain and the United States, the celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus—which has been carried out at Huelva in the presence of the young King and the Queen Regent with as much of local colour and mediæval accessories as was possible, and in the chief cities of the United States with greater splendour and less historical exactitude. In New York the celebration took the form of a huge naval parade of 170 steamers, a historical procession, and a magnificent display of fireworks from the Brooklyn Bridge. In most of the cities the day was also kept. The Roman Catholics, it may be noted, had their own commemorations apart—presumably in conformity with the recent appropriation by the Vatican of Columbus as an apostle of the Roman Catholic faith.

The cholera has not yet disappeared. In Hamburg and St. Petersburg, indeed, it is almost extinct, and it has completely passed away from Northern France. But it maintains its ground at Buda-Pesth to the extent of about forty fresh cases a day, and has nearly frightened away the Delegations. There have been some fresh cases near Berlin, in Holland, and at Szegedin in Hungary, and (of cholera probably) at Marseilles and near Chalon-sur-Saône—in the latter case, however, certainly from the use of polluted water.

At the beginning of the week Lille was *en fête*, celebrating the centenary of the raising of its siege during the first Revolution. A great procession, of vast length and splendour, and representing scenes in the history of the town, was the chief feature in the *fête*. Unfortunately, the weather was unpropitious, and the car bearing a representation of the bombardment and burning of the town in 1792 was effectually deprived of verisimilitude by untimely and drenching rain.

The reception given to M. Carnot is, however, significant if we reflect that Lille returns M. Paul Lafargue—Karl Marx's son-in-law—to the Chamber, that it is a stronghold of Clericalism, and was once a nursery of Boulangism. Unfortunately, inferences from this reception as to the prospect of political peace are somewhat modified by the result of the Senatorial Election in the Seine-et-Oise on Sunday. M. Hamel, a Radical of a very advanced type, defeated M. de Massicault, his more moderate rival, on the second ballot. Not only did all the Radicals concentrate their votes on M. Hamel, but the Conservatives preferred him to his rival, either to prove the sincerity of their conversion or to embarrass the Government. If the converts from Monarchism all support ultra-Radical candidates, they will assuredly prove a more disturbing force than ever.

There is, however, another conversion announced this week. Baron de Mackau, Monarchist Deputy for the Orne, speaking at Carrouges on Sunday, made his submission in conformity with the directions of the Vatican, and announced himself a champion of local liberties and old-fashioned Liberalism against the excessive centralisation and despotism practised by French Republican Governments.

When the Chamber reopens, the Government will certainly have to face a Protectionist attack on the Franco-Swiss Commercial Convention, which M. Méline (the McKinley of France) emphatically condemned in a speech at Remiremont on Sunday. The Convention will hardly be accepted; but the *Times* correspondent states that the Government will not make it a question of confidence.

Carmaux is still patrolled by miners, led by Deputies, for the suppression of non-unionist tendencies. It is said that at the Cabinet Council last week M. Viette, the Minister of Public Works, desired to interfere, but that his colleagues refused. The Prefect of the Department has forbidden street meetings, the strikers and the local Mayors protest, and matters will probably remain as they are till the expected debate in the Chamber.

An absurd report has been current that the

German and Austrian Emperors are settling a scheme for the satisfaction of the claims of the Duke of Cumberland to the throne of Hanover by making him Grand Duke of Brunswick—which would dispossess the Emperor's cousin and set up a permanent focus of particularist intrigue.

Last Saturday the Prussian Ministry considered the new Military Bill. It is stated that Count Eulenburg and Herr Miquel were prevailed on by the Emperor to withdraw their opposition. And it has been announced (and denied) that Count von Caprivi has resigned the Imperial Chancellorship. The absence of the Emperor probably shows that the crisis, if it exists, is in abeyance. But the opposition to the alleged proposals (the details of which will not be known till the end of the year) is distinctly on the increase. The Catholic Centre—on which, be it remembered, the Government must depend for a majority—seems exceedingly disinclined to accept the reforms, now stated to involve an increase of ninety thousand men with the colours, and of three and a half millions sterling in the Army Estimates. The tobacco trade is up in arms against increased taxation. The emphatic acceptance by the Emperor of Herr Zelle, a Liberal, as Burgomaster of Berlin, is a hopeful sign for the coming conflict.

On Monday the Emperor gave a banquet to the Austrian officers engaged in the barbarous long-distance ride. Of the forty-two money prizes awarded, the Austrian and Hungarian officers carry off twenty-five. It is satisfactory to see that the cruelty and futility of the ride have evoked a good deal of protest in Germany.

On Sunday there were two elections to the Austrian Reichsrath. In Vienna Herr Kronawetter, the well-known Democratic leader, easily defeated an anti-Semite. At Borkowitz, in Bohemia, a Young Czech, M. Tucek, replaced Baron Von Prazak, Minister without portfolio in Count Taaffe's Cabinet, who has been called to the Upper House. A "Conference of Nationalities" in Austria-Hungary is to be held in Vienna next month to devise a scheme for the federation of the Empire.

At last the decree is published fixing the Italian General Elections for Sunday, November 6th, and the meeting of the Chambers for the 23rd. The decree is accompanied by a report of the Cabinet to the King, promising an eventual replacement of the deficit on the Budget for the current financial year (37,700,000 francs), and on that for 1893-4 (50,800,000 francs) by a surplus of 6,000,000 francs, and by equilibrium respectively. The military expenditure is fixed at 246,000,000 francs. A Government monopoly of mineral oil and some alterations in the Customs duties are announced, and there are vague promises of other financial reforms and of social legislation. Probably part of the promised reduction is obtained by a manipulation of the pensions due to ex-officials, the money for immediate payment being borrowed, and the repayment made by a fixed annual charge; so that the 73,000,000 francs due this year are in appearance reduced to thirty millions. The statement is not regarded as satisfactory, and the deficit is doubtless much under-estimated. Signor Colombo, Finance Minister in the Rudini Cabinet, delivered a most significant speech at Milan at the end of last week, prophesying that by the end of the century the deficit will be 140,000,000 francs, and insisting on the necessity of an immediate reduction of the Army Estimates. The speech has excited much comment, and the speaker's pessimism and "want of faith in his country" is bitterly attacked by the Ministerial organs. Detailed replies are promised shortly from the War Minister at Leghorn and the Finance Minister at Catanzaro. Their task will not be easy. The King meanwhile has shown his sense of the situation by positively refusing to accept any gift from the public at his approaching silver wedding.

The school difficulty in Bulgaria seems likely to be settled, though, of course, the official organ of M. Stambouloff backs down with a bad grace. There are reports of serious disturbance in Crete. An

attempt is reported to assassinate M. Pachitch, the Servian Radical ex-Premier—the aggressor being a gendarme. But the accounts differ, and the shot was perhaps an accident or a mistake.

True bills for murder and conspiracy have been returned in the Homestead (Pennsylvania) cases against Mr. Frick, the Pinkertons (of the detective agency), and various officials of the Carnegie works, and for treason against the Miners' Advisory Committee. Some of the strikers are already awaiting trial for murder.

General Crespo has entered Caracas in triumph and chosen a provisional Government. It is to be hoped the revolution in Venezuela is at an end.

The new President of Argentina has entered upon office, and "explained his programme at some length." But the telegraph has brought us no material details. There was some disturbance in the streets, and the retiring President, Dr. Pellegrini, was hooted.

THE BISHOPS AND VIVISECTION.

IT is not easy for the layman to grasp at once the connection between the ordinary business of a Church Congress and that of a discussion on the question of the scientific value of experiments on animals, or what is commonly but erroneously termed vivisection. Without further explanation it would seem that such a congress is about the last place in the world in which such a discussion could with propriety be carried on, and for the obvious reason that it is composed almost entirely of persons who are by their own acknowledgment ignorant of the facts of the case, and who are, therefore, incompetent to pass judgment upon it. But from the report of the transactions of the Congress in last Thursday's papers, it appears that the Church dignitaries who took a prominent part in the proceedings look at the question from a point of view altogether different from that of the ordinary man. It does not matter in the least, according to Bishop Barry, what the facts of the case may be. If they are contrary to his assumed theory, so much the worse for the facts. He takes his (clerical) stand upon high moral grounds. This method of investigation, he affirms, may or may not yield scientific results of importance and value to the human race. He and his friends did not, he says, disregard the material interests which, according to the Bishop, were the only ones at all considered by the supporters of the method. His objection, as stated by himself, is that "the hardening effect of deliberate disregard of helpless suffering must destroy the higher spiritual humanity. It must demoralise it by quenching deliberately the instinct of compassion and beneficence," and so on. Now we begin to see why the Church Congress busies itself about vivisection. This awfully sinful method is gradually sapping the foundations of morality. Not only our nation but all mankind is in danger of losing its "higher spiritual humanity," whatever that may mean, and it is high time that those in whom the safeguarding of this "higher spiritual humanity" of this country is vested—viz., the Bishops of the English State Establishment—should rise up in their might, and denounce and utterly crush out the hateful thing! This is Bishop Barry's position. He poses as the clerical St. George who is to free the country from this poisonous dragon. But, unfortunately for the Bishop, people nowadays need something more to convince them on matters such as this than the *ipse dixit* of even an ex-archbishop *in partibus*. We need some evidence of this tremendous assertion that experiments on living animals—of which 99 per cent. are painless, and all are carried on by a small number of skilled professional men, under strict regulations (so far as this kingdom is concerned) as to inspection and licence—are working this terrible evil in our midst. Even those untrained to the habits of exact scientific

thought and unacquainted with the details of the matter must have felt that in order to bring conviction to their minds some kind of proof of its truth must be given by the propounder of such a theory. Does Bishop Barry condescend to give such proof? Never a syllable. His denunciations are merely pulpit fulminations—empty sound, signifying nothing. Why, then, it may be said, are they worthy of the notice of scientific men, who are unanimous in the expression of opinion that the welfare of our race is dependent upon this method of investigation, and who repudiate most strongly the assertion that either their own higher spiritual humanity, or that of anyone else they ever met with, has, in the least degree, suffered from the practice complained of? The reason for their coming forward on this occasion is because they were challenged to do so. These men, it was said by the Bishop's friends, dare not show their faces in public; they carry on their nefarious practices in private, but shun the strong light of public appearances. But even the worm will turn, and the most patient and long-suffering of men of science, who are labouring to the best of their power for the alleviation of suffering, cannot stand being told by the Bishop of Manchester that they prosecute their researches at the peril of their souls, or by Canon Wilberforce that they are "inhuman devils." So two doughty champions, in the shape of Professor Victor Horsley and Dr. Armand Ruffer, both men of high scientific position, and well armed with special knowledge of the facts of the case, stepped forward to confront their opponents, and, after their speeches, no one can say again that the defenders of the method are wanting either in courage or in ability. As to whether they went too far in the vehemence of their language or not, opinions may differ. But there can be no doubt that they carried the vast majority of the meeting with them in their lucid and logical remarks, and completely turned the tables on the Bishop and his supporters. So much so indeed that, to the amazement of the company, the Bishop of Edinburgh declared that "nothing would be more disastrous to the Church of England than it should accept the sentiments expressed by the Bishop of Manchester and Bishop Barry. The Church," he said, "favoured science; but when they came to the question of morals, the Bishop of Manchester assumed a very lofty tone, as if he were the arbiter of what was right or wrong." And after this plain speaking one is not surprised to learn that there was in this solemn clerical meeting, according to the newspaper report, "disturbance, applause, and some hissing." The Bishop of Edinburgh evidently brought his strong Scottish common-sense to bear upon the question; he repudiated with indignation the assertions of Bishop Barry, his sympathies were with the experimentalists; "if to put an animal to pain would save England from the cholera, was there one who would say it was not right to do so?" It is obvious that such a gathering was not one capable of weighing the importance of the benefits to man resulting from the application of these methods of research. For this needs careful investigation as well as technical knowledge. Those who have neither the time nor the requisite knowledge must rest satisfied with the conclusions arrived at by those who have, and such people have expressed the strongest opinion—and given the facts upon which such opinion is based—that experiments on living animals have been of inestimable service to men. These are the words of a resolution passed at the International Medical Congress in 1881. A resolution in the same sense was passed without a dissentient voice and with much enthusiasm at the meeting of the British Medical Association held two months ago in Nottingham. Then, if we pass from collective to personal opinion, we find Sir Andrew Clark, the President of the College of Physicians, telegraphing to the Archbishop from the bedside of our dying Poet Laureate, "My sympathies with experimental research are strong and unwavering. . . . I

regard experimental research not as a mere privilege, but as a moral duty." And, again, another man whose name is not only a watchword in the medical profession, but one honoured and trusted in that of theology—Sir James Paget—writes an admirable letter explaining his position in reply to the question under discussion, viz., whether "the interests of mankind require experiments on living animals, and, if so, to what point are they justifiable." On the first part of the question he says that the medical profession and other scientific men are as nearly unanimous as is any opinion held on any subject by any large number of persons. On the second, he remarks that, under the conditions prevalent in this country, he believes that they would be deemed reasonably "justifiable" by any person able and willing to judge reasonably, if, instead of relying on statements which are as erroneous and exaggerated as those by which the Church is attacked by its enemies, he would learn for himself how the experiments are done, how free from pain the greater part of them are, how slight is the distress produced by them, and what useful knowledge has by their means been attained. The results of this discussion, though they will naturally fail to convince those with whom feeling altogether runs away with judgment, will exert a powerful effect on the great number of people who hitherto have not made up their minds upon the subject, and who, as Sir James Paget puts it, are able and willing to judge reasonably. If so, the Bishops may be congratulated on the outcome of last Thursday's debate.

H. E. ROSCOE.

CAN WE ADVANCE WITHOUT GROWING CLEVERER?

IN one sense we certainly cannot. Much depends, however, upon the sense in which "cleverer" is to be received, and perhaps the question which serves for a title is not quite fairly put. It would be more correct to ask, whether we can go on making intellectual progress without any further increase in our intellectual powers? Even thus stated, the question would probably be answered by most people with an offhand negative. But it cannot be answered rightly in that fashion.

The question is raised, and to a certain extent debated, by Dr. Weismann, in one of those exceedingly suggestive essays which the scientific world has read and discussed so ardently during the last two or three years. Admitting that there has been a very considerable increase in human intelligence "since the days of primitive man" (and that, at all events, may be taken for granted), he goes on to say that "there can be no reason why this gradual increase in the human intellect should not be going on at the present day." It may be, and, likely enough, it is going on; though historical evidence of such progress may be wanting. Further on, however, Weismann just hints at the possibility that human faculty has reached its limits, and will undergo no further development; and then, in this connection, comes the interesting question, what of the future of the race?

When we talk or think of the intellectual greatness of nations, and of their progress in the things of the mind, we are prone to look only to the biggest men, and to what *they* have done. But nations advance in two ways—by the highest achievements of their ablest men, and by a rise in the general average of intelligence of the nation at large. A nation may make almost any amount of intellectual progress without ever producing an Archimedes, a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Bacon, a Raphael, or a Newton. Moreover, it is highly probable that the march of civilisation owes less to any rise in the greatest heights attained by human intellect than to a gradual and steady advance of intelligence amongst the mass of individuals composing a community. This advance has taken place, and doubt-

less is still taking place. But could we proceed much further in civilisation, supposing human faculty to have reached its limits, and to be capable of no further increase? We could, and the reasons are neither difficult nor far to seek.

It does not need to be insisted upon that, neither in literature nor in art, are we producing at the present day, or have we produced during many generations, works equal to the few great masterpieces of the world. Long before Rome, moreover, and long before Athens, there were, in the Egypt of Moses' day, and earlier, intellects as fine and as powerful as any that the world has since admired. Who was a greater law-giver than Moses himself, what builders of modern days have surpassed the builders of the pyramids? and was not Seti I. in all likelihood as fine a general as Napoleon or Wellington? For all that, we cannot compare the general standard of civilisation in those days with the standard that obtains amongst all the advanced nations of the world to-day; and this notwithstanding, we cannot positively affirm that there has been any marked growth of the mental faculty.

If we take one other illustration, we shall be able to make our meaning clear at once. Those who maintain that the human intellect is still growing point us to the progress of science. "Look how science has marched since Archimedes' day! Could such progress have been unless there had also been an immense and continuous development of brain power?" The point of the whole matter lies here. It is not by finer brains than Archimedes possessed that successive generations of men of science have marched to ever fresh discoveries, but by the help of *tradition*—that accumulation of experiences and gains which each new generation receives from the preceding one, and working upon which it may—with brains not a whit more developed—carry the standard of progress another step forward.

It is possible, if not probable, that the brain of Archimedes was as fine and fully developed an organ as any brain that any man has ever owned; but if it had been the very finest brain in the world, it would not have enabled Archimedes to invent the modern dynamo. "To be enabled to construct such a machine," says Weismann, "he would have had to work his way through more inventions and discoveries than could have been made during the lifetime of the greatest genius who has ever lived." Again, "hardly any greater power of observation or more acuteness is required to observe the development of an Infusorian under the microscope, than was needed in Aristotle's time to make out the anatomy of a Cuttlefish, with the naked eye and simple dissecting instruments." Progress, and the increase of civilisation which progress implies, are the building of discovery upon discovery; and for the rearing of the edifice higher and ever higher, it is not required that the generation which comes to the task to-day should possess a larger and better brain than the generation which began thirty years ago. In the mere fact that it is born thirty years later than that generation its advantage lies: it has the inheritance of the experience which that generation acquired; and *its* experience will be the inheritance of the generation that will follow.

"Language," says Mr. D. G. Ritchie, in his "Darwinism and Politics," "renders possible an accumulation of experience, a storing-up of achievements, which makes advance rapid and secure among human beings in a way impossible among the lower animals." It is by the power of availing himself of tradition that man makes civilisation. In the most extended sense of the term, tradition accumulates at this day quite independently of the development of human faculty, and, by continuing to avail himself of it, man may continue to advance.

We may quite possibly, in the course of ages (when we are all to be bald-headed and toothless), become much more intelligent creatures than we are to-day. Quite possibly, on the other hand, we may not. Even then, however, we need scarcely fear

that we shall get to the end of our progress, for "each generation always starts from the acquisitions of the preceding one; and the living child, placed from the very first by tradition upon a somewhat greater height of intellectual achievement than that of his predecessors, is then able, with the same powers, to climb yet higher up the steep slope of the most advanced civilisation." If this be accepted, we may cherish infinite hopes of human nature's progress.

MY TENNYSON.

YOU ask me, my dear —, why I, a middle-aged business man, with, as you phrase it, "more than enough to do on my own account," should have travelled two hundred miles and given up a day and a half of precious time merely in order to witness the Poet's funeral. You could have understood it, you declare, if I had been young and enthusiastic, or in love, or even a bit of a poet myself; but, middle-aged, practical, immersed in work, grey-headed, and (I must admit it) inclined to stoutness, I am a puzzle to you which you cannot unriddle. And yet not quite so much of a puzzle, I imagine, as you suppose. I am only one of an immense number of men and women, within these islands and elsewhere under the English flag, to whom the man whose funeral I have just been witnessing was something more than any other man we had ever known, something more than any other friend we have ever possessed. I saw a great many middle-aged or elderly men in the Abbey to-day, looking just as prosaic as I do, and I knew that in a thousand breasts precisely the same feelings as those which moved me were stirring. One beside me sat reading, before the service, a tattered old copy of "In Memoriam," and he read it as though it were the Bible itself. There was a time—it was when the first anthem was being sung—when everything around me was blurred and indistinct, and at that moment I verily believe there was not a man of my age in the Abbey who did not find his own vision dimmed. A novel experience, I dare say, to many. But perhaps the strangest thing was that it was we middle-aged folk who seemed to be moved most deeply. I heard a young man not far from where I stood muttering some word which was hardly one of reverence for the dead. There was no man of fifty or upwards in the glorious church whose lips *could* have fashioned such a word at that moment. May I then act as your foolometer on this occasion, and tell you what we men (and women) of middle age, plain matter-of-fact people most of us, were thinking of, and why we felt so keenly when Tennyson passed from us to his grave?

"Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three."

These were the words I found ringing through my brain as I stood waiting for admission to the Abbey this morning. I remembered the Christmas Day of 1863, and my brother coming into the big room which looked across the bleak northern moorland to the sea, and saying the quiet words which meant so much to one in those days, "Thackeray is dead!" It was the first real sorrow death had brought into my life. True, I hardly knew him. Once or twice letters had passed between us; several times I heard him lecture; once I had shaken hands with him. That was all. And yet I knew that something had gone away that could never be replaced. I had lost my friend, my ideal man, who painted for me that London life which as yet I scarcely knew, save in my dreams, and who had introduced me to a host of friends, whose names I fear are more familiar to me even now than they are to the younger generation. It was terrible to think that Thackeray was dead; that there would be no more delightful hours with the yellow-backed "numbers," that never again would a Roundabout Paper amuse, delight, and touch one; that I could never hope to advance further in the friendship which had

just begun with the man I loved and adored. Something had gone out of my life; and it left a blank which seems almost as new and strange to-day as it was nine-and-twenty years ago. And then came the hot June day, not seven years later, when the telegraph flashed to the far ends of the earth the word that Dickens was dying at Gadshill, and followed up the first awful warning with the announcement that the end had come. He, too, I was honoured to call, in a small way, my friend. I had seen him, spoken to him, corresponded with him; had even once been privileged to do him a service. But it was not so much the personal friend as the King of Hearts, the man who made us of the older generation laugh and cry at his will; who had tickled us with the "Pickwick Papers," stormed our affections with "David Copperfield," and brought the unbidden tears to our eyes by the "Christmas Carol," who was gone: and it was with an awful sense of loss that one reflected upon what the world must be without Charles Dickens.

I imagine that there was more of newspaper *récit*, probably more of popular display at the death of Dickens than has been shown this week over the death of Tennyson. Dickens had touched the soul of the man in the street, and he being a simple and emotional creature who never conceals his feelings from his fellows, made no secret of his grief: so that in the end it was almost as widespread as a music-hall chorus which has "caught on." But even then the emotion was not vulgarised, and we went away from the Abbey after looking into the story-teller's open grave—ah, it seems but yesterday!—with a great sadness in our hearts and a sense of loss hardly less acute than that which we had felt when Thackeray died. Strange that to-day, when I passed through the Abbey cloisters, I saw the daughter of Thackeray and the son of Dickens come on the same mission as myself.

"Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three."

All that one had felt when the two great prose writers died one felt again to-day—all and something more; and perhaps if, in the character of mere foolometer, I try to tell it to you, I can explain the riddle which now puzzles you. Tennyson has been my friend and companion these forty years—my friend and companion in the sense in which he has been the friend and companion of thousands of other men, for my personal knowledge of him was hardly greater than that which I had of Thackeray and Dickens. As I look back on those forty years of work and endurance, I see hardly an episode or an hour in which this man, on whose coffin I looked to-day, was not with me—a friend, a teacher, and a guide. In what varied moods he has found me during these years of pilgrimage, and how fully he has responded to each! When first I came by the great railway from the North to London, it was the lines in "Locksley Hall" which sprang to my lips as I leaned from the carriage window to catch the earliest reflection of the lights of the wonderful city in the evening sky. It was "Maud" and "Enoch Arden" on which I fed myself when the moment of romance came to me, as it does to all of us once at least; and the chord of self, smitten by the hand of Love, "passed in music out of sight." It was in the "Princess" that I found the picture of the ideal woman I had sought for and won at last. And then came the long evenings of happy married lovers, when the same volume had two readers instead of one, and we went together hand in hand through the flowery paths by which our poet led us. In my heart I thanked him for those far-off hours of a joy almost divine, when I stood in the Abbey to-day.

But it was later—a few brief months later—when the Poet came to me in another guise, and stretched forth his hand as a brother, and held me up, and made me face the world again—the world from which all the light had clean gone out, and where I stood alone with the broken fragments of my life scattered at my feet. I had read "In Memoriam"

before; I have read it many times since; but it is only when one reads it by the hearth that has suddenly become cold, in presence of the empty chair, the empty bed, that its inner meaning is borne in upon the soul. Oh, my dead Poet, it was you, you more than any of the sons of men, who held me up, kept me from making shipwreck of my poor, shattered life, in those days when I sat beneath the Shadow, "with none living of my own household save a motherless babe;" and to-day, as I stand beside your grave, there are those who wonder that I should be here, to show something of what you have been to me through life! All I can never show, nor can any other in this vast crowded minster. Yet thousands of us here owe to you something of the debt which I owe, and to thousands more yours has been the hand which has unlocked for them the treasures of Mother Nature, yours the eye that has seen and made them see with you the secret of the "flower in the crannied wall," the mystery of the Springtide, the magic of the clouds, and the glory of the stars.

We are old-fashioned. We know nothing of the higher criticism. We are worshipping at an empty shrine; before a figure clad in tinsel robes. Our younger brothers laugh our creed to scorn, and pour contempt upon us for holding it. They have new stars, new and greater poets of their own. We are an old and outworn generation. The mark of the fogey is over us all, and our very presence here at the grave of Tennyson is the best proof that we are—what we are. Be it so, my dear —. I yield to your superior knowledge, and admit that your keener and younger eye may see somewhat further than mine does. But at least listen to what I have said, and understand, if you can, something of what this dead man is and has been to us of the older generation. For me, after to-day, whenever I come within these walls—

"One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes."

AT THE SIGN OF "THE COCK."

SOMEBODY has lately suggested that "Will Waterproof's Monologue" was pure fantasy, as Tennyson never visited the old "Cock." This piece of scepticism is fathered upon a waiter at the famous tavern, who is reported to have professed entire ignorance of Tennyson's name half a century ago. This is likely enough, for waiters are not as other mortals. It happened to the present writer to lunch in Fleet Street on Wednesday last, after the solemn ceremonial in the Abbey, when his soul was suddenly plucked from a Pishah peak of meditation by the voice of him with the napkin, who said, "Burnaby's won the Cesarewitch!" You can never depend on a waiter's point of view. It is not that he mistakes the significance of life, but he has his own ideas about the natural order of events. At lunch he gives priority to the horse-race; at dinner he was probably ready to recite with the bill of fare an ode of his own on Tennyson's funeral. Moreover, he has a particular code of etiquette, which grows more severe with advancing years, and we suspect that the waiter who ignored the name of Tennyson fifty years back was the same who, when asked whether he had read the poet's tribute to the "plump head waiter at 'The Cock,'" replied with offended dignity that it was a great liberty, for the gentleman was not even a regular customer. But this mood is variable, and is sometimes succeeded by great expansiveness of spirit. A waiter at "The Cock" has been known to remember, not only Tennyson, but other giants of a much earlier period. "Have I seen Tennyson here? Lor' bless you, sir, I should think so! And Dr. Johnson too; and Mr. Goldsmith. Why, he used always to sit in this chair. A pleasant-spoken

gentleman he was, with a fine beard." Reminiscences of this sort were made to order long before Mr. Albert Vandam.

As it would be a disagreeable shock to many people to think that Will Waterproof's pint of port was mere hearsay—a second-hand bumper, so to speak—we are glad to set the question at rest by quoting irresistible testimony. In Mr. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton" there is a letter from James Spedding to Monckton Milnes, written in 1837, in which occurs this conclusive passage:—"Yesterday I dined with Alfred Tennyson at 'The Cock Tavern,' Temple Bar. We had two chops, one pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one pint of port, and three cigars." The biographer of Bacon evidently remembered the maxim that writing maketh an exact man. If every buried oracle spoke as plainly there would be no mysteries about departed greatness. Had Ben Jonson, for example, left some account of what Shakespeare and he consumed at "The Mermaid," there would be no attempt to show that the reputed author of *Hamlet* was a mere mask—*nomini umbra*. But Spedding adds an even more lifelike detail. "When we had finished I had to take his regrets to the Kembles; he would not go because he had the influenza." This has a scientific as well as a personal interest, for the eminent physicians who have wondered so long what influenza is need cudgel their brains no longer. It is a mixture of stout, port, and cigars, and may be relied upon with tolerable assurance to incapacitate any gentleman for an evening party. We have other witness that in these early days Tennyson wrestled with nicotine. In the same year Dean Blakesley wrote to Milnes that Tennyson "complains of restlessness. How should he do otherwise, seeing that he smokes the strongest and most stinking tobacco out of a small blackened clay pipe on an average nine hours every day." The pipe was deemed good enough for the society of budding deans at Trinity, but at "The Cock," observe, the poet smoked cigars. It was impossible to have the "influenza" on any other terms. To-day, when the tavern is supplanted by the restaurant, when wainscot has given place to gilded mirrors, and the sanded floor to the Turkey carpet, it is difficult to conjure up the atmosphere in which the poet was disabled for a visit to the Kembles. The old "Cock" has vanished, and "The Cheshire Cheese," though it still keeps up the tradition, and has a proprietor who is a stout defender of the Protestant faith, as well as the maker of an excellent pudding, lacks the distinction of the house to which Will Waterproof most resorted. Then the fastidious decadence of the age disdains the sanded floor, consecrated though it be by so many precious memories; and what minor poet would dream of faring on a chop, a pickle, and a cheese, or ordering a pint of port at five o'clock? That is the hour of trifling over tea-tables, when the afflatus of the fruity pint would no more commend the bard to his social circle than Tennyson's "influenza."

But who can tell how much of the strength and tenacity which distinguished Tennyson was drawn from the simple diet that Spedding recites with scrupulous accuracy? Of all the countless books about authors, their loves and quarrels, and hallucinations, not one is devoted to a comparative study of the gastronomy of genius. It is very well to ask, "And did you once see Shelley plain?" but it might be of more practical service to his successors to contrast what he habitually ate and drank with the daily sustenance of his most distinguished compeers. Did Tennyson's verse owe any of its sinew to the chop at "The Cock?" Was there a Pierian spring in Will Waterproof's pint, despite the unnatural hour at which he quaffed it? These are questions which to the minor poet may be significant of much. The snug little dinner at the club to which the Pall Mall bard sits down at eight o'clock may explain the occasional flatness of his muse. The poets who still live, as one of them has observed in the *Times*, to remind the

world that Merlin was their sire, do not inherit the paternal grip. Perchance they have frittered it away in some Capua of cunning sauces. Eastward let the pilgrim poet take his way, for though the old "Cock" at Temple Bar is no more, there is still a sanded floor in Fleet Street, and a pickle and cheese may give new vigour to strains which are apt to be weakling on the cookery of the West.

AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR MR. COUCH,—The pleasure with which I read your *Causerie* on *Peer Gynt* in last week's *SPEAKER* was tempered by one regret. It is evident that my brother and I must have expressed ourselves very clumsily in our preface, since so courteous and candid a critic as you can so grievously misunderstand our attitude towards the poet and the poem. This is a very small matter. You have realised the greatness of Ibsen's work in spite of the stumbling-blocks which our inexpertness of utterance has apparently thrown in your way; and that is of course the main point. Nevertheless, it seems desirable that, while there is yet time, we should try to remove those rocks of offence from the path of other readers.

In the first place, I cannot but suggest that one chief stumbling-block is of your own making. You start from the assumption that we are what you call "Ibsenists"—a new derivative of which Dr. Murray ought to make a note for his majestically moving dictionary. He will naturally want to know its signification; and that, to tell the truth, is precisely my own case. If by "Ibsenist" you mean merely "one who translates Ibsen," why, you have caught us red-handed, and there is no eluding the impeachment. But when I find that you admire "what the true Ibsenist deploras," and that "the Ibsenist is for ever taking his god off the pedestal of the true artist to set him on the stump of the hot-gospeller," then I begin to divine that your "Ibsenist" is only the good old "Ibsenite"—with a difference. True, the difference is rather an important one; to save the lexicographers trouble, I would venture to define it thus:—

Ibsenite.—One who is incapable of criticising Ibsen.

Ibsenist.—One who is incapable of appreciating Ibsen.

So far good; and now comes the question—By what right do you assume us to be "Ibsenists?"

If to be an Ibsenist it is necessary to "deplore" this, that, and the other thing, we can plead "not guilty" with the utmost assurance. We think, and have hinted as much, that the first scene of the fourth act is, in point of literary form, not quite on a level with the rest of the poem; but that, I gather, is not one of "the passages which thrill you, the scenes which take your breath." Even this passage we in no sense deplore; we only admire it a little less than the rest. As for "deploring" any other scene, and most of all the concluding pages—well, in a very literal sense I do "deplore" them, for I have wept over them at least once a year any time the last twenty years, and am like to do so again whenever I open the book, even until the time comes "to get me home, Go down to the mist-shrouded regions." You must really forgive me, my dear Mr. Couch, if I smile at the air of superior insight with which you announce that, "as a confessed romantic, you must own to thinking Solveig one of the most beautiful figures in poetry." I am delighted that you think so; I am proud to have been the means of enabling you to think so; but why advance the opinion in a tone of triumphant discovery, as though revealing a truth far beyond the ken of the poor purblind "Ibsenist"? When one has worshipped at a shrine for half one's life, it is a little amusing to be accosted by a new-comer, for whom one has opened the gate of the sanctuary, with the cry, "Good heavens, what a This-ist or That-ite you must be not to

perceive that yonder divinity is supremely beautiful!" Why, sir,

I love this Solveig! Forty thousand critics
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

You are a "confessed romantic," you say? So, I take it, is everyone who is not constitutionally or wilfully blind to five-sixths of what is most beautiful and moving in literature. What reason have we given you for opposing your "romanticism" to our "Ibsenism"? Is it that we admire Ibsen's later works? So, I am happy to think, do you. Can it be that you read contempt in our remark that the redemption of a lost soul through a woman's love is "a commonplace of romanticism"? Why should the statement of a simple and obvious fact be held contemptuous? Say what you will, the idea is a commonplace of romanticism. It occurs not only in *Faust*, but in *The Flying Dutchman*, in *Tannhäuser*, in a score of legends and poems which, time and space permitting, it would be easy to enumerate. We add that "such a solution of the ethical problem would be impossible to the Ibsen of to-day." Is not this also a plain statement of fact? Are you prepared to controvert it? Does the Ibsen of to-day deal in imputed righteousness and vicarious redemption? If you can prove that he does, we are in error, and we apologise; but our error, like Dr. Johnson's, is due to "pure ignorance," and not to the strange affliction which you designate Ibsenism.

The Ibsenist, it appears, is troubled with an impertinent desire to know what the poet means. Will it surprise you to learn that even in that respect we are mere Gallois among the Ibsenists, sith Ibsenists there be? Of course you know that classic passage in the *Transactions* of the Browning Society, in which we read that, after some five or six different interpretations of *Childe Roland* had been advanced by as many Brownings, Dr. Furnivall plumped in with the information that he had just called at De Vere Gardens, where Browning himself had assured him that the poem meant nothing whatever. If Ibsen were to play his interpreters the same trick—if he were to come out with the asseveration that he hadn't the smallest ethical or satirical design in writing *Peer Gynt*—our main delight in the poem, as a pure romance, a masterpiece of imagination, humour, and pathos, would remain entirely unaffected. This we have tried to state in our preface, but we have apparently failed to make our position clear. It is obvious, however—you yourself admit it—that Ibsen *did* mean something. Why, then, are we bound, on pain of being dubbed "Ibsenists," to ignore his meanings? They may not matter much; but it is surely a pardonable, even if an idle, curiosity which seeks to trace them out. Take Huhu's rhapsody in the fourth act, for example: would you greatly have preferred not to be told (what I suppose you could scarcely have divined by the pure light of reason) that the episode is a satire on the Norwegian language-reformers? Pray observe that this is not a piece of Herr Jaeger's "all-wool" criticism, but simply a statement of admitted fact. And the same description applies to nearly all the remarks of the luckless Herr Jaeger, on whom your scorn falls so witheringly. He has attempted, poor foolish Ibsenist, to place the poem in its historic environment—that is the head and front of his offending. If you prefer to regard it as a Thing-in-Itself, one of those miracles "qui ont Leur raison en eux-mêmes, et sont parce qu'ils sont," I presume the information offered by the intrusive Jaeger will in course of time fade out of your memory, and all will be well again. Our Ibsenism certainly does not go the length of regarding or desiring to regard *Peer Gynt* as an unconditioned, supernatural manifestation—a "chimæra bombinans in vacuo." Is your enjoyment of "The Pilgrim's Progress" seriously impaired by a knowledge of Bunyan's history and of the political and religious conditions under which the work was conceived? Do you insist on being allowed to regard it simply and solely as an elegant

exercise of irresponsible fantasy? Such a claim would be scarcely more extravagant in the case of "The Pilgrim's Progress" than in that of *Peer Gynt*.

I fear this letter has become unduly polemical in tone; and this I regret the more as the very gist of my argument is that, if you would only believe it, my dear Mr. Couch, there is not a ha'porth of real difference between us. You have discovered—as we were sure you would—the essential greatness of the poem, and we thank you, on Ibsen's behalf and our own, for the generous expression of your feeling on the subject. The purpose of this letter is simply to assure you of our unfeigned regret that we have in our preface expressed ourselves so imperfectly as to lead you to adopt an attitude of antagonism, when, in fact, we are, to all intents and purposes, entirely at one. The only real point of difference that I can discover is this: We certainly hold that in "outgrowing" the romanticism of *Peer Gynt*, Ibsen was simply going through an inevitable, and on the whole a desirable, process of evolution. You, perhaps, hold that he was backsliding; and, if so, there we differ. Yet not so much, after all, as it may appear; for we fully agree with you in holding *Peer Gynt* the summit and crown of the poet's achievement. Since he had once for all given us *Peer Gynt*, we rejoice that he should also have given us *Hedda Gabler*; but if we were forced to declare for one of these poems (I hope you will permit me the word) to the exclusion of the other, we, like you, would unhesitatingly choose *Peer Gynt*.—Yours very truly,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

P.S.—I note another point of difference. You accept *Peer's* return to Solveig as a true solution, not, as we suggested, a shirking, of the ethical problem. "Had I space," you say, "I might venture to show that it is not so much a question of saving a brother's soul as of showing him where his soul is, and helping him to save it before he meets the Button-Moulder at the next cross-road." May I express the hope that you will soon find space for this most interesting demonstration? In the meantime, I try to preserve an open mind.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

TO take up a French military novel is to anticipate boredom. You feel sure of knowing all about it beforehand. Ten to one you will hear once more about the monotonous round of garrison life in a remote provincial town. The officers will make transparently absurd excuses to the chief for running up to Paris, like the undergraduates who are annually asking for leave to "go down" and bury their grandmother—on the Derby Day. The youngest subaltern will establish tender relations with his colonel's wife. There will be a comic corporal. And, just to mystify the civilians, the author will sprinkle barrack-room slang over his pages out of a pepper-pot, as Dick Swiveller sprinkled tears over his letters to his aunt. Happily, these tedious forebodings are not borne out in the military novel "Adieu, Jean," of M. Henri Allais (Paris: Calmann Lévy). This is a notably brilliant piece of work: fresh, elegant, alert. The old materials, the familiar situations, are there, to be sure, the pictures of garrison-town society and the loves of subaltern and colonelle, but the treatment is new. We begin with an atmosphere of frivolity at the little town of Nivolex; but we soon escape into the bracing mountain air at a frontier fort of Savoy, to end with tragedy and death on the field of honour in Tonquin. Here is a sample of M. Allais in his frivolous mood. You are to understand that the military set in Nivolex, which is, of course, the "smart" set, is hand and glove with the clericals, if only to annoy the dowdy people at the Préfecture. The ladies and the officers combine to produce an oratorio at the fashionable church.

"There was a full-dress rehearsal of the oratorio that evening at Saint-Protais. At the outset the dear ladies had had some difficulty in overcoming the misgivings and antipathies of the bishop. A rigid man, and a simple, occupied with the poor and meek, he had not yet got over a certain *Marie-Madeleine*, performed by a full orchestra, the previous year, at the Abbé Blancmenin's. There had been a good deal of gossip about this in Nivolex, all the more because the part of the fair sinner had been filled, it was said, by a lady peculiarly fitted for it by nature. And at the first suggestion of another oratorio Monsigneur shook his grey head and grumbled something about the "Casino Protais." They succeeded, however, in getting a vague sort of consent from him, and lost no time in setting about the affair. The smart set fulfilled the functions of a pitiless jury, selecting and rejecting candidates for the chorus. There was as much hatred and jealousy, joy and disappointment, rife as in a distribution of prizes of virtue. The newspapers took it up. The *Carmagnole savoyarde*, with its habitual delicacy, did not fail to abuse the "curés" and to brand the musical *réunion* as a hot-bed of reaction. The *Vieil allobroge* replied by showing up the Freemasons and divulging the secrets of their "unholy rites"—and a cynical captain of engineers said the whole thing was not worth three lines of Stuart Mill or Spencer. All the officers in the book are surprisingly well-read persons.

It was here that Lieutenant Bervic fell in love with his colonel's wife, Madame Vougren, and in the twinkling of an eye (and as a sequel to a game of lawn tennis, wherein all the French players cry "fifteen," "thirty," "game and set," as to the English manner born) the poor Colonel finds himself in the position of Georges Dandin. But the lieutenant is soon exiled to outpost duty at a mountain-fort, where, in the absence of the colonel's wife, he is reduced to studying sub-alpine botany and the ten volumes of General Marmont's Memoirs. Here follow some very pretty descriptions of Savoy scenery, and some wholesome discussions between the lieutenant and his comrades on the true duty of a soldier. The philosophic captain of engineers points out that a man is only really alive when he is accomplishing the series of actions corresponding to his capacities and right impulses. To bury these in a garrison-town is a fool's business; to utilise the good in one's self is to live, and he who does otherwise is but a miserable mushroom. A soldier who doesn't fight when he can get the chance is a painter who keeps his pictures in his head—a *raté*. Note also that the cultivation of our master-faculties maintains and improves the rest. Moral: leave Nivolex and colonels' wives for Tonquin and glory.

Our lieutenant would fain act on this salutary advice, and in the end he does; but not until he has played an act of the old drama, "All for Love and the World Well Lost," with the colonelle at Venice—which (since the fourth act of *Frou-Frou*) is the chosen place for such dramas in French fiction. The Venetian episode—which means absence from duty without leave—leads to a court-martial; the court-martial to the foreign legion; the foreign legion to Tonquin; and Tonquin to a soldier's death for the too amorous but passably sympathetic young lieutenant. We forget what became of the colonel's wife, but have an impression that she took to keeping stalls at fancy fairs, like Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Altogether, "Adieu, Jean," is an exceptionally good military novel, as military novels go.

Novels, however, military or civilian, are like "damns" according to Bob Acres, they have had their day. So, at least, maintains M. Philibert Audebrand, who says that the future is to the literature of memoirs. It seems that M. Audebrand's friends have long been pressing him to write his memoirs. Méry asked him to write them thirty years ago. Gérard de Nerval followed suit with the same request, and then J. J. Weiss. Finally M. Jules Claretie wrote, "Voyons, écrivez vos Mémoires." And at last, after all these years, M. Audebrand

has written them, under the title of "Petits Mémoires du XIXe Siècle" (Paris: Calmann Lévy). He should have called them, after Dickens, Small Beer Chronicles: for they are naught but silly chatter about Heine's sick-room and Musset's absinthe, the chronic impecuniosity of Gérard de Nerval, and the minor scandal of minor theatres. And to think that but for the importunity of injudicious, or insincere, friends, we might have been spared this book of trivial and tedious gossip! For our part, we would slightly expand M. Claretie's advice to M. Audebrand, for the benefit of others who may be purposing to publish their reminiscences of things not worth remembering: "Voyons, écrivez vos Mémoires—pour les brûler ensuite."

THE DRAMA.

"INCOGNITA."—"PINK DOMINOS."

TO the lay mind it seems a very easy thing to make an operetta, stock, lock, and barrel, music, "book," and "business." Anyone could do it, you think—the old apple-woman round the corner, or the composer of "Little Annie Rooney," or even Messrs. Sims and Buchanan; all that, at first sight, appears needed is a good memory for the piano-organ repertory and a copy of "Joe Miller." But, after all, this is to underrate the difficulties of the adventure; otherwise it would scarcely be necessary for English purveyors of operetta to have recourse, as Mr. Horace Sedger has had, to the ten-year-old "reach-me-downs" of the Paris stage. *Incognita* is a Burnandrogynous perversion of Lecocq's *Le Cœur et La Main*, produced at the Nouveautés in 1882. By the epithet which I have ventured to coin, I wish to indicate that the original has been emasculated by the editor of *Punch*. Whatever we may think of the French, the English version is an entirely harmless piece of pleasantry. It is just the sort of thing to sleep through comfortably after dinner; you wake up at intervals to a vague consciousness of pretty faces, shapely limbs, multi-coloured costumes, and agreeable warbling, and these impressions mingle not discordantly in a mind conscious of rectitude in having refused the ice-pudding; altogether the thing is almost as good a soporific as a lecture at the Royal Institution or Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets. It is only the critic who is expected to keep awake at these entertainments in order that he may subsequently describe them for the information of the curious. By ingenuous editors the reading public is supposed—I cannot imagine why—to want to know all about these matters. But in reality this perverse curiosity—if it exists—is doomed to remain unsatisfied. You can no more render the impression of an operetta on paper than you can describe the flavour of strawberry jam. Let me, for a moment, put this to the test. *Incognita* deals with the international relations of the kingdoms of North and South Portugal. A marriage has been arranged between the son of one royal house and the daughter of the other, and in due time is solemnised. But the prince detests his bride in advance, will not so much as look at her, and hies him from the very altar-steps to the arms of a fair orange-girl, to whom he has lost his heart. Now this orange-girl is no other than the princess herself, who, disguising herself effectually by a mere change of petticoat, is determined to win the affections of her bridegroom in spite of himself. The flight of the prince from his father-in-law's palace leads to a declaration of war between the two Portugals, and the campaign is decided by a glove-fight between the rival monarchs, when the princess proves to her husband that she and the orange-girl are one, and all ends happily. That, I believe, so far as it goes, is an accurate description of the plot of *Incognita*, and very sad rubbish it is—on paper. But, of course, it does not

in the least reproduce the actual impressions which you derive from witnessing the performance at the Lyric theatre. There, and only there, you will have been able to learn that His South Portuguese Majesty, in the person of Mr. Harry Monkhouse, is a very droll person indeed. There, and only there, you will have been impressed by the length and aggressive rigidity of His Majesty's pig-tail, by the perpetual tendency of the royal crown to tumble off the royal head, by the discomfort constantly occasioned to His Majesty by the Lady Chamberlain's habit of treading on the train of the royal robe. There, and only there, you will have associated the King of North Portugal with the diminutive and marionette-like figure of Mr. Fred Kaye, and will have seen him playing at cup-and-ball or pursuing butterflies with a green gauze net, instead of attending to affairs of state. Moreover, you will have perceived that the princess is in reality a Miss Sedohr Rhodes, a young American lady, exceeding fair to look upon, but, owing to a trick of speaking through her nose and singing half a semitone flat, not quite so agreeable to listen to; while in the distinct utterance and severely matter-of-fact air of Mr. Wallace Brownlow, the princess's bridegroom, you will have been pleased to recognise the result of strict Gilbertian training in the palmy days of the Savoy. Again, you will have discovered that quite the most diverting things in the entertainment are altogether extraneous to the story which I have set down for you: to wit, the sprightly acting and dancing, the tuneful singing, and irresistible good-humour of Miss Aida Jenoure, as an "orange-woman-in-waiting on the princess," the droll *étourderie* of Miss Susie Vaughan as the Lady Chamberlain, and the grotesque gambols of Miss M. A. Victor as—I really forget what. Nor will you—on paper—have been able to enjoy the skirt-dancing of Miss M. St. Cyr, and the "serpentine farandole"—the latest choreographic novelty—of the Misses Mary Mordaunt, Ethel Wood, Netelka Vivien (did this lady invent her own melodious name, I wonder, as Alice's White Knight invented his own helmet?), and Emmeline Orford. Finally, you will have missed—on paper—the strains of the Portuguese national anthem, played by German bands, which are posted at every door and window of the palace to drive the prince back with their braying, should he attempt to escape. All these, I submit, are excellent reasons why an adequate description of an operetta is not to be compassed by pen and ink; and therefore, as you see, I have scrupulously refrained from making the attempt.

If man had not been essentially a polygamous animal, one wonders what would have become of the comic drama. The *Phormio* could not have been written, nor could *Pink Dominos*, which they have now revived at the Criterion. No one need be shocked at the juxtaposition of these two names, for the one piece is as much an ancient classic in its way as the other, and Mr. Albery's *Cremorne* almost as remote a memory as Terence's *Lemnos*. But there were, one supposes, no Lady Maggies in Terence's time. A lady who cynically accepts her husband's infidelity as part of the scheme of the universe, and finds consolation in unbridled shopping, hardly squares with one's conception of the Roman matron who

domum mansit, lanam fecit,

but raised a shrill outcry when she discovered the existence of the Lemnian paramour. Lady Maggie, though she does not say so, is a Renanist. Renan declared—very guardedly, to be sure, and with a corollary which deprived the declaration of its encouragement for the evil-doer—but still he did declare, that nature set no great store by purity in the male, and in that respect the ethics of *Pink Dominos* may certainly be said to follow nature. But, if this comedy does not tend to edification, its revival at the Criterion shows that it has lost little

of its power to amuse. It would have lost still less, had it been more happily cast. Mr. Fred Kerr is not at home in a character which (for those, at least, who have not seen it played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey) will always be associated with Mr. Charles Wyndham; and the ladies of the company are more comely than vivacious. Fortunately, however, Mr. Herbert Standing and Mr. Alfred Maltby are available for their old parts, and, between them, keep the Criterion public in high good-humour. A. B. W.

RIVAL CITIES.

MANCHESTER and Liverpool are rival cities. They have matched themselves one against the other, and the prize they are striving for is—Which shall be the great art-centre of the North of England. The artistic rivalry of the two cities has become obvious of late years. Manchester bids against Liverpool, Liverpool bids against Manchester; the results of the bidding are discussed, and so an interest in art is created. This is very charming; and if the money spent on art were wisely spent, worthy collections would be formed, and much good would be done. It was Manchester that first threw her strength into this artistic rivalry. It began with the decorations which Manchester commissioned Mr. Madox Brown to paint for the town hall. Manchester's choice of an artist was an excellent and an original one. Mr. Madox Brown was not an Academician; he was not known to the general public; he merely commanded the respect of his brother-artists. The painting of these pictures was the work of years; the placing of every one was duly chronicled in the press, and it was understood in London that Manchester was entirely satisfied. But lo! on the placing in position of the last picture but one of the series, an unseemly dispute was raised by some members of the Corporation, and it was seriously debated in committee whether the best course to pursue would not be to pass a coat of whitewash over the offending picture. It is impossible to comment adequately on such barbarous conduct; perhaps at no distant date it will be proposed to burn some part of Mrs. Ryland's perfect gift—the Althorp Library. There may be some books in that library which do not meet with some councillor's entire approval. Barbarism on one side, and princely generosity on the other, combined to fix attention upon Manchester, and, in common with a hundred others, I found myself thinking on the subject of the relation of Manchester and then of Liverpool to art, and speculating on the direction that these new influences were taking.

The August heats failed to drive me beyond the four-mile radius, and it was a long time before I could decide on so arduous an undertaking as a journey all the way to the North of England. But the journey, once undertaken, soon became a long delight; and if it were not my business to write upon art, I would tell about red autumn in the Midlands, how the moon rose over the wolds in Derbyshire, and how, hanging like a lantern out of the sky, it lighted us into Manchester. But my business is with art, and not with Nature; and waiving all comparisons between these two inseparable friends—or, shall I say, foes?—I will apply myself at once to the task of telling my story of the art movement in the North of England.

There are two exhibitions now open in Manchester and Liverpool—the permanent and the annual. The permanent collections must first occupy our attention, for it is through them that we shall learn what sort and kind of artistic taste obtains in the North. At first sight these collections present no trace of any distinct influence. They seem to be simply miscellaneous purchases, made from every artist whose name happens to be the fashion; and considered as permanent illustrations of the various fashions that have prevailed in Bond Street

during the last ten years, these collections are curious and perhaps valuable documents in the history of art. But is there any real analogy between a dressmaker's shop and a picture gallery? Plumes come into and go out of fashion; but then plumes are not so expensive as pictures, and it seems to be hardly worth while to buy pictures for the sake of the momentary fashion in painting which they represent. But Manchester and Liverpool do not seem to have, as yet, grasped the essential fact that it is impossible to form an art gallery by sending to London for the latest fashions. Now and then the advice of some gentleman knowing more about art than his colleagues has found expression in the purchase of a work of art; but the picture that hangs next to the fortuitous purchase tells how the taste of the cultured individual was overruled at the next meeting by the ignorant taste of the uncultured mass. I could give many, but two instances must suffice to explain and to prove my point. The Liverpool Gallery has been fortunate enough to secure what is, perhaps, Mr. Albert Moore's most beautiful picture—three women, one sleeping and two sitting on a yellow couch, in front of a starlit and moonlit sea. This picture was exhibited in the Academy. I think, two years ago, and in the same Academy there was exhibited a picture by Mr. Bartlett—a picture of some gondoliers rowing or punting or sculling (I am ignorant of the aquatic habits of the Venetians) for a prize. Strange as it will seem, the Liverpool Gallery has been guilty of the anomaly of not only purchasing but even hanging these pictures side by side. Such divagations of taste make the visitor smile, and he thinks perforce of the accounts of the stormy meetings of councillors that find their way into the papers. Artistic appreciation of these two pictures in the same individual is not possible. What should we think of a man who said that he did not know which he preferred—a poem by Tennyson, or a story out of the *London Journal*? Catholicity of taste does not mean an absolute abandonment of all discrimination; and some thread of intellectual kinship must run through the many various manifestations of artistic temperament which go to form a collection of pictures. Things may be various, without being discrepant. But the collections I saw at Manchester and Liverpool are not reasonably varied, like our National Gallery; but in the main discordant and discrepant conglomerations, uninformed by presiding judgment.

The Manchester Gallery has purchased Lawson's beautiful picture, "The Deserted Garden"; but Manchester has also purchased Mr. Fildes' picture of a group of Venetian girls—a picture of girls sitting on steps, the principal figure in a blue dress with an orange handkerchief round her neck—the simple I may say child-like—scheme of colour, beyond which Mr. Fildes never seems to stray. Now the Lawson and the Fildes agree no better than do the Moore and the Bartlett; and such flagrant opposition of taste merely make a gallery look absurd, and hold up the corporation of Manchester to ridicule. Truly, the rival cities have got their galleries into such a muddle that I hardly know what to advise. I do not like to joke on so serious a subject, but the only thing that occurs to me which they might do would be to toss up which should go for Fildes and Bartlett, and which for Lawson and Moore. Then some measure of harmony would be attained, and one city would be going the wrong road, the other the right road; at present both are going zigzag.

But notwithstanding the multifarious tastes displayed in these collections, and the artistic chaos they represent, we can, when we examine them closely, detect an influence which, though it fluctuates, abides; and this influence is that of our discredited Academy. The Manchester and Liverpool collections are merely weak reflections of the Chantrey Fund collection. In neither can I detect anywhere local taste or temperament. Now, if the object of

these cities be to adopt the standard of taste that obtains in Burlington House, to abdicate their own taste—if they have any—and to fortify themselves against all chance of acquiring a taste in art, it would clearly be better for the two corporations to hand over the task of acquiring pictures to the Academicians, who will gladly accept the responsibility, and who will administer the trust reposed in them with the same honesty and straightforwardness as they have displayed in the administration of the moneys which the unfortunate Chantrey entrusted to their care.

A word about this Chantrey Fund, the maladministration of which is the continual talk among artists. Like many another man, Mr. Chantrey desired to benefit art. He therefore left his fortune—a sum of four thousand a year—to the Academy, on the understanding that it should be spent on the encouragement of art. About Mr. Chantrey's intentions there is not the slightest doubt; he wished his money to be spent on works of art. Will anyone say that the Academy has administered the trust according to the desires of the testator? They have used Mr. Chantrey's money for the maintenance of impecunious Academicians, and the advertisement of the art in which a Bond Street dealer has invested his money. The Chantrey pictures hang in the Kensington, and nearly everyone spells the word—j-o-b. Most of the pictures are by Academicians, and nearly always the worst pictures they have ever painted have been bought for this collection. Did Mr. Herkomer ever paint worse than the picture he is represented by in the Chantrey collection? Different opinions we may hold regarding the work of this painter, but everyone will admit that this picture is his worst picture—a picture for which it would be difficult to find a sale in the open market. Again, does anyone think that the Academy was influenced only by artistic considerations when it purchased the "Pool of London"? No one thinks such a thing. And so the administration of the Chantrey Bequest Fund may be described as an annual fraud committed on a dead man.

This sowing of evil seed is an irreparable evil; none can tell where the wind will carry it, and unexpected crops are found far and wide. I had thought that the harm occasioned to art by the Academy and its corollary, the Chantrey Fund, began and ended in London. But in Manchester and Liverpool I was speedily convinced of my mistake. Art in the provinces is little more than a reflection of the Academy. The absurdly miscellaneous character of the Manchester and Liverpool collections is owing—first, to the influence of the Academy, and then to the conditions under which those collections have been formed. The majority of the pictures represent the taste of men who have no knowledge of art, and who, to disguise their ignorance, strive to follow the advice which the Academy gives to provincial England in the pictures which it purchases under the terms—or, rather, under its own reading of the terms—of the Chantrey Bequest Fund. One of the first things I heard in Manchester was that the committee had been fortunate enough to secure the nude figure which Mr. Hacker exhibited this year in the Academy. And on my failing to express unbounded admiration for the purchase, I was asked if I was aware that the Academy had purchased "The Annunciation" for the Chantrey Bequest Fund. "Surely," said a member of the committee, "you agree that our picture is the better of the two." I answered: "Poor Mr. Chantrey's money always goes to buy the worst, or as nearly as possible the worst, picture the artist ever painted—the picture for which the artist would never be likely to find a purchaser."

To conclude, I repeat that what impressed me most in Liverpool and Manchester was the extent of the influence exercised by that dishonest mercantile

bourgeois institution known as the Royal Academy. And I felt, even more than I had felt before, that the real mission of the art-critic is to discredit this shameless make-believe in the eyes of the public. We want to create various centres of taste and culture, we want to decentralise art, we want free trade in art, and none of these things shall we attain until the Academy is destroyed. G. M.

THE WEEK.

THE extraordinary increase during the last decade or two in the amount of contemporary literary criticism must be largely due to the increase in the number of periodicals. Many of the volumes of essays and reviews that issue weekly would never have been written had it not been for the magazine. Why such ephemeral matter should be gathered together and served up again it would be difficult to say. The vanity of the author goes for something, of course; and his desire and that of the publisher to make a legitimate second profit must be taken into account; but the puzzle is the public that buys and makes the reprint possible. Every now and again, however, a volume of criticism appears which has not been through the magazines; and, as a rule, it receives a warm welcome, especially from those who have no partiality for "could kail het again." Such a volume is that announced by MESSRS. MATHEWS & LANE—"The Art of Thomas Hardy," by MR. LIONEL JOHNSON. The book will contain six essays, a portrait etched from life by MR. STRANG, and a bibliography by MR. LANE; and the reader will have no uncomfortable feeling that he has seen all this before.

BUT this nuisance of "could kail het again" is not by any means confined to literary criticism. With the increase of periodicals, it became the habit to run through a magazine any book that could be adapted to the purpose, although the original and final intention of the author was a volume. This was questionable enough; but interrogation and exclamation become speechless before the new custom of republishing in volume form almost everything that is grammatical, out of dailies, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies. Anything will make a book nowadays. It is quite a forlorn idea, that old one of writing a book as a book. It doesn't need to grow; it doesn't need even to be built. You simply tie up together a lot of *dissecta membra*, send them to a printer, and he will turn them into a book for you. It reminds us of a poet's description of those jerry-built houses which go up by the street in the London suburbs. "Somewhere," said this figurative individual, "there is an enormous pit into which are emptied tons of brick and mortar and wood and nails and tiles and water and paint and things. The whole is churned up by machinery, and when it has been brought to the due consistence and allowed to dry, an enormous steam-punch strikes squares out of the mess, which are set up in rows, and made into houses by simply sticking a board in front of them inscribed, 'These desirable residences to let.'"

A NEW volume of essays by the late J. HAIN FRISWELL, author of "The Gentle Life," will be published immediately by MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. It will be called "This Wicked World." The same publishers announce a second edition of "The Japs at Home," by MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, the first large edition having been exhausted before publication.

THIRTY thousand copies of the French edition of "The Lady's Dressing-Room" were sold in three months. English ladies will be glad to know that

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have brought out an English edition of the BARONESS STAFFE'S popular book, translated by LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

THE eighth volume of the "Cambridge Shakespeare" (MACMILLAN) contains *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*. There are only nine additional readings to the four plays.

MR. J. A. SYMONDS introduces his new Biography of MICHELANGELO—published in two very handsome volumes by MR. JOHN NIMMO—by a critical survey of the sources he has drawn from. He divides these into five main categories—original documents in manuscript or edited, contemporary Lives, observations by contemporaries, Lives written during the present century, criticisms. By far the most important of these sources is the large collection of manuscripts preserved in the Casa Buonarrotti at Florence. By special favour of the Italian Government, MR. SYMONDS was allowed to examine the Archivio Buonarrotti, and to make copies of documents. Study of the original sources has enabled him, he believes, to clear up some points of considerable interest regarding MICHELANGELO'S psychology, and to dispel some erroneous theories which had been invented to explain the specific nature of his personal relations with the MARCHIONESS OF PESCARA and MESSER TOMMASO CAVALIERI.

In his "Forewords" to "Robert Browning's Prose Life of Strafford" DR. FURNIVALL gives the history of this remarkable book. One day BROWNING went to see FORSTER, and found him very ill, and anxious about the "Life of Strafford," which he had promised to write at once to complete a volume of "Lives of Eminent British Statesmen" for LARDNER'S "Cabinet Cyclopædia." FORSTER had finished the Life of ELIOT and had just begun that of STRAFFORD, for which he had made full collections and extracts; it was now due and he was too ill to complete it. What was he to do? "Oh," said BROWNING, "don't trouble about it. I'll take your papers and do it for you"; and so he did. The work came out to time in 1836, and passed under FORSTER'S name. Both PROFESSOR S. R. GARDINER and DR. FURNIVALL agree that the book is almost all BROWNING'S. "It is not a historian's conception of the character, but a poet's," said PROFESSOR GARDINER; "I am certain it's not FORSTER'S." The present reprint is due to MR. DANA ESTES, as it was at his suggestion that the Browning Societies of England and America undertook to defray the cost of publication. MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. are the publishers.

MESSRS. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE have sent us two new books of State Papers—Volume XIII. of "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.," arranged and catalogued by MR. JAMES GAIRDNER; and "Calendar of State Papers: Colonial Series," dealing with East India and Persia from 1630-34, edited by MR. W. NOEL SAINSBURY.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. have brought out MR. PHILIP MENNELL'S "Dictionary of Australasian Biography," which was promised some months ago. This work records the careers of the eminent Australasian Colonists who survived to see the inauguration of responsible government in 1855, and who have died in the interval of thirty-seven years which has since elapsed; it also gives the biographies of living persons of note.

ALTHOUGH much has been said and written concerning CHOPIN and his work, it is only recently that the truth concerning many points in his career

has come to light. It has been MR. CHARLES WILLEBY'S endeavour, in "Frédéric François Chopin" (SAMPSON LOW), to put forward a true, concise, and unexaggerated account of the composer's life, and to point out some of the characteristic features of his work. A popular and at the same time reliable life of CHOPIN is a desideratum which we hope it will be found MR. WILLEBY has supplied.

THE two new volumes of "Poets and Poetry of the Century" (HUTCHINSON) deal, one with poets born between 1822 and 1835, the period from CHARLES KINGSLEY to JAMES THOMSON, and the other with the poetic period beginning with the TENNYSONS and continuing to the time of ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THIS—the "Green Fairy Book" (LONGMANS)—will be, MR. LANG thinks, in all likelihood the last of the fairy books of many colours. Next year, if he prepares a book for the children, it will not be a fairy book. Some of the tales in the "Green Book" are for very little children, others for older ones. MR. LANG, addressing the friendly reader, gives it as his opinion that there are not many people now, perhaps none, who can write really good fairy tales, "because they do not believe enough in their own stories, and because they want to be wittier than it has pleased heaven to make them."

MR. T. LLOYD has reprinted the very clear and able articles on "The Silver Crisis" which he has been contributing lately to *The Statist*, and they have now all the force of a well-prepared cumulative argument. He shows that the silver policy of the United States causes widespread distrust both at home and in Europe, which is her creditor to the extent of 25 millions sterling per annum. Counting National Bank notes, silver certificates, and the new Treasury notes, there is about 113 millions sterling of paper in circulation, and against it only about 3 millions sterling of gold in the Treasury. MR. LLOYD thinks that two steps are necessary. All issues of paper by the Government, and the purchase and coinage of silver, should be stopped, and the banking system should be reformed so that banks may increase or restrict their circulation according to demand. MR. LLOYD has some interesting speculations as to the industrial and commercial effects of the fall in the price of silver which would ensue. He thinks, on the other hand, that the Indian Government ought not to make any change in its monetary system until it is absolutely forced to do so, and regards the allegation that Indian trade has suffered by the depreciation of silver as quite unfounded.

DAGUERRE, as is well known, was a painter of scenery, and it was for the purpose of sketching that he used the camera-obscura. About the same time NIEPCE also employed the same kind of apparatus. As they were both intent on producing permanent pictures, it was not surprising that they formed a partnership. The result of this was—although by an accident—the discovery of the so-called daguerrotype. The pictures having been shown to M. ARAGO, the matter was brought before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and the French Government, at once seeing the great scientific importance and commercial value of the discovery, granted DAGUERRE 6,000 and NIEPCE 4,000 francs as a pension for life on condition that the process should not be patented, but that the whole civilised world should have the benefit of it. Starting under such good auspices as these, it was only natural that

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

CHARLES
François
a true,
the com-
charac-
and at
sidera-
ILLEY

etry of
poets
CHARLES
r with
YNSONS
LOUGH,

—will
of the
if he
be a
Book"
ones.
s it as
now,
tales,
own
an it

r and
e has
they
ative
f the
h at
the
ating
new
rling
bout
Mr.
ary.

the
ped,
el so
ula-
ome
and
lver
and,
any
ely
hat
of

e of
ing
me
ap-
ing
ey
s—
so-
en
re
ch
m-
ry,
ces
ess
ed
er
at
=

art
hes
ed.

its progress should have extended by leaps and bounds, until at the present time its applications are practically limitless. Photographic surveying may be said to be the latest development; and it seems that, considering the extreme fineness of our lenses and powers of measurement, good results will soon be forthcoming. COLONEL TANNER has already tried in the Himalayan survey such a system, and he found that by employing a finely divided grating angular distances could be fairly estimated, while in cases where triangulation was impossible good maps could be constructed from photographs taken from prominent centres. In France, now, in view of the coming survey of that country, M. GAULTIER has propounded a method which is receiving much attention. He proposes to take, from a prominent point, a series of twelve pictures, comprising the whole horizon, employing a set of signals to facilitate the subsequent fitting of the plates together afterwards.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of DR. EDWARD BICKERSTETH, Dean of Lichfield, who was formerly Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation and just missed the Bishopric of Liverpool; the HON. RALPH DUTTON, chairman of the London and South Western Railway Company; MR. THOMAS WOOLNER, sculptor and poet, who was a member of the famous pre-Raphaelite brotherhood and a contributor to the *Germ*; M. XAVIER MARMIER, a widely travelled writer of varied literary activity and an Academician; the REV. GEORGE NUGEE, a well-known Ritualist and founder of St. Austin's Priory, Walworth; FATHER DAVIS, who, as parish priest of Baltimore (Ireland), did much for the fisheries and the prosperity of his native town; M. BRUNIAUX, better known as DOM ANSELME, the Superior-General of the Carthusian Order; and HERR LOTHAR BUCHER, of the German Foreign Office, who took a large part in the formation of the North German Federation, and was employed in confidential negotiations by PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE SITUATION IN SERBIA.

BELGRADE, 7th October, 1892.

THE crisis in Serbia, which was somewhat brusquely initiated in the latter part of August by the sudden dismissal of the Radical Cabinet under Mr. Pachitch, continues to drag out with apparently increasing uncertainty as to the manner of its termination. As is usual in Servian affairs, the dismissal of Mr. Pachitch and his colleagues was attributed to foreign intrigue. I think I may safely say it was of purely domestic origin, the motives being somewhat as follows:—The death of General Protitch, one of the three Regents nominated by King Milan on his abdication, left a vacancy which had to be filled by the election of his successor by the Skupstchina. This would probably have resulted—in fact, it was felt to be a certainty—in the election of a Radical as third Regent, and the name of Mr. Pachitch was freely mentioned as that of the person to be elected. This would have at once introduced into the Regency an element out of harmony with its original composition, politically and personally, and have caused it to jar in the working. It is necessary, according to the constitution of the Regency, that its members should work in perfect harmony and be in accord on all questions. The election of Mr. Pachitch would therefore, it was easy to foresee, have disturbed the smooth working of the machine, by bringing into it a person holding a mandate from the constitutional representatives of the people as against the two others, Mr. Ristitch and General Belimarkovitch, holding their power from an absent and dethroned sovereign. The majority in number would soon have found itself a minority morally. Dissensions in the Regency under these circumstances would have had the

result of bringing its executive power to nothing, and have forced the resignation of one of the contending forces. The flood-gates of disorder would then have been opened, and a pretext given for that foreign intervention which has been more than once imminent, and is always hanging over the heads of Servian statesmen.

According to law, the election of the new Regent should take place immediately after the meeting of the Skupstchina. Now the Skupstchina stood prorogued to be convoked early in November, and its enormous majority of Radicals over Liberals and Progressists combined, and their known temper, left no doubt as to the political persuasion of the person who would have been selected. There was therefore not much time to lose, and so Mr. Ristitch, who, according to Mr. Pachitch's statements, had for some weeks shown his desire to push the Radical Cabinet to resign, succeeded in forcing them to do so. The forced resignation of the Radicals was immediately followed by the formation of a Liberal Cabinet under Mr. Avakoumovitch, composed of well-known followers and friends of Mr. Ristitch, and therefore in harmony with the Regency. The first acts of the new Liberal Cabinet were to get rid of all the functionaries in the administration over which the Government has direct control, belonging to or known to be in sympathy with the Radical party, and to replace them by partisans and sympathisers with the party now in power. Under various pretexts, efforts are also being made to drive the Radical Municipal and Communal Councils to resign, or to find motives for dismissing them *vi et armis*. This is, as is commonly said, "to prepare the ground for the elections." That is, to be able to exercise pressure on the population to compel them to vote for the party of the Government; or to have men ready to manipulate the ballot-boxes in such a way as to show a Governmental majority. In the meantime, it is announced that the Skupstchina will be dissolved, and some time early in February is mentioned as the time fixed for the General Election. This gives the Government plenty of time to pursue its task of getting things in form to secure the success of its tactics. It also gives the Radical Opposition ample opportunity to stir the people to resistance to the Government designs, and this is being done by men like Mr. Katitch, the President of the Skupstchina, and the notorious peasant agitator, Ranko Taisitch. Servian politics are always noisy, and sometimes fatal to individuals; but it would be a mistake to suppose that there is anything like revolution imminent, as seems to be the task of certain Vienna journalists and correspondents to prove, and make Western Europe believe. So far Mr. Pachitch, who still remains leader of the Radical party, has shown very praiseworthy moderation; and though the action of the Regents, in their dismissal of him and his colleagues, may be open to criticism, an outsider may be allowed to presume, without risk of being accused of partisanship, that they know their business. One thing is certain—Servian politics are more civilised than they were. We have not heard yet of arbitrary arrests or the use of the bastinado, as in the old days. The political purist may not approve of the electoral manoeuvres still in vogue, but there is a distinct advance for the better in some things. There may also be corruption in the administration, but that in the end must cure itself; and there are honest men in Serbia, as everywhere else, against whom nothing can be said.

A sketch of the political situation in Serbia would be imperfect without a glance at the financial condition of the country. Economically, Serbia has very little to complain of. The country is blessed with a fertile soil and fine climate, and the last three years of good harvests have rewarded the peasant's toil, and enabled him to repair the losses of the three wars that have drained the country since 1876. This year, although crops are plentiful, however, he has not the same prices as the two previous years, the

drop being for wheat about fifty per cent.; but other prices are maintained so far. What makes the Servian position precarious in this respect is its economic vassalage to Austria-Hungary. It has under its own control no outlet to the sea, and therefore is restricted to one market in which to sell its products; and is hampered by tariffs on the railways outside its territory by which it might communicate with the sea. The natural port of export and import for Servia is Salonica: but a tariff (although the distance is shorter) of fifty per cent. in excess of the rates over the longer distance to Fiume, drives Servia to resort to this latter and more disadvantageous route. The railway between Servia and Salonica is under the same control as that of all the Turkish Oriental railways—namely, of Baron Hirsch—which imposes preferential tariffs in favour of German and Austrian manufactures and productions, as against goods entering the Balkan Peninsula by sea. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the Servian commercial movement has risen steadily since 1888 from 74,092,978 francs or dinars to 95,285,522 in 1891. If to this is added the value of goods in transit, the total for 1891 amounts to 113,653,410 dinars—a good evidence of increasing prosperity. But, so far as trade with England is concerned, there is not much encouragement, for Austria supplies 61.06 per cent. of the imports of Servia, and bought 87.33 per cent. of her exports. So much for the economic situation. In the financial condition of Servia there is considerable disorder, which gives the Government some trouble, though it is not insurmountable. A few days ago the German Government intervened on behalf of the German holders of certain Servian loans which have had the proceeds of the salt and tobacco monopolies allotted to their interest and redemption. The Servian Government are proposing to abolish the tobacco monopoly, and throw salt into the category of imports paying duty, and have appointed a Commission to inquire into the whole question, in order to find whether compensating equivalents can be found for the German bondholders. The fact and manner of the German intervention has created an uneasy and unpleasant feeling, and is looked on as an interference in the internal affairs of the country, as the Commission has not yet had time to report. But, taking Servian affairs as a whole, there is nothing desperate or irretrievable in the situation of the country that ordinary administrative capacity cannot surmount. All that the country has need of is peace, and to be let alone to develop in its own way, and to have a freer and more independent outlet for its commerce. Given these, and a very few years will see Servia, notwithstanding the prejudices that want of wisdom in her rulers have of late years raised against her, in a position worthy of the sacrifices made to obtain her independence.

A DILEMMA.

"IT was before I developed a conscience," said Jean; "before I had realised that a man is one's fellow-creature, and ought not to be regarded merely as a stepping-stone to liberty and comfort. If I had understood so much then, there would have been no dilemma."

"Did you only regard him as a stepping-stone?" asked Jo.

"I am not quite sure. I had what one might call a second-rate good opinion of him, and I scarcely slept for three nights wondering if I would marry him or not. I never wondered in the least whether he would marry me, which, I take it, was a sure sign I did not love him."

It was no use waiting for an answer to that, because none of the girls would have confessed to any knowledge on the subject. Jean went on.

"It happened when I was travelling in Germany with my aunts. You know how miserable I was with them; that was my excuse. I was so very

desolate. Remember, I have had an experience none of you have known. I have tried what it is like to be a poor relation. I felt so valueless that if the shoeblack at the hotel had paid me a compliment I should have been grateful. And this man was really in love with me.

"Love-making was a little difficult to us because of the confusion of tongues. Sometimes he spoke bad English, and sometimes I spoke bad German; then, for a change, we would both talk bad French. We never, either of us, knew what the other was saying, but we both knew that it was love-making."

"So long as you knew that," said Jo, who had had some experience, "it was all right."

"He used to take us to the free concerts—you know the sort of thing. You pay a penny for your chair, and are expected to drink some wine or coffee. I did not quite like going with him because I felt that in doing so I was in a way committing myself, and the dilemma was bewildering me even then; but he always used to invite both my aunts to go too. And if I had made any objection, that would have shown them that the invitations were given for my sake. Besides, it was pleasanter for me to have him with us than to go alone with my aunts; they were the sort of women who think it does not matter in the least how one behaves abroad, and their eccentricities used to worry and humiliate me; but he never seemed to mind them in the least.

"One evening he gave me the *carte* to choose what wine we would have while he went to get us programmes. I knew nothing of his circumstances then, and was troubled at allowing such a young man to squander his pennies on two disagreeable old women and a girl who was not sure whether she would marry him or not, so I chose a moderately cheap stuff of some sort—one of those German wines that taste like still lemonade. Aunt MacAllister, who didn't see why we should not have something nicer, objected; so I told her my reason. For a wonder she was pleased with me. She said she should not have expected me to be so sensible; and when the dear boy came back she told him what we had selected, and why we had selected it. He was not even irritated."

"I wonder you did not decide to marry him on the spot."

"There was no hurry. He gave me plenty of time to make up my mind, and the more time I had the more uncertain I was. He was so completely a foreigner. He had such a big German smile, and such little fat podgy hands. And he emphasised his Germanity by trying to be English. He told me that he belonged to a rowing-club, and that the dreadful German-looking scarf-pin which he wore in his shocking German scarf had been won by his victories in rowing. I wondered what sort of incompetent creatures the other members of the club must be. He told me also that he had a licence to hunt the wild boar, and that his father kept three horses for him to ride. We were speaking French at the time, and I thought how much fitter it was that he should talk of "promenading on a horse" than of riding.

"But he was so pathetically good. One day when we were all at a concert, he saw me laughing, and asked if I was laughing at him. I told him indignantly that I was not, and he said that it hurt him so much to see me look sad that he would rather I laughed at him than not laugh at all.

"I thought that a man with so little vanity was absolutely unique, and that I would marry him, and live with him among the vines and roses by the Rhine—did I mention that his people were wine growers? Then I remembered that roses and vines don't flower all the year round; and that he would always be a foreigner."

"Had he asked you to marry him, then?" asked Celia.

"I don't know. I so seldom understood what he said that he might have been asking me at any time,

and I unaware of it. Walking home from the castle one evening he said, 'The hill is steep, Fraulein Marta, I will gif you my hand,' and Aunt MacAllister, who was in a cheerful humour, said some nonsense about its being well for him he was not in Scotland, or he might find himself married before he knew it.

"When she had repeated the remark three or four times to him he understood it, but did not see that it was a joke. He said to me, 'What would you say if this were Scotland?' But I had not been following the conversation very closely, and I thought he had got hold of the wrong sentence in the phrase book, and answered, 'Have you ever been in Scotland?'

"He said 'No, but he had been in London, where his father had an office for selling his wine.'

Then I thought that if we were married, perhaps his father would let him go to London—to manage the English branch of the business, and that we would have a little house on the river, and never ask my aunts to visit us. But then I seemed to see him standing beside a group of beautiful straight athletic Englishmen, smiling and gesticulating with his little fat German hands.

"One day I was alone in the *Saal*, and Mr. Gutermann entered. Did I say the man's name was Gutermann?"

"No, you didn't," said Celia. "You gave us his real name when you began, but that was before you concluded to tell the whole story. It does not matter, Gutermann will do—go on."

"Well, he came into the *Saal*, and said he had something to say to me. He stood smiling benevolently, considering which language he should say it in. He decided on his own at last, so I had a good deal of difficulty in following him. I gathered, however, that he was going home that day; his father had sent for him. Some anniversary was approaching, and it was to be celebrated by making him a partner in the wine business. He asked me if he should come back. I suggested that he must decide that for himself, but he said 'No,' I must decide.

"I could not. I knew what he meant, but I could not decide. I stood hesitating, until he thought it was his German that had puzzled me, and put his question into some sort of English—'If I kom bark, it is for you. Shall I kom bark or note?'

"I gave absolutely the most foolish answer possible. I said, 'I will tell you when you come back.' He was satisfied, and left me; I was more puzzled than ever.

"This was on a Tuesday; he was to return on Thursday. Those were the nights I lay awake considering.

"I thought of his kindness, his unselfishness, his imperturbable good temper. Surely I could be happy with such a man! But I knew, however happy I might be, I should always remember that he had dimples in his hands, and was only a German. I thought of the dreadful life I led with my aunts, and that at least I should have peace and quiet with him; but I could not make up my mind whether to take this second-best life, or wait for the faint chance of ever finding the best.

"I had not made up my mind by Thursday. It was a terribly hot day—too hot to make up one's mind about anything—I was worn out with indecision. I would have given anything to have the matter settled for me. I would have liked to seize the first indifferent stranger who came to the hotel, and demand, 'To wed, or not to wed?—that is the question.' It was a question I found it impossible to answer—or to evade. The very air seemed studded with notes of interrogation. The hours passed, and every time the clock struck I remembered that presently I should have to answer that question, and that I had not made up my mind. But the day passed and Mr. Gutermann did not come—the next day passed—and the next. I quieted down, ceasing all effort to come to a decision; and glad of the reprieve. Probably I should not have

made up my mind in any case until the moment of speaking.

"I had no word from Mr. Gutermann, and I wondered a little what detained him. It never once occurred to me to think that he might have changed his mind. I am glad I did him that justice, though it was another proof that I did not care for him. We were to leave on the Monday, and when our carriage was ordered, and all our luggage piled on it, and my aunts standing fussing in the hall, he still had not come, and I still had not made up my mind what I would say to him when he should come.

"I was paying the bill in the hotel office—still considering, should I leave my address or should I not? If I left no address I should never hear of my lover again—if I left an address, that was consent to marry him. Which should I do? I stood twisting a lead pencil in my fingers—my aunts were calling to me to be quick.

"'No hurry—no hurry,' said the fat old hotel keeper. 'It is bad to hurry in hot weather. Have you not heard of this poor Gutermann? He had a sun-stroke last Thursday at the railway station—when he would have come back to us—and this morning I hear that he is dead.'"

N. V.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE MORAL OF SOUTH BEDFORDSHIRE."

SIR,—Permit me, as an elector of South Beds, to say that the excellent remarks in the last issue of *THE SPEAKER* with reference to the above, rather under-estimate than otherwise the circumstances which militated against an overwhelming Radical triumph in this constituency, and the chances are that the electors will never again be called upon to fight under conditions altogether so disadvantageous to one side only as they were in the recent contest. I very much question whether we should have averted defeat with any other candidate than young Mr. Howard Whitbread, whose genial manner and sturdy Radicalism is all that can be desired, and did much to palliate (1) the disgust felt by all sections of Radicals in the division at Mr. Flower's action in consenting to be relegated to a place famous for nothing except its ceaseless endeavours to mutilate and thwart the will of the people, especially when it is reflected through a Liberal Government. (2) The great dissatisfaction evinced on all sides at having to do all over again what had been so well accomplished only eleven weeks before. (3) The disadvantage of having to espouse the cause of reform as a total stranger—though a Bedfordshire man—whilst his Tory opponent was well known to almost every elector in the constituency, and at whom he had been hammering away for the last five years. (4) Want of unanimity amongst the Temperance Party in consequence of the foolish and erroneous idea that the son of a brewer is not the best possible man to help in the accomplishment of their ends. (5) The belief that it makes little difference which of the two Parties may be in office—which, I am sorry to say, has hitherto been too well-founded. (6) The delusion that a Tory, by calling himself a Liberal Unionist, is something better than the original article, and is sound on every subject barring Home Rule.

Only those who took actual part in the work of bringing up the voters to the poll can adequately gauge the hundreds of votes lost on account of the wretched weather. It rained in torrents from about 4.30 p.m. until long after the close of the booths, and scores of the labourers came home drenched to the skin, and in consequence absolutely refused to come out for the purpose of recording their vote.

Reverting to my first point, I am glad to say the day has gone by when a Radical constituency like South Beds looks upon a peerage to its member as something to be proud of. And touching the fifth, Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., never gave better advice than when he said, "It would be the duty of the leaders of Democracy to kill the erroneous idea that it makes no difference which party is in power." For my part, I know of nothing that will help so much to this end as a full and fruitful Session next year. And why not? Let us have no nonsense in this matter. If the closure could be used for the purpose of passing such an infamous measure as the Coercion Bill, how much more justified will the present Government be in using it in the interests of progress and reform?

However much the Tories may gloat over their "moral victory," it is all they will ever get from South Beds; and let them not overlook the fact that before young Mr. Whitbread has again to seek the suffrages of his constituents, he will have made himself, and will not need to do it then without a record. Long before then, I hope, a Liberal Government will have put it out of the power of men like one I could name to override a division where he ought never to have a vote, and lavish his

wealth as he did recently in South Beds, by sending a telegram the day before the poll to every publican urging him to use his influence to secure the return of Colonel Duke.

SOUTH BEDS ELECTOR.

"THE ARROGANCE OF THE CHURCH."

SIR,—I, as a minister of the Church of England, thank you for your excellent exposure of the narrowness and intolerance of the unhistorical High Church bigots. Their conduct is, indeed, a growing danger to the Church of England: but there is a still graver danger threatening her, and that is, that she is ceasing to be the Church of the nation and becoming the Church of the party of injustice and oppression. Things are coming to such a pass that the position of a Liberal in the Anglican Church is becoming almost intolerable. I myself am treated by the country Tory parsons as if I had been guilty of some grave moral offence, simply because by voice and pen I support the Liberal candidates. I was advertised during the General Election to address a meeting at Luton in support of the candidature of Mr. Flower: whereupon the vicar at once informed me that if I dared to do so, I should never be allowed to preach in the parish church, or any of the district churches under his control, again. I went down to Newcastle in August to support the re-election of Mr. Morley: whereupon the vicar of St. John's Church in that city, a church I preached in often, issued a manifesto to his parishioners denouncing me in the strongest terms, and assuring them that I should never occupy his pulpit again.

Now I want to know—I want these self-styled successors of the Apostles who bear rule over us to inform me—is the Church of England the Church of the Tory party exclusively, and is Liberalism a deadly heresy? If so, I, for one, shall prefer the cause of the people, the cause of the poor, to any sect or Church; and many others will agree with me that the Establishment has dug its own grave.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

R. C. FILLINGHAM.

Hexton Vicarage, Amptill, Bedfordshire. October 8, 1892.

SIR,—I cannot understand the concluding sentence of the second paragraph of Mr. Dearmer's letter.

I am an Englishman and a Protestant Nonconformist, a Unitarian, like my forefathers; I was baptised—alas! now fifty-one years ago—by a Unitarian minister. My wife is a Unitarian, like her forefathers; and our children have all been baptised—some in Jordan water even—by Unitarian ministers, and have been brought up as Unitarians, but I fail to see that we are members of the Church of England, or that we have any rights in connection with that institution. I should like to see it disestablished, and I should like also to see every Nonconformist hang up a copy of the last two sentences of your splendid article on the "Arrogance of the Church."—Yours faithfully, S. C. C.

October 10th, 1892.

WESTMINSTER, OCTOBER 12, 1892.

GREAT man of song, whose glorious laurelled head
Within the lap of death sleeps well at last,
Down the dark road seeking the deathless dead
Thy faithful, fearless, shining soul hath passed.

Fame blows his silver trumpet o'er thy sleep,
And Love stands broken by thy lonely lyre.
So pure the fire God gave this clay to keep,
The clay must still seem holy for the fire.

Poor dupes of sense, we dream the close-shut eye,
So faithful servant of his golden tongue,
Still holds the hoarded lights of earth and sky,
We dream the mouth still full of sleeping song.

We mourn as though the great good song he gave
Passed with the singer's own informing breath:
Ah, golden book, for thee there is no grave,
Thine is a rhyme that shall not taste of death.

Great wife of his great heart, 'tis thine to mourn;
Son well-beloved, 'tis thine, who loved him so.
But we!—hath death one perfect page out-torn
From the great song whereby alone we know

The splendid spirit, imperiously shy?
Husband to you and father, we afar
Hail poet of God and name as one should cry—
Yonder a king! or yonder, lo! a star!

So great his song, we deem a little while
That song itself with his deep voice hath fled;
So grand the toga-sweep of his great style,
So vast the theme on which his song was fed.

One sings a flower, and one a face, and one
Screens from the world a corner choice and small,
Each toy its little laureate hath, but none
Sings of the whole—yea! only he sang all.

Poor little bards, so shameless in your care
To snatch the mighty laurel from his head,
Have you no fear, dwarfs in the giant's chair,
How men shall laugh, remembering the dead?

Great is advertisement! 'tis almost fate;
But, little mushroom men, of puff-ball fame,
Ah, do you dream to be mistaken great
And to be really great are just the same?

Ah, fools, he was a laureate ere one leaf
Of the great crown had whispered on his brows;
Fame shrilled his song, Love carolled it, and Grief
Blessed it with tears within her lonely house.

Fame loved him well, because he loved not fame,
But peace and love, all other things before;
He was a man ere yet he was a name,
His song was great, because his love was more.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, October 14th, 1892.

"K. T.," writing in this column not long ago, turned us round very delightfully from the accustomed topics of literary Fleet Street to a discussion of Irish poetry. In her characteristic vindication of Celtic rights, she spoke then about Irish bards and Saxon reviewers in a way to make the special pleader for yet another Celtic race and its poetry wish for something of the same art and opportunity. The one great annual excuse for discussing the Welsh and their national sentiment and æsthetic is, as we know, the Eisteddfod—the Eisteddfod which (in spite of Matthew Arnold and others of the same spirit of criticism who count among English reviewers) the average Englishman is as unlikely as ever, I suppose, to understand. This year the accounts of this feast of Wales have been perhaps a little less straggling and diffident than at other times. London, indeed, for once had its own stake, so to speak, in the game; and felt curious possibly as to the bardic connotation that might attach to its Lord Mayor. Ere the interest in the Eisteddfod, then, has quite died away, let us make the most of our Lord Mayor, or any other excuse for a Welsh irruption, after the fashion of "K. T."

Unluckily, the Kymric special pleader has other discountings against him than fall to the lot of poets and critics over the Irish Sea. "K. T." complained that her fellow-countrymen in the craft had only had something over a century in which to accustom themselves to their new instrument of the English tongue. But what shall be said for the Welsh, who have not yet even accepted English as a poetic vehicle; but who, as much as ever, go on writing their imaginations out, on the provocation of the Eisteddfod and their own native sympathies, in their mother tongue?

Leaving out Mr. William Morris and Mr. George Meredith, who have not poetically affiliated themselves in any way to their Welsh stock, there is only one Welshman writing verse in English to-day who counts in the eyes of the public. This is Mr. Lewis Morris. But Mr. Lewis Morris, though he has treated one or two Celtic subjects, is as little Celtic—or rather Welsh—in that treatment as it is possible for him to be. Whatever his quality and defect may be—and this is not the place to discuss them—they are not, in the remotest degree, those of the native poetry of his fellow-countrymen. The quality and defect both of Welsh poetry arise out of a certain fine excess, added to a subtlety, of imagination—unlike anything

in English. To find it at its best we must return five centuries in fact, to Dafydd ap Gwilym.

Dafydd ap Gwilym was a precise contemporary of Chaucer; but beyond there being often a child-like *naïveté* in his writing, like that in some passages of the Canterbury Tales, he is very different to the Father of English Poetry. He was not, like Chaucer, the first-come poet of a royal line. He succeeded instead to a great tradition, and to an elaborately schemed technique, built up in his own art and his own tongue for many centuries before him. To these he added a most fresh and inimitable quality of his own. His art of verse, when one comes to understand it a little, seems as perfected, as admirable for its purposes, as it is possible for it to be. It seems as modern as it is old, when one allows for the peculiar genius of Welsh prosody—as old as Chaucer, I have said; and I may add as modern as Mr. Swinburne.

There is no published translation of his poems which does anything like translator's justice to him. He seems at a first glance untranslatable, especially when one's ear is caught by the magic of his rhymes and his alliterated effects—so peculiarly Welsh in character—and when one feels that to strip his imaginations of their music is to throw away more than half their charm.

Here are four lines, in the original, of his "Cywydd y Llwyn Bedw," which, even to the Saxon eye, may serve to show something of the super-Swinburnian art of its author's verse:—

"Y llwyn bedw di-annedwydd,
Lle da i aros lliw dydd;
Llwybr ewybr glaswybr glwyswiw,
Llen o ddail uwch gwiall gwiw:"

Now it is obvious that our plain English, the *iaith fein* (as the Welsh sometimes call it in contempt)—the "thin tongue," is as unequal to rendering this with anything like a qualitative, as well as a quantitative, equivalent, as to the art of translating Heine or, let us say, Verlaine. An accomplished Celtic student has, however, made a liberal transcript into unrhymed English of the above four lines and the six that succeed them, which let me quote, since they preserve something of the charm of the original.

"Ah, the pleasant grove of birches—
A pleasant place to tarry all the day!
Swiftest path of mystic green;
Place of leaves to branches fitly joined,—
Tapestry meet for proudest princess!
Place of the thrush's voice—the king of song;
Place of the fair-breasted hill, green place of tree-tops;
Place of the two lovers, far from fear of strife;
Place whither glides the maiden to the wooing;
Ah, full of delight is the pleasant green birch-grove!"

In these leafy stanzas we have Dafydd in his most characteristic mood and circumstance. He is never more happy than when, in his invitations to the greenwood, addressed to his beloved Morfydd, he is impulsively singing the charm of the green mystery of the leaves. Indeed, his "Cywydd y Dail"—"Ode to the Leaves," which may be called his smaller testament, and in which he rhymes the whole forty-two lines with curious and felicitous art to the one rhyme—"dail," is enough in itself to give him the title above all other poets since poetry first was, of the Poet of the Leaves. He sings the delights of the birch-wood, of the broom, of the new-come summer, of the sun on the glittering tree-tops, with a bird-like impulsiveness and extravagance, and with a bird-like intimacy with nature, which Richard Jefferies might have envied him. Those who think that Nature was first loved among poets "with a personal love," by Wordsworth—as a distinguished critic tells us—ought certainly to read Dafydd, and many another Welsh poet of Nature, who lived some

four or five centuries before Dove Cottage opened its door to the English muse.

There is Rhys Goch, the first of that name, who immediately preceded Dafydd ap Gwilym in the fourteenth century, whose manner of verse and characteristic note are very different to Dafydd's; but who sang his rural music with no less charm. His "Song to the Summer" is a little masterpiece in its kind; which, if it had been written in English, would have gained him an easy place with the English immortals. The refrain to this song, which must be quoted in Welsh, if at all, is the most gay and haunting imaginable.

"Taro tant alaw nant ael y naw twyni,
Til dy rwm tal dy rwm canu Twm Teini!"

An old copy of the "Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru," that I picked up in a remote farmhouse near the haunted promontory of Porthdinlleyn, might serve us with endless matter to prove the wonderful riches prisoned from Saxon sight in the mysterious recesses of the Welsh tongue. But I hesitate in the act, having a shrewd idea of the temperamental diffidence of the absolute Saxon mind toward these claims for the genius of a tongue so hopelessly foreign and of a race so familiarly unfamiliar. The Saxon mind grows less absolute and more plastic, happily, as time goes on, however; and the hour of Wales and its poetry, as the hour of Ireland and its poetry, says the prophetic muse of Brechva, is yet to come.

The "Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru," which is a sort of popular anthology of the Welsh bards, might be called the "Golden Treasury of Wales"—though with a difference. It was compiled more than a century ago by a certain Mr. Rhys Jones, whose critical taste was not unerring and whose whims were apt to interfere with his judgment in poetry. There is room for another and a better volume after a century's lapse; and the compilation of such a volume might fairly be commended to the Eisteddfod authorities as a good subject for a prize in another year. But the "Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru" contains many fine things, if it omits many others. Taliesin and Llywarch Hen, Dafydd ap Gwilym, Iolo Goch, and other poets shine in the collection; if Merlin the Wild, and that most hapless of princes and most delightful of poets, Hywel ab Owain, and Rhys Goch o Dir Iarll, and many another beside, are barely so much as mentioned. Its editor was evidently unaccustomed in English; but he was able to write a hot and uncompromising preface to the English reader, in which it is amusing to find him waxing indignant, now with "the malice or ignorance of the writer of the 'Letters from Snowdon,'" who had presumed to criticise the Welsh bards without having read them; now with "the Anglo-Welsh prelates, and their illegal attempts to introduce persons unacquainted with our language into our churches." In spite of these and many other entertaining points in his book, Mr. Rhys Jones cannot be compared, it must be confessed, with Professor Palgrave. The Welsh "Golden Treasury" is yet to be compiled.

After diving zealously into the "Gorchestion," and then into some fuller collection of the earlier Welsh poets, like the "Myvyrian Archaeology," and again, into Stephens' "Literature of the Kymry," the true lover of all true poets is likely to draw breath as at the discovery under-sea of some new country of the poets. There is a legend in Wales of some such submerged haunted land of promise, hidden off the coast of Harlech, and some day to be discovered to the eyes of the believing few. This discovery, so far as the greenwood of Dafydd ap Gwilym and Rhys Goch, and the haunted mediæval groves of Merlin the Wild and the mystics, and many another pleasant place

of Welsh poetry are concerned, still waits the discoverer. When that discovery does come, it may be found that it will have as dynamic an effect upon English poetry as had the quondam publication of Ossian and Percy's "Reliques" last century.

E. R.

REVIEWS.

TOM PAINE.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE. By Moncure D. Conway. Two vols. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PROVERBS are said to be but half-truths, but "give a dog a bad name and hang him" is a saying almost as veracious as it is felicitous; and to no one can it possibly be applied with greater force than to Thomas Paine, the rebellious staymaker, the bankrupt tobacconist, the amazing author of "Common-Sense," "The Rights of Man," and "The Age of Reason."

Until quite recently Tom Paine lay without the pale of toleration. No circle of liberality was constructed wide enough to include him. Even the scouted Unitarian scouted Thomas. He was "the infamous Paine," "the vulgar atheist." Whenever mentioned in pious discourse it was but to be waved on one side as thus: "No one of my hearers is likely to be led astray by the scurrilous blasphemies of Paine." We can well remember when an asserted intimacy with the writings of Paine marked a man from his fellows, and invested him in children's minds with a horrid fascination. The writings themselves were only to be seen in bookshops of evil reputation, and, when hastily turned over with furtive glances, proved to be printed in small type and on villainous paper. For a boy to have bought them and taken them inside a decent home would have been to incur fierce wrath in this life and the next. If ever there was a hung dog his name was Tom Paine.

But history is, as we know, for ever revising her records. None of her judgments are final, and we now hold in our hands—so, at least, runs the reviewer's jargon—a Life of Thomas Paine in two portly and well-printed volumes, with gilt tops, wide margins, spare leaves at the end, and all the other signs and tokens of literary respectability. No President, no Prime Minister—nay, no Bishop or Moderator—need hope to have his Memoirs printed in better style than are these of Thomas Paine, by Mr. Moncure D. Conway. Were any additional proof required of the complete resuscitation of Paine's reputation, it might be found in the fact that his life is in two volumes, though it would have been far better told in one.

Mr. Conway believes implicitly in Paine—not merely in his virtue and intelligence, but that he was a truly great man who played a really great part in human affairs. He will no more admit that Paine was a busybody, inflated with conceit and with a strong dash of insolence, than he will that Thomas was a drunkard. That Paine's speech was undoubtedly plain and his nose undeniably red is as far as Mr. Conway will go. If we are to follow the biographer the whole way, we must not only unhang the dog, but give him sepulture amongst the sceptred sovereigns who rule us from their urns.

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, in Norfolk, in January, 1737, and sailed for America in 1774, then being thirty-seven years of age. Up to this date he was a rank failure. His trade was stay-making, but he had tried his hand at many things. He was twice an excise officer, but was twice dismissed the service—the first time for falsely pretending to have made certain inspections which, in fact, he had not made, and the second time for carrying on business in an excisable article—tobacco to wit—without the leave of the Board. Paine had married the tobacconist's business, but neither the marriage nor the business prospered: the second was sold by auction, and the first terminated by mutual consent. Mr. Conway labours over these early

days of his hero very much, but he can make nothing of them. Paine was an excise officer at Lewes, where, so Mr. Conway reminds us, "seven centuries before Paine opened his office in Lewes, came Harold's son, possibly to take charge of the excise as established by Edward the Confessor, just deceased." This device of biographers is a little stale.

Paine's going to America was due to Benjamin Franklin, who made Paine's acquaintance in London and having the wit to see his ability, recommended him "as a clerk or assistant-tutor in a school or assistant-surveyor." Thus armed, Paine made his appearance in Philadelphia, where he at once obtained employment as editor of an intended periodical called the *Pennsylvanian Magazine or American Museum*, the first number of which appeared in January, 1775. Never was anything luckier. Paine was, without knowing it, a born journalist. His capacity for writing on the spur of the moment was endless, and his delight in doing so boundless. He had no difficulty for "copy," though in those days contributors were few. He needed no contributors. He was "Atlanticus," he was "Vox Populi," he was "Æsop." The unsigned articles were also mostly his. Having at last, after many adventures and false starts, found his vocation, Paine stuck to it. He spent the rest of his days with a pen in his hand, scribbling his advice and obtruding his counsel on men and nations. Both were usually of excellent quality.

Paine was also happy in the moment of his arrival in America. The War of Independence was imminent, and in April, 1775, occurred "the massacre of Lexington." The Colonists were angry, but puzzled. They hardly knew what they wanted. They lacked a definite opinion to entertain and a cry to asseverate. Paine had no doubts. He hated British institutions with all the hatred of a civil servant who has had "the sack." In January, 1776, he published his pamphlet "Common-Sense," which must be ranked with the most famous pamphlets ever written. It is difficult to wade through now, but even "The Conduct of the Allies" is not easy reading, and yet between Paine and Swift there is a great gulf fixed. The keynote of "Common-Sense" was Separation once and for ever, and the establishment of a great Republic of the West. It hit between wind and water, had a great sale, and made its author a personage and, in his own opinion and Mr. Conway's, a divinity.

Paine now became the penman of the rebels. His series of manifestoes entitled "The Crisis" were widely read and carried healing on their wings, and in 1777 he was elected secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs. Charles Lamb once declared that Rousseau was a good enough Jesus Christ for the French, and he was capable of declaring Tom Paine a good enough Milton for the Yankees. However that may be, Paine was an indefatigable and useful public servant. He was a bad gauger for King George, but he was an admirable scribe for a Revolution conducted on constitutional principles.

To follow his history through the war would be tedious. What Washington and Jefferson really thought of him we shall never know. He was never mercenary, but his pride was wounded that so little recognition of his astounding services was forthcoming. The ingratitude of kings was a commonplace; the ingratitude of peoples, an unpleasing novelty. But Washington bestirred himself at last, and Paine was voted an estate of 277 acres, more or less, and a sum of money. This was in 1784.

Three years afterwards Thomas visited England, where he kept good company and was very usefully employed engineering, for which excellent pursuit he would appear to have had great natural aptitude. Blackfriars Bridge had just tumbled down, and it was Paine's laudable ambition to build its successor in iron. But the Bastille fell down as well as Blackfriars Bridge, and was too much for Paine. As Mr. Conway beautifully puts in: "But, again, the Cause arose before him; he must part from all—patent

nothing
es, where,
es before
old's son,
established
." This

Benjamin
a London
amended
school or
made his
once ob-
eriodical
merican
eared in
Paine
st. His
ent was
ss. He
se days
ibutors.
he was
mostly
es and
k to it.
s hand,
nsl on
cellent

of his
ce was
assacre
y, but
anted.
and a
hated
a civil
1776,
which
phlets
now,
t easy
e is a
ense"
ublish-
t hit
made
n and

ebels.
were
, and
ittee
lared
t for
Tom
How-
e and
r for
or a
es.
ould
really
ever
little
orth-
non-
ising
last,
more

and,
ully
suit
ude.
d it
ssor
ack-
Mr.
use
cent

interests, literary leisure, fine society—and take the hand of Liberty undowered, but as yet unstained. He must beat his bridge-iron into a key that shall unlock the British Bastille, whose walls he sees steadily closing around the people." "Miching Mallecho—this means mischief;" and so it proved.

Burke is responsible for the "Rights of Man." The splendid Apostate published his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" in November, 1790. Paine immediately sat down in the "Angel," Islington, and began his reply. He was not unqualified to answer Burke; he had fought a good fight between the years 1775 and 1784. Mr. Conway has some ground for his epigram, "where Burke had dabbled, Paine had dived." There is nothing in the "Rights of Man" which would now frighten, though some of its expressions might still shock a lady-in-waiting; but to profess Republicanism in 1791 was no joke, and the book was proclaimed and Paine prosecuted. Acting upon the advice of William Blake (the truly sublime) Paine escaped to France, where he was elected by three departments to a seat in the Convention; and in that Convention he sat from September, 1792, to December, 1793, when he was found quarters in the Luxembourg Prison.

This invitation to foreigners to take part in the conduct of the French Revolution was surely one of the oddest things that ever happened, but Paine thought it natural enough so far, at least, as he was concerned. He could not speak a word of French, and all his harangues had to be translated and read to the Convention by a secretary, whilst Thomas stood smirking in the Tribune. His behaviour throughout was most creditable to him. He acted with the Girondists, and strongly opposed and voted against the murder of the King. His notion of a revolution was one by pamphlet, and he shrank from deeds of blood. His whole position was false and ridiculous. He really counted for nothing. The members of the Convention grew tired of his doctrinaire harangues, which, in fact, bored them not a little; but they respected his enthusiasm and the part he had played in America, whither they would gladly he had returned. Who put him in prison is a mystery. Mr. Conway thinks it was the American Minister in Paris—Gouverneur Morris. He escaped the guillotine, and was set free after ten months' confinement.

All this time Washington had not moved a finger in behalf of the author of "Common-Sense" and the "Crisis." Amongst Paine's papers the following epigram was found: "Advice to the statuary who is to execute the statue of Washington—

"Take from the mine the coldest, hardest stone,
It needs no fashion—it is Washington.
But if you chisel, let the stroke be rude,
And on his heart engrave—Ingratitude."

This is hard hitting.

So far we have only had the Republican Paine—the outlaw Paine; the Atheist Paine has not appeared. He did so in the "Age of Reason," first published in 1794-5. The object of this book was religious. Paine was a vehement believer in God and in the divine government of the world, but he was not, to put it mildly, a Bible Christian. Nobody now is ever likely to read the "Age of Reason" for instruction or amusement. Who now reads even Mr. Greg's "Creed of Christendom," which is in effect, though not in substance, the same kind of book? Paine was a coarse writer, without refinement of nature, and he used brutal expressions and hurled his vulgar words about in a manner certain to displease. Still, despite it all, the "Age of Reason" is a religious book, though a singularly unattractive one.

Paine remained in France advocating all kinds of things, including a descent on England, the abduction of the Royal Family, and a Free Constitution. Napoleon sought him out and assured him that he (Napoleon) slept with the "Rights of Man" under his pillow. In 1802 Paine returned to America, after fifteen years' absence. "Thou stricken friend

of man," exclaims Mr. Conway in a fine passage, "who hast appealed from the God of Wrath to the God of Humanity, see in the distance that Maryland coast which early voyagers called Avalon, and sing again your song when first stepping on that shore twenty-seven years ago."

The rest of Paine's life was spent in America without distinction or much happiness. He continued writing to the last, and died bravely on the morning of June 8th, 1809. The Americans did not appreciate Paine's theology, and in 1819 allowed Cobbett to carry the bones of the author of "Common Sense" to England, where—"as rare things will," so at least Mr. Browning sings—they vanished. Nobody knows what has become of them.

Though unable to concur with Mr. Conway in the view he has formed of the abilities of Thomas Paine, we thank him most heartily for his able and painstaking life, which cannot fail to interest everyone who takes it up. Towards Paine himself, we entertain feelings of regard. As a writer, he has no merits of a lasting character; but he had a marvellous journalistic knack for inventing names and headings. He is believed to have concocted the two phrases "The United States of America" and "the Religion of Humanity." Considering how little he had read, his discourses on the theory of Government are wonderful, and his views generally were almost invariably liberal, sensible, and humane. What ruined him was an intolerable self-conceit, which led him to believe that his own productions superseded those of other men. He knew off by heart, and was fond of repeating, his own "Common Sense" and the "Rights of Man." He was destitute of the spirit of research, and was wholly without one shred of humility. He was an oddity, a character; but he never took the first step towards becoming a great man.

THE ABUSE OF BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY EVELYN WOOD. By Charles Williams, F.J.I. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE growing practice of publishing biographies of living notabilities is not without distinct drawbacks. The materials for such biographies are insufficient and incomplete; the time for a just estimate has not arrived; the position of the person selected for the purpose of the writer is rendered delicate and anomalous. Has he given assistance? Then he must necessarily appear to have connived at his own glorification. Has he withheld his notes, diaries, and correspondence? Then evidently the book lacks the most necessary *pièces justificatives*. It will be remembered that when the life of Lord Wolseley was published, nominally with some sort of authority, one of the feats ascribed to its subject was immediately claimed for another officer. Such incidents place the individual prematurely commemorated in a false and most unjust light. If, however, the modern craving for personal details must be satisfied, at least the eager publicist can restrict himself to the ample field thus provided. To convert the successful career of a gallant soldier into a clothes-line, on which to hang the mere rags of party politics, is book-making in one of its most unpleasant aspects.

Sir Evelyn Wood has served with distinction in many quarters of the world. As a midshipman with the Naval Brigade before Sevastopol, his bravery was conspicuous. Transferred to the army, he served as a subaltern in the 17th Lancers at the close of the Indian mutiny, and though present only at some small engagements, gave abundant proof of his soldierly capacity and personal gallantry. The Ashantee expedition brought fresh chances. Lieut.-Colonel Wood, with a native levy of his own raising, defeated the Ashantees at Essaman, and later had the satisfaction of seeing King Coffee's army precipitately flying before his unsteady troops, themselves in retreat. Zululand, the death-bed of several reputations, brought fresh honours to the Brigadier-

General, whose handling of the left column was above praise, and whose victory at Kambula broke the fighting strength of Cetewayo, and paved the way for the comparatively easy success at Ulundi. The Transvaal showed his sterling qualities in a bright light, and proved that he could loyally carry out orders necessarily unpalatable. The Egyptian expedition of 1882 afforded no opportunities for Sir Evelyn Wood, who could have captured Kafr Dowar with ease, but was ordered to observe a rigid defensive, which, as the Egyptians were utterly incapable of attacking, implied inaction. The task of re-creating the Egyptian army was, however, well worthy of his administrative genius, and it was discharged with marked ability and success. Placed in charge of the enormously long line of communications of the Nile expeditionary force, his energy worked wonders. That this force was kept supplied under great difficulties, and that a portion of it was enabled to reach a point one hundred miles from Khartoum was largely due to his vigorous personality. The expedition was at least eight weeks too late to save the doomed town and its heroic defender; but Sir E. Wood had no responsibility for the mistaken plan of operations. Only the management of the line of communications, and the pluck and endurance of the troops, relieved the gloom of the inevitable failure. Although his fighting experiences ended in 1879, the succeeding years were occupied with work not less valuable, and as an instructor of troops at Aldershot he has communicated some of his unbounded energies to all ranks. The training given at our one great camp has received a new impetus, and the formalism of the past has largely disappeared.

A career so varied and so distinguished lends itself well to the teaching and inspiring of the young officer. As here presented, it is a mere patch-work, lacking insight and even interest, while the querulous tone adopted can only serve to confirm an unfortunate existing tendency. To speak of a boy of seventeen as "rather sick of a service (H.M. Navy) in which work was so hard, knocks so plentiful, and recognition so scanty," is simply ludicrous, especially as the gallant young sailor was liberally decorated for his nine months' service before Sevastopol, even though the Victoria Cross, which he doubtless won, was withheld for a time. And no "recognition" could have been more gratifying than Lord Raglan's generous words, which in another page Mr. Williams affects to consider as "a commendation to have lived for and died for." One wonders what conception of the British Navy has been arrived at by a writer who states of a midshipman: "There was not much fame left for him to earn in the Navy"! Consistently enough, Mr. Williams appears to scent a grievance in the case of an officer who was a major and a V.C. "at the age of twenty-four and a half," and who has since received every honour, short of the peerage, which it was possible to confer upon him.

The treatment of the Boer episode illustrates this writer's method at its worst. He has succeeded, after the fashion of Titus Oates, in convincing himself of the existence of a base conspiracy which he alone can unravel. The facts are very simple. A series of almost unexampled military blunders culminated in the disaster of Majuba Hill. Sir Evelyn Wood, in command of a force amply sufficient to have exterminated the Boers, and naturally and rightly burning to avenge the loss of life and prestige incurred by gross military ineptitude, was ordered by Mr. Gladstone's Government to hold his hand. Our knowledge of South African affairs is considerably greater now than in 1881, and even Lord Randolph Churchill has recently borne strong testimony to the political wisdom of the decision. To rake up all the party virulence of the time is, therefore, peculiarly superfluous. Loyally Sir Evelyn Wood carried out his instructions, and, as Mr. Chamberlain justly pointed out, "earned a higher title to admiration . . . by resisting the temptation, which might well be strong to a soldier, of using

his overwhelming force in order to avenge a military disaster than he would have done if he had won the greatest victory." Mr. Williams, while revelling in the language of the party hack—"lying," "betrayal," "infamy," "treason," etc.—unfortunately omits to bring forward any evidence whatever that Her Majesty's Government endeavoured to "shield themselves"—against what?—behind their agent. To speak of the latter as being "content to live down the foul imputations to which he was deliberately exposed by unscrupulous politicians," without stating what these "foul imputations" were, or from whom they proceeded, is merely childish. In all the army there was no officer better known for his strong fighting instincts than Sir Evelyn Wood. Who were the unnamed rivals who affected to believe that he was not eager to use the overpowering force under his command? The worst feature of the book is the peculiar view of discipline presented. It is the first duty of an officer in command of a British force to carry out the orders of Her Majesty's Government, and, while he would unquestionably be justified in taking the responsibility of ignoring orders which appeared to jeopardise the safety of his force, no possible doubt could exist where—as in this case—the enemy alone was threatened. Thus the position of Sir E. Wood, instead of being one of unprecedented difficulty, was remarkably simple. "If he had been merely a soldier," we are told, "he might have got out of the difficulty by resigning." The dangerous doctrine that the British Army does not belong to the nation, and that British generals owe no allegiance to their employers, has seldom been more plainly expounded. We may be certain that Sir Evelyn Wood acted from a full consciousness of his obvious duty, and not, as Mr. Williams states, because "he was wedged into his place by the fact that he was also an official under the Colonial Office." The operations in Egypt in 1882 give the writer a further opportunity for a political excursus, which has about as much to do with military biography as his views upon mounted infantry, or the fifty-three pages of a report on last year's manœuvres, introduced as padding.

To drag the career of a gallant and distinguished officer into the arena of mere Eatanswill politics, and to make of it a work eminently calculated to injure the moral tone of the army, would appear to be a difficult task. Mr. Williams has succeeded.

JAPAN AGAIN.

RAMBLES THROUGH JAPAN WITHOUT A GUIDE. By Albert Tracy. London: Simpson Low, Marston & Co.

TRULY of making books on Japan there is no end. Scarcely a month passes but we are called upon to welcome a book on the religious, political, social or general aspects of this well-worn theme. Fortunately the country is one which has as many sides as a well-cut diamond, and each face emits rays which vary in brilliancy from unwonted brightness to a dim lustre. We have been introduced to "Old Japan" and to "New Japan": we have been taken through "unbeaten tracks" in Japan, and we have lately had drawn for us a picture of "real Japan." It was obviously necessary therefore that Mr. Tracy should, if he expected to get a hearing, strike out a new line, and so he determined to ramble through the country without a guide.

Professor Max Müller, in his recent inaugural address to the Oriental Congress, argued at length on the necessity of travellers, merchants, and others learning the languages of the countries which they visited, as a preliminary to their being able to understand the people, and to learn the lessons which are taught by their institutions and ideas. Mr. Tracy is evidently of a different opinion, for not only did he travel without a guide, but without even a smattering of the language of the country. This ignorance led, as was natural, to many misunderstandings. He was sometimes carried whither he would not,

and was quite unable to express his desire to go in the opposite direction. His coolies bore him at a snail's pace when he wished to travel quickly, and landed him at inns at which he had no desire to stay. As helpless as an infant, he was dependent entirely on the goodwill of the people. Happily for him, kindness is a quality which is well-nigh universal in Japan, so long as patriotism does not rouse the fire which smoulders beneath the surface, and so he was not called upon to pay any penalty beyond inconvenience for his untutored tongue.

The gentleness of the people was a quality which not unnaturally, under the circumstances, forced itself on his notice, but, like the features of the country in which smiling, peaceful valleys are contrasted with rugged volcanoes, this gentleness is apt on occasion to be exchanged for fierce bloodthirstiness. No one who is acquainted with Japanese history, or who remembers the troublous times which succeeded the establishment of foreigners in that country, can forget that the gentleness of the Japanese is a very different quality to that of the dwellers in the valley of the Ganges. Mr. Tracy visited the tombs of the forty-seven Ronins whose loyalty even unto death forms the most popular tale in Japanese folklore, and which affords a dramatic instance of the other side of the shield presented by the Japanese character.

As in duty bound, Mr. Tracy visited Tokiō, and discovered in it a resemblance which has never before been suggested to the mind of mortal man. He saw in it, he tells us, a likeness to Rome, which calls to mind the story of the man who, after gazing at the Falls of Niagara, said that they reminded him of St. Paul's Cathedral. After one or two minor excursions, he started from Tokiō to Kioto, and thence on to Ozaka, and, strange as it may appear, he has much of interest to say of the districts through which he travelled. His circumstances, as already explained, prevented the possibility of his being able to gather any information below the surface; but he made use of his eyes, and his very ignorance of the language left no resource but to observe closely the manners of the people. One of the first misconceptions which his eye corrected was that very commonly shared in—that the Japanese have adopted European dress. This is a mistake. In some of the larger towns men are occasionally to be seen dressed in frock coats and patent-leather boots; but in the country such a sight is unknown, and Mr. Tracy found the villagers and country people as primitive in their ideas with regard to clothes as they were before schools and colleges were scattered over the land. On several occasions Mr. Tracy was an unwilling intruder on scenes of idyllic innocence, in which girls and women were bathing, alike devoid of clothes and of a sense of impropriety. Under the new order of things it has been found necessary to make it incumbent on everyone to wear some clothes when out of doors; but by the men the law is often only grudgingly obeyed, and "the clothes" are reduced to the most meagre proportions.

Happily the Japanese retain also their innate love of the beautiful in nature. They never weary of admiring the flowers and landscapes of their favoured land, and no toil is considered excessive which is expended in beautifying their cottages and gardens. Mr. Tracy effectively contrasts the pretty bamboo bridges which are commonly made to cross the water-courses which fertilise even the smallest gardens with the couple of planks which the in-artistic Briton makes to serve the same purpose. Mr. Tracy had the usual experiences at the country inns—the pretty waitresses, joyous laughter, and good viands were there; and, alas! there also were the disturbed nights during which he was tortured by insects against which all precautions were of no avail, and by the riotous revels of his fellow-guests. His experiences throughout were commonplace; but he relates them pleasantly, and his book is worth reading.

INVERTEBRATE PHYSIOLOGY.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE INVERTEBRATA. By A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., F.R.S. (Edin.), F.C.S. London: L. Reeve & Co.

THE study of form has always preceded the study of function; the morphologist has always been the pioneer of the physiologist; and necessarily so, since before we can discuss what any organ or system of organs can do, we must know of what parts they are composed, and how these are put together. Hence we know more of the structure of animals than of the various processes going on in them. This is particularly the case in the invertebrata. In the vertebrata, owing to the fact that the group includes man, and that a knowledge of physiology is the basis of the art of healing, there have been an immense number of workers in the field, and the harvest has been, to say the least, abundant.

It is otherwise with the invertebrata. We have a fairly accurate knowledge of the structure and development of representative species of all the various groups of this sub-kingdom, but of their functions, till recently, we have known but little. That the study of function in the lower animals is not a merely theoretical study, but one fraught with the most widely spreading effects, is shown by the fact that it was from the study of the behaviour of the wandering mesoblast cells in the larvæ of sea urchins and in the pupa of the house-fly that Metschnikoff conceived the idea of phagocytosis, the process by which the white blood corpuscles devour those particles which it is desirable to eliminate from the organism. It is hardly too much to say that the study of such processes lies at the root of all modern methods of preventive medicine.

Within the last few years, however, physiologists have turned their attention more and more to the study of the lower groups of animals, and numerous papers of great value have appeared in various languages, scattered through the pages of the innumerable journals which form so striking a feature of the latter end of the nineteenth century; and sufficient material is now accessible for the compilation of an authoritative text-book on the Physiology of the Invertebrata.

Such a book, if carefully and critically prepared on somewhat the same lines as Vines's "Physiology of Plants," would just now be of the greatest value to zoologists and physiologists alike. Unfortunately, Dr. Griffiths's book falls far short of even the lowest standard. At the commencement the author lays great stress upon the importance of chemistry and physics as the basis of a true knowledge of biology, and in this he is undoubtedly right; but it requires something more than a knowledge of chemistry and physics to write a text-book of Physiology; an acquaintance with the main facts of anatomy and histology—and, in a Physiology of the Invertebrata, some knowledge of the classification of animals—is also required.

The chemical part of the treatise is perhaps better than the remainder, but even this is inadequate and unsatisfactory. With regard to the anatomical part, we feel inclined to borrow a phrase from Sir William Harcourt: "It is given to all men to err, but few have availed themselves of their opportunities so fully as" Dr. Griffiths. Many of the mistakes would be sufficient to plough a medical student in his preliminary examinations. To mention only a few, Dr. Griffiths regards the excretory system of the Platyelminthes as respiratory; he talks about the "endoderm of the body cavity" absorbing the digested food; he describes the pharynx of the Polyzoa "whose walls are richly supplied with blood-vessels," and on the same page tells us that "water is conducted to the branchial chambers of the Dibranchiata . . . by means of the infundibulum;" he states that in Anodonta "the genital ducts (of both sexes) open into the cloaca," and that "in the Arachnida the organs of locomotion . . . consist of eight pair of limbs." Dr. Griffiths is not even consistent in his errors; on p. 123, he tells us that in the Myriapoda and Insecta,

"over the external surface of the alimentary canal are distributed blood-vessels; and the nutrient matter of the food is chiefly absorbed by these vessels, and more especially by those carrying venous blood;" on p. 194 he states that "neither arteries nor veins have been observed in the Insecta."

It is hardly worth while to continue this list of mistakes or to dwell upon the errors of omission. In almost every chapter things which ought to have been mentioned have been left unmentioned, and the author's reading is by no means abreast of the times. In many respects the quotations with which it is liberally supplied are the most valuable part of the book, though these are not always very intelligible; for instance, the statement that certain Turbellaria "float from place to place by means of their epithelium" is a quotation, and so is the following: "Reciprocating stimulatory friction of articulate parts to express emotion postulates adaptive acquisition, consequent on assumed integumental tendency under attrition to determine a smooth undulatory surface, and propagation by hereditary transmission."

GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY.

GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY. By the Authors of "Flemish Interiors." Two vols. London: Ward & Downey.

THE best way to review a book like this is to gossip about it. The authors have limited as much as possible their own part to that of witnesses, and would like to be regarded as merely the harmless, necessary channels of communication. We are persuaded that nothing in these volumes has been set down in malice; nevertheless the testimony borne is often damaging to established reputations. Happily it is only gossip; and the disparagement of Carlyle, Dickens, and Napoleon, cannot affect our estimation of them.

In these two volumes, the pleasantest reading by far is the first half of the second one entitled "Musical Notes and their Echoes." It is written *con amore*; we might even say with gusto. The authors were fervent admirers of Braham, and devotees of the Italian opera. It is evident that they date the decadence of true musical taste in England from the *débuts* of Jenny Lind and Sims Reeves. But of Catalani, Malibran, Pasta, Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, Lablache, and Mario, they write with unbounded enthusiasm. Whole-hearted praise of anybody is always seductive, and where it is deserved nothing can break the charm. Even though the authors pooch-pooch Wagner, our enjoyment in these pages of the heyday of Italian opera is not spoiled. We need hardly refer to Lablache's exploits as Tom Thumb, and Tamburini's brief career as a *prima donna*. Have they not been in all the newspapers?

The brief notes upon authors in the division "Social, Literary, and Political Celebrities," are less sympathetic. In writing of Dickens the authors forget altogether that he was a humorist. Day, of "Sandford and Merton," is treated with insight; Cruickshank is praised; and Ainsworth gets justice. A mistake is made in supposing that the present generation is not much acquainted even with the titles of Ainsworth's stories. The present generation knows both the titles and the stories well, and so does the rising one. Every boy who reads at all reads Ainsworth. In connection with George Henry Lewes, who is appreciated more fully than George Eliot, it is told that a little boy answered, when asked how Charles I. died, "They cut off his body"—much to Lewes's satisfaction. Is it correct to talk of Rogers engaged "in tracing one of those head-breaking errors which diabolically persist in bewitching a balance"? Surely his clerks could have done that for him. Delane, of the *Times*, and his wife appear pleasantly. The most inept criticism is that of Carlyle—"Many of the quaint and clever things put forth by Carlyle deserve to be treasured." "It is curious to note the high estimation in which Carlyle was held by Lord Houghton." If there is

any spite, unconscious spite, in the book, it is contained in these two sentences.

In the court, political, social, theatrical, legal, medical, and artistic gossip many curious doors and windows are opened. We overhear the Guelphs at their "triptology;" Canning practising his speeches in his padded room at Brighton; we learn why "Uncle Buggin's" wife was called "Duchess Nevertheless;" we assist at the escapades of the fabulously wealthy Duke of Brunswick; and know exactly at what particular point St. Edward's crown toppled at the Queen's coronation. The gallant D'Orsay, Assheton Smith the mighty hunter, and "The Bengal Tiger," a charming old bachelor who might have been invented by Sterne, are among the authors' social favourites. But the list of names would be endless.

For the second edition we feel constrained to advise the authors to cut out all remarks like the following, of which there are a number:—"To judge from Lord Byron's sentiments, it is easy to believe that when she (Guiccioli) became fat and unsightly his in-fat-uation ceased."

One can read these books straight through with continued interest; and all who can should. From them the younger generation will obtain more easily and directly than from any other source an illuminative idea of times when Napoleon and Carlyle were bugbears, when Braham was the greatest of all possible tenors, and the Italian opera a religious function. If the reader doubts this, let him know that the authors suggest a comparison between Wordsworth and the poet Close, not to the latter's disadvantage.

FICTION.

1. OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH. By Frank Barrett. Three vols. London: Cassell & Co.
2. O'DRISCOLL'S WEIRD; AND OTHER STORIES. By A. Werner. One vol. London: Cassell & Co.
3. TRUE TO THE PRINCE. By Gertrude Bell. One vol. London: Digby, Long & Co.

BOOKS of the kind which is prohibited in Russia seem to have a special interest for the English reader. Imperial wickedness, Nihilistic secrecy, and Siberian misery are just the materials for a story which is to enthrall. Too often the fierce pleasure of producing excitement seems to have monopolised the writer's attention; he thinks too much of what the characters do, and too little of their reason for doing it; he must have the dramatic situation, even if it makes the people of the story impossible. Yet no dramatic scene can be really effective unless those who take part in it are well drawn. It is with novelists very much as it is with housemaids: they cannot get good situations unless they give us good characters.

"Out of the Jaws of Death" is distinctly a novel of excitement. Its very title is redolent of adventures. But it is an exceptional book, above—very far above—the average of its kind, and it is exceptional for this reason—the author has a reverence for consistency, conviction. If we will but grant him the possibility of two characters—and both of them act with perfect consistency throughout the book—the rest of the story reads very much as if it might have happened. The taint of melodrama is not entirely absent, but the workmanship is more careful, more artistic, than it is in a melodramatic novel; and although Nihilism has served the purposes of fiction often enough before, many of the minor incidents are new.

The story is, it is supposed, told by a woman. In the early stage of her career she says, "Who d'ye think y're a-gettin' at? D'ye think I don't know yer game?" But although her position is lowly, and her dialect is of the far east, she succeeds in saving the life of Taras, Prince Borgensky, from the villainous agents of the Russian police. In return the Prince takes her under his protection, has her instructed in manners and customs, provides for her tea-gowns and other delights, and brings her to a

knowledge of French and of the English in which three-volume novels are written. In a further effort to save Taras, she herself falls a victim to the machinations of the villain and is taken away to Russia, which is just the place for adventures. The villain is particularly well drawn; even a reader of experience may be in doubt for some time whether the man is a villain or not. His machinations come to nothing in the end, and he himself dies very horribly; the heroine returns from Russia, and the book ends as things always do end in the world of the optimist. The taint of melodrama is there, as we have said; but there is also evidence of a struggle, by no means entirely unsuccessful, after better things. In consequence, the book is not only exciting; it is perfectly readable, and we should imagine that it will be widely read.

It is not possible to speak so highly of "O'Driscoll's Weird." Most of the stories in this collection are quite tame and unimpressive. The first story, which gives its name to the book, deals with conspiracy and dynamite; but it will not stand comparison with "Out of the Jaws of Death." Its men are almost too effusively affectionate; and the unlikeness to life destroys the reader's sympathy with the recalcitrant conspirator—its hero. The next story—"Rozzy Verran: a Cornish Idyll"—is rather better, but its pathos is common and sickly. It is better because it seems to contain more real observation. As a whole, the author shows a certain amount of versatility; the scenes of the stories are laid in many lands. He shows, too, good feeling—sympathy with the right things. But there is very little that is original and very much that is conventional in this collection; the manner is amateurish, and the pathos is weak. The male characters hardly seem to have been described by a man; they are too tender and caressing, and even the roughest of them—we do not deny that some of them are very rough—are not particularly masculine.

No one would ever have imagined that Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was a dangerous book. On the contrary, its presence on the bookshelves of the good and great has often been noted; it is generally one of the books that the poor but intellectual boy reads after he has swept out the office and finished his day's work, before he attains to eminence and has his exemplary biography written. Yet the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is, the author tells us, responsible for all that is historical in "True to the Prince." Stories of the sixteenth century are, with very few exceptions, the most tiresome reading. This possibly may happen in part from the great difficulty which most authors find in reproducing the archaic manner of speech when, if we may trust our author, "Hast concluded that epistle?" was said instead of "Have you finished that letter?" Even the persistent use of "Tis" for "It is," although patient and, therefore, praiseworthy, becomes an irritation. And did people really talk like this?

"Kolhasen, adjust your armour; and remember! a woman's life is in your keeping. 'Twould be safer, methinks, to choose a larger and more circuitous route, in lieu of again traversing the square; for the moon will rise e'er long, and the attempt will be dangerous. 'Tis e'en now chiming midnight."

If they did talk like that, would it not be kinder and wiser to forget it? For the rest, the story is innocuous and uninteresting.

THE LATE SIR PROVO WALLIS.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR PROVO W. P. WALLIS, G.C.B., ETC. A Memoir. By J. G. Brighton, M.D. London: Hutchinson.

WHEN Sir Provo Wallis died last February, he was within a few weeks of the completion of his 101st year. Such an age, extraordinary in itself, was unprecedented in one of his high rank, and naturally called forth much notice in the papers of the day. The circumstances of his death and burial were then fully described, his career in the navy was related, and, incidentally, the ever fresh story of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* was referred to. For Wallis, as a young lieutenant, took part in that action,

and was left commanding officer, Captain Broke being disabled by a dangerous wound, and Mr. Watt, the first lieutenant, being killed. It was thus his exceeding good fortune to take the *Shannon* and her prize to Halifax, consequent on which his promotion to the rank of commander was dated on receipt of the news in England, six weeks after the battle. Wallis was then but a few months over twenty-two, but the luck of the service in his favour had expended itself: he was not made a post-captain till six years later. The navy list was in a state of stagnation after the peace; there was little employment, and promotion was very slow. Long years of half-pay alternated with the monotonous routine of peace commands. Such opportunities for distinction as might have occurred—Navarino, Burmah, Acre, China, the Black Sea—all passed him by. He was sixty before he reached his flag, and only once was he allowed to hoist it. As a rear-admiral he was for eighteen months commander-in-chief on the south-east coast of South America, and was superseded in due course on being promoted to vice-admiral. In 1858 his active service came to an end. During these last thirty-three or thirty-four years he led the quiet, unobtrusive life of a retired country gentleman, enjoying the society of his family and his friends, and keenly interested in the state of that service in which so many years of his life had been spent. No life could be more thoroughly respectable; none could well be less distinguished.

Unfortunately, Dr. Brighton had made his acquaintance, had been admitted to his friendship, and now—after the deplorable fashion of the day—produces a large octavo volume which he calls a *memoir*. It is a most flagrant piece of bookmaking. Wallis's modest career offered no opportunities to the historian; his private life offered little to the biographer; but "where there's a will there's a way." Dr. Brighton wished to make a book, and he has made it: half of it by repeating his account of the battle between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, from his own "Life of Sir Philip Broke"; and the rest by reproducing correspondence of no public interest—complimentary messages which the old admiral received on completing his hundredth year, and descriptions of places which the admiral happened to visit. It is a book so bad that not even the respect which we owe to the memory of the venerable Admiral of the Fleet will permit us to say it is anything but bad. It is badly written, badly illustrated, and the whole of it in bad taste.

AN IMAGINATIVE ECONOMIST.

THE REDEMPTION OF LABOUR: OR, FREE LABOUR UPON FREED LAND. By Cecil Balfour Phipson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. PHIPSON'S work claims to be an analysis of the present industrial system, conducted on entirely new lines. Starting with a given set of ideas, he discovers the most glaring defects in the organisation of the economic world, and states broadly the course which the remedy ought to take. His account of industrial development has, however, little or no basis in historical fact, and he does not give us a genuine analysis of the forces actually at work in the operations of production, distribution, and exchange. Out of his own imagination he has constructed an elaborate scheme, in which the various features of economic industry are made to take their places in accordance with his preconceived ideas. Mr. Phipson's fundamental notion is that in a properly regulated community everyone has the opportunity of producing food wherewith to maintain himself and his family. This he holds to be the normal and original state of things, and he gives us a picture of primitive man taking to "other-work" only on the condition that the food-producer provides him with as much or, rather, more food than he could have obtained by his own labour. The author's mind goes on working round his fixed idea—for it is nothing else—till the whole industrial world has undergone a wondrous transformation. Our vocabulary, it appears, is completely at fault. "Value" is really "the relation which all things other than food bear to such surpluses of food as are available for exchange." We are likewise introduced to new conceptions of the "wages" of the food-producer and the other-worker of "capital," which is food merely ("instruments of production" being "wealth," the results of labour), and of "interest," the return the food producer receives for his capital. To the word "rent" the author does not attach any new meaning, though he has much to say about the unearned increment, and the way in which it arises, which is both original and forcible. The evils of the present system are in great measure due to the position which the "wealth-monopolist" has everywhere usurped, securing for himself under the name of "profit" returns which ought to form a part of wages, interest, or rent. Many who are far from accepting Mr. Phipson's view of the part which "wealth" plays in production will agree with him that the organisation of industry admits of improvements which would lead to a more equitable distribution of its fruits. Another potent source of injustice and danger is found in the various media of exchange adopted in civilised lands. As to the token-currency which Mr. Phipson proposes to substitute for gold and silver, and what he calls "fictitious money" (viz., cheques), it is enough to say that his arguments are based on the false assumption that food is the standard of value, and not one among many commodities the respective values of which depend on a variety of ever-changing circumstances.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

IN the summer and autumn of last year Mr. Joseph Pennell had ample opportunities of studying "The Jew at Home" in Russia and Austria, and he has now reprinted a group of articles on the subject, which attracted a good deal of attention when they appeared in December last in the columns of a well-known illustrated journal. The picture which he gives—it is drawn both with pen and pencil—certainly does not err on the side of charity; in fact, it might almost be described as another example of justice without mercy. Mr. Pennell declares at the outset that he is not a Jew-hater, but his wholesale and sweeping accusations are difficult to reconcile with such a statement. Doubtless, the average Jew of South-Eastern Europe, like the average Mohammedan of Turkey or Egypt, falls far short of the perfect man, but that is a disadvantage which both share in common with the average Christian of England, or even of America. We certainly hold no brief for the Israelite, but in common fairness we are bound to protest, when we find the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Jews described as the most contemptible specimens of humanity in Europe. A sojourn of two or three months in Kieff, Vienna, Brody, Lemberg, Budapest, and a few other places where Jews congregate, is scarcely a justification for a picture into which is admitted, so far as we can discover, not a single touch of colour to relieve the prevailing gloom. Dirty, idle, rapacious—such is the Jew at home as Mr. Pennell saw him; but his strictures would have carried more weight if they had been not quite so oracular and so entirely without qualification. Even the illustrations in the book reflect the prevailing tone of the letterpress, for the faces which are depicted by Mr. Pennell's clever pencil are, with scarcely an exception, of a sinister and forbidding type.

Two sensible books have just been published which deserve to be widely known, not merely because of the subjects which they discuss, but also because of the skill and the knowledge which have gone to their making; "Household Nursing" is the name of one, and "The Art of Feeding the Invalid" that of the other. Dr. Tunstall—well known in the Midlands by his work at the Birmingham Infirmary—is of opinion that certain facts about the care and management of the sick ought to be placed within the reach of everybody, since their application in household nursing would tend to limit disease and shorten illness (by placing patients under the best condition for recovery), and would also materially assist the physician in his duty. He unfolds, in brief but clear terms, what may be called the general principles of nursing, and he explains the most approved methods of dealing with patients who are suffering from typhus fever, small-pox, diphtheria, and other malignant and infectious diseases. He also explains how to meet an emergency in cases of sudden alarm or accident, and adds other practical hints about food in disease and invalid diet. The other book deals exclusively with the latter point, and we do not recollect ever to have met a treatise in which "The Art of Feeding the Invalid" was as fully or indeed as ably explained. Florence Nightingale once declared that thousands of patients are annually starved in the midst of plenty from want of attention to the ways which alone make it possible for them to take food. This book is a practical recognition of the truth of that remark, and it enters into every aspect of the subject with a thoroughness which leaves nothing to be desired. We gather that it is primarily intended as a text-book for matrons in hospitals and professional nurses, but all who are entrusted with the care of the sick or delicate will find many hints and recipes of a kind for which they might search in vain in other manuals of the sort.

The Leeds Musical Festival has found its historians. The work—a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, illustrated with portraits and facsimile letters—though written chiefly for the people of Yorkshire, is of more than local interest. The object of the book is to render accessible in a convenient form every important detail connected with the great triennial gatherings at Leeds from 1874 to the present time. Many distinguished composers have helped to give renown to the Leeds Musical Festival, and amongst the musicians upon whom sidelights are cast in this record are

Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Michael Costa, Gounod, Antoine Dvorák, Sir Charles Hallé, Sir G. A. Macfarren, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and other well-known men. The medical charities of the town have benefited to the extent of £12,000 since the Leeds Musical Festival became an established fact, and doubtless the successful gathering of last week will add considerably to this noble sum. Nowhere, perhaps, is chorus singing brought to greater perfection than in Yorkshire, for the rich voices of the people in that part of England are heard to great advantage in oratorio, and their musical enthusiasm is proverbial.

Anglers will find "The Sea and the Rod" a book entirely after their own heart. It is written by a couple of experts with humour as well as with knowledge, and it gives an interesting account of the peculiarities of the chief species of sea-fish that are captured with rod and line in British waters. It abounds, moreover, in practical hints of a kind which disciples of Isaac Walton, who fish in more troubled waters than he was wont to frequent, are sure to find useful. The literature of sea-fishing is passed in brief review in the closing pages, and attention is also drawn to the vexed question of the fisheries and the legislature. It appears that we now draw from British waters an almost innumerable number of herrings—a quantity so great, in fact, that ten figures are used in these pages to set it forth. The scarcity of fish in many of our rivers, it is urged, is not due to the multitude of anglers, but to that short-sighted legislation which has permitted not a few of the finest rivers and streams of the country to be converted into receptacles for everything which is inimical to the existence of their rightful inhabitants. Chemical and dye works have wrought untold havoc in this respect, and rivers in which trout were plentiful even a quarter of a century ago are now no longer worth a visit from even the most skilful or sanguine fisherman.

The Republic of Paraguay is the only inland State of South America. It was originally a Spanish colony, and only gained its independence in the early years of the present century. The whole territory—an area of upwards of ninety-seven thousand square miles—is divided into two sections, that of the Parana to the east, and that of the Paraguay to the west. When the Jesuit missionaries first settled in the country in the early part of the seventeenth century, the Parana Valley was the most wealthy and populous; but now exactly the opposite state of things prevails, for all life and energy is centred in the valley of the Paraguay. At present there are six hundred thousand inhabitants, but this number includes no less than one hundred thousand wild Indians. The population is scattered, and means of communication are for the most part of a primitive kind; there is only one railway in the country, and it only extends to less than a hundred and fifty miles. Iron abounds everywhere, marble is abundant in the north, and copper and coal are found to a considerable extent. The present Government takes a lively interest in education, and though as late as 1886 only fourteen per cent. of the population were able to read and write, education is now compulsory, and nearly twenty thousand children are under instruction. Besides the Government schools, about a hundred private schools have been started, and they are subsidised to a certain extent from the public funds. Stock-breeding in Paraguay is extensively carried on, but there is room for a great development in this direction; and it must not be forgotten that the largest fortunes in South America have been realised from flocks and herds. The soil is productive, and wheat, Indian corn, and rice are freely grown. This book gives a clear, reliable, and comprehensive survey of the land and the people, and it ought to prove of interest at the present time. Mr. Ravenstein, who has edited the English translation, states that upwards of one-half of the imports of Paraguay are of British manufacture or origin. If the number of Englishmen actually settled in the country is small, the amount of English capital already employed in Paraguay is very considerable, and far exceeds in amount the investments of all other European nations combined.

NOTICE.

—o—

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 12, Rue Bleue.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	7s.

* THE JEW AT HOME: IMPRESSIONS OF A SUMMER AND AN AUTUMN SPENT WITH HIM IN RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA. By Joseph Pennell. Illustrated. London: William Heinemann. Small Quarto. (5s.)

HOUSEHOLD NURSING. By John O. Tunstall, M.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 12mo. (2s.)

THE ART OF FEEDING THE INVALID. By a Medical Practitioner and a Lady Professor of Cookery. London: The Scientific Press. Demy 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

HISTORY OF THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVALS, 1858-1889. By Fred. R. Spark and Joseph Bennett. Portraits. London: Novello, Ewer & Co. Demy 8vo.

THE SEA AND THE ROD. By Deputy Surgeon-General C. T. Paske and Frederick G. Aflalo. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall. Crown 8vo.

PARAGUAY: THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE. By Dr. E. [De Bourgade la Dardye. English Edition. Map and Illustrations. London: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. ARNOLD FORSTER has been the victim of a rather cruel hoax, and unfortunately he has—we are sure in innocence, not in malice—made use of that hoax in order to influence public opinion unfairly in this country. During the Cirencester election he made a speech which was as strong and positive in its language as most of his speeches are. The chief point in it was a statement that he had heard of a gentleman in the South of Ireland who had “received notice that protection would be withdrawn from him,” which meant “that he must leave the country, or run the risk of being murdered with his wife and children.” On this harrowing incident MR. ARNOLD FORSTER founded a strong indictment of MR. MORLEY and the Irish Government. MR. MORLEY wrote to know the name of the person whom he was accused of leaving to be murdered. Strange to say, the gentleman in question declined to allow his name to be given up to the Chief Secretary. Thereupon MR. MORLEY, with justifiable indignation, let MR. ARNOLD FORSTER know that he had been grossly imposed upon by his informant. Police protection had *not* been “withdrawn” from that person; but it had been reduced from three constables to one, and this had been done, not by MR. MORLEY, but by his predecessor, MR. JACKSON, last July. In future, we may hope that MR. ARNOLD FORSTER will test his “facts” before he submits them to the public, and will not be quite so ready to believe that every charge which he is asked (by gentlemen who do not venture to give their own names) to bring against the Irish Government is of necessity true.

MR. MORLEY is not the only person who has reason to complain of gross and almost wicked misrepresentation. The recent correspondence in the *Times*, in which MR. VICTOR HORSLEY and MISS COBBE have taken the leading part, serves to show with how scant a regard for truth agitators of a certain stamp are wont to advocate their cause. MISS COBBE stands convicted upon evidence not to be gainsaid of having given to the world under her own name and authority certain statements which are the reverse of true. She has further been found guilty of having, when the untruthfulness of those statements has been clearly demonstrated, failed entirely to show an adequate sense of her wrong-doing, or to make any reparation to those whom she has so grossly injured. And yet she and her friends are filled with indignation because MR. HORSLEY has described her conduct in language which may be strong, but which is at least perfectly accurate. It is difficult to understand how disputants like MISS COBBE are blind to the fact that by their mode of procedure they inflict grave injury upon the cause they have at heart. We publish on another page a letter from a correspondent on the subject which engages MISS COBBE’S attention. It is free from the flagrant offending against truth which has characterised some of MISS COBBE’S writings; but if the writer had wished to make the cause of the anti-vivisectionists ridiculous, he could hardly have succeeded more completely than in his communication to us. The opponents of vivisection will clearly have to mend both their manners and their logic before they can hope to bring the world to their way of thinking.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the fact that a change has taken place in the ownership of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that in future it will be antagonistic to the Government. We only note the incident here in order to draw attention to the fact that the three gentlemen chiefly concerned in the political and literary direction of the journal, when it was in the hands of a Liberal proprietor, voluntarily retired from their positions rather than retain their connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette* after it had become one of the organs of the Opposition. There are so many foolish people who sneer at journalists as men without principle—mere hireling advocates, and so forth—that we should be wanting in our duty to our own profession if we failed to call attention to the signal refutation of these wretched calumnies which is afforded by the honourable action of the late editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and his colleagues.

OF the Garter left vacant by the death of the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND there was only one possible recipient. As Foreign Secretary, LORD ROSEBURY commands confidence even among his strongest opponents, without thereby derogating in any degree from his own sound Liberalism. As Chairman of the County Council, he has done as much as anyone to initiate the success of municipal self-government in London and make the procedure of its administrative body an excellent example to the House of Commons. Among public speakers few have more sound common-sense; none are more amusing. Everyone will be glad that in this case the much-quoted saying about the Order has been so completely falsified. Yet one would think that in these days of democracy a mere decoration—even if it is the Order of the Garter—can hardly add much dignity to that already possessed by a member of the British Cabinet.

THE deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society which waited on LORD ROSEBURY on Thursday afternoon rested its case chiefly on the only arguments in favour of continuing the occupation of Uganda that can claim any serious consideration whatever. Almost every Englishman is somewhat of a Jingo at heart, and most are subject, at least by training, to rushes of philanthropic feeling. The Chartered Company—acting, it has been strongly hinted, as the catspaw of the late Tory Government—and the “colonial men,” having managed to get England some way into a serious difficulty, are now setting to work to exploit that feeling by calling on the Ministry—the trustees, be it remembered, for the taxpayer—to protect the missionary work endangered by their own recklessness. The great mass of Englishmen will agree—at any rate, in the abstract—with LORD ROSEBURY’S reply as to the claims of the cause for which our missionaries have suffered, and of the “continuity of moral policy” which will form the best claim of England to be remembered in history; and everybody must share the desire to cut off the slave trade at its roots, and prevent a sanguinary civil war leading to Mohammedan rule. But we can hardly suppose that the reply foreshadows anything but an eventual withdrawal, so managed as to leave as little prospect as possible of the dangers which the advocates of a forward policy allege will follow our retirement.

IN view of the threatened agitation in which this instinctive philanthropy will combine with the hopes of the explorer, the aspirations of the exploration-company-promoter, and a desire to make things as unpleasant as possible for a Home Rule Ministry, we are entitled to ask the English public if they will seriously count the possible cost of a permanent occupation of Uganda. We do not mean merely the cost to themselves or the cost in money, but the cost in friction, in foreign complications, which must of necessity put back urgent domestic reforms—and, not improbably, in British blood. A railway, as we said last week, is out of the question, unless, indeed, as a political and strategic line; and the interest on it which the Government is asked to guarantee, would far exceed the suggested sum. Even then there can be little doubt that it must be made by slave labour. Are we prepared—supposing, for instance, that Mahdism should reach the lake region—to have another GORDON to rescue, and another and more disastrous relief expedition through a country even more impassable and absolutely deadly to troops?

THE terrible shipwreck of the P. & O. Company's steamship *Bokhara* in the Strait of Formosa is one of those disasters which even the resources of modern scientific shipbuilding are apparently powerless as yet to avert. The *Bokhara*, indeed, was nearly twenty years old; but there is no reason to suppose that, had she been the equal of the *Himalaya* or the *Teutonic*, her fate under the circumstances would have been different. The life of a steamship is in her stokehole; and the typhoon which apparently drove her far out of her course raised a sea which swept the decks, destroyed the boats, carried away the engine-room skylights, and put out her fires. In a couple of hours she went ashore and sank. We must wait some weeks for detailed accounts of the disaster, which, unfortunately, has resulted in the loss of 125 lives—the number of passengers being unusually large for the season. The English officers and crew behaved admirably; and even the native crew were this time above reproach.

THE new Argentine President has displayed a promptitude and energy which promise well for his administration. He came into office only on the 12th of this month. Already he has constituted his Ministry, called together an extraordinary session of Congress, and actually opened the session. The new Ministers are all well spoken of. They are men of character and position, and the new Finance Minister is already engaged in drawing up a schedule of the assets and liabilities of the Government, preparatory to a proposal for a definitive settlement of the debt. Just before DR. PELLEGRINI went out of office, his Finance Minister made proposals to Congress which would have resulted in a sweeping reduction of the interest. Of course, what he did in no way binds his successors, and many people seem to be trying to persuade themselves that the new Administration will take a different view. But a considerable reduction in the interest seems inevitable. Perhaps, if the provinces and municipalities were compelled to repudiate altogether, and if, likewise, some kind of re-arrangement was arrived at with regard to the Cédulas, the National Government might after a while raise enough to pay the interest upon the national debt. But the supposed event is improbable, and the result extremely doubtful. Furthermore, the National Government is as clearly responsible for the national Cédulas as it is for the national bonds.

WHAT the creditors should try to arrive at amongst themselves is some agreement as to whether there is to be a priority in the case of some loans over others, and whether the provincial debts are to be recognised by the National Government or not. If the

foreign creditors do nothing, they may soon expect a proposal from the Argentine Government which may not be acceptable to many amongst them. Probably the Government will propose a permanent reduction of interest. From the Argentine point of view, that would be the most satisfactory. But the country will by-and-by emerge from its present distress, and will then be able to pay more. It would seem fair to all parties if there were to be a very material reduction in the interest on the debt for the present, the interest to be increased after a while, say two or three years, and further to be increased after another interval. In that way the relief given at once might be greater than the Government could honestly ask for, while the national creditors would ultimately get more than any Government would now promise to pay immediately.

THE Russian Government just now is disturbing the City as well as diplomatists, for it has begun to withdraw gold from the Bank of England in very large amounts. So also are Austria, Germany, Egypt, and Brazil. Very properly, therefore, the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 2 per cent., at which it had stood for nearly six months, to 3 per cent. The rise is not likely to stop the Russian demand, but it will probably check the Austrian demand; and, at all events, it will attract gold from other quarters. It is doubtful, however, whether the Bank can carry rates in the open market up to its own level. If the gold withdrawals continue, the outside market will be scared, and there will be a general advance; if not, the outside market will fall away again. The silver market has been much less firm this week than last. The price, it is true, went up on Monday to 39½d. per oz., but on Tuesday it fell to 39¼d. per oz. On Wednesday and Thursday it recovered slightly. The fluctuations prove what has been so often stated in these columns—that those interested in the market are doing their utmost to raise quotations, and so bring back a little confidence, but that their efforts are bound to fail, and that it is extremely likely that before long there will be a further depreciation.

THE Stock Exchanges and Bourses have all been somewhat scared by the Russian withdrawals of gold. Some of our contemporaries are asking why operators are so much disturbed. The Bank of England can well afford, they say, what is likely to be taken from it, and a 3 per cent. rate is not injurious to any kind of business. But those who so argue forget that it is not the rise in the Bank rate which is disturbing markets, but the knowledge that the gold is being taken by Russia. If Russia wanted the metal for any peaceful purpose, there would be little anxiety; but nobody can see what peaceful purpose can be served by what Russia is doing. It is hardly likely at this season of the year that military operations will be begun, or even that anything will be done to frighten the world. But if the political prospect clouds over, it is only too probable that there will be a heavy fall upon the Continental Bourses, for all foreign Government bonds dealt in on those Bourses are at extravagantly high quotations. The influence of the gold withdrawals in London has been heightened by the unfavourable news from the Argentine Republic, where the revolt of another province is reported. The report must be received with caution. But it has affected the market for all that. The truth is that the recent speculation in Argentine securities was not justified; it is natural, therefore, that it should be quickly followed by a reaction. In the United States there is some recovery in trade, but nothing like as great as might reasonably have been expected from two abundant harvests in succession, and Stock Exchange business is nearly as small as it is in London. Evidently the silver crisis is weighing upon every department of business.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

MR. ASQUITH has done admirably in coming to a decision as to the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square; and his success is accentuated by the vitriolic criticism of the Opposition press, which has been disappointed in its belief that the Home Secretary had only the horns of an unpleasant dilemma to choose from. We rejoice all the more heartily at the solution of the difficulty announced at the Home Office on Wednesday because it happens to be that which has all along been advocated in these pages. No sensible Radical has ever asked that a great centre of traffic like Trafalgar Square, a spot which comes much nearer than modern Boston does to the description of "the Hub of the Universe," should be treated in such a manner as to become a public nuisance. That it was a public nuisance in the summer and autumn of 1887 when the daily "demonstrations" of the so-called Socialists of the East End took place at the foot of the Nelson Monument is not to be denied. Nobody with a grain of common sense in his nature has ever wished to see the state of things which prevailed then revived. No Radical has any special antipathy to the owners of the Grand Hotel, the members of the Union Club, or the tradesmen whose shops confront the National Gallery; and consequently no one desires that a grave injury should be inflicted upon these persons. But it has pleased the advocates of "law and order" to confuse an honest advocacy of the right of public meeting at a spot more convenient for such a purpose than any other in London, with a demand that every kind of irregular assembly, without regard to its purpose, its character, or its bearing upon the interests of the people of London, should be tolerated indefinitely at the same place. These gentlemen are now apparently amazed at the moderation of the Radicals in accepting Mr. Asquith's decision with satisfaction. Be it so. It only shows how little the so-called leaders of the Tory party in London understand the opinions and the characters of their opponents.

Radicals will accept the concession made to them by Mr. Asquith with entire satisfaction. It meets every just claim they have made, and puts an end to that deliberate attempt to suppress popular demonstrations in the heart of London of which the late Government were guilty. Nor does the concession lose in value because it comes after a decision in the Courts of Law which established the fact that there was no technical right on the part of the public to meet in Trafalgar Square. When we come to legal decisions as to the respective rights of the Crown and the People, we find ourselves landed in a morass in which progress is impossible. The English king who inquired as to the cost of closing Kensington Gardens had technical right on his side; but his law adviser happened to be a statesman as well as lawyer, and the dangerous experiment of enforcing a technicality in defiance of public sentiment was not attempted. Perhaps the Trafalgar Square question has never reached quite so acute a stage as that of Kensington Gardens; but it has at any rate been left for some years in a condition eminently unsatisfactory. The conduct of Mr. Matthews and his colleagues in 1887 was neither honest nor courageous—though it was loudly applauded in the London press on the ground that it was both. What Tory Ministers did was to take advantage of the reasonable opposition of the community at large to the daily gatherings of disorderly persons in the Square, in order to put an end on a false pretext to the right of public meeting altogether. Of the manner in which that right was extinguished by Mr. Matthews, of the brutality with

which the police acted, and the wanton provocation which was offered, not to the mob, but to orderly processions of law-abiding people who were seeking to test a question of right, it is impossible to speak too severely. Those who were eye-witnesses of the shameful scene on that memorable day can bear witness to the fact that it was the police who were the aggressors and the law-breakers. For our part we should have been glad if Mr. Asquith had accompanied his reply to the deputation on Wednesday with an announcement that the last of the men imprisoned for taking part in the proceedings of that day had been set at liberty. This step we trust will be taken before long. In the meantime, we are glad that Mr. Asquith has discarded the false pretences on which his predecessor acted, and has put an end to the calumny which asserted that a public meeting of Englishmen in the heart of an English town must of necessity be a disorderly assembly. We have no desire to see many public meetings held in Trafalgar Square; but it is no small gain for English liberty that the right of holding meetings there should again have been recognised by the Ministers of the Crown and accepted by the representatives of the people.

LAW AND ORDER AS SOME PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THEM.

MR. MORLEY is to be congratulated on his critics: they are surpassing themselves. They will soon bring home to the English people the utter absurdity of the claims made by the landlord party in Ireland. The *Times* continues its onslaught on the Evicted Tenants' Commission. We have dealt already with its absurd objections to the terms of the reference. An inquiry into the origin of every eviction in Ireland during the last thirteen years would take years, would raise up angry memories on both sides, and would satisfy no one. An inquiry as to how a peaceful and honourable settlement can be best brought about will be over in a few months, will calm the contending parties, and will probably point out a solution of great social difficulties which will satisfy reasonable men of all parties. Nobody who is anxious for peace would prefer the former course to the latter; but then the *Times* is only anxious for peace when a Conservative Government is in office. Not content with complaining of the reference, it finds fault with the Commissioners. Mr. Justice Mathew, indeed, is too well known to Englishmen to be lightly swept aside. It is impossible to deny the capacity and impartiality of one of the best judges on the English bench. So the appointment is condemned on the ground that the work of Royal Commissioner in Ireland is inconsistent with his duties as a judge. The Special Commission, we are told, perhaps rightly, is not a precedent. But has the ingenious writer never heard of the Belfast Riots Commission of 1886? That Commission was appointed by Lord Londonderry, the Conservative Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The President was Mr. Justice Day. It was doubtless considered that the best man to inquire into a dispute between Orangemen and Nationalist Catholics was an English Catholic who hated both. But it would be a poor compliment to Mr. Justice Day to suppose that he was appointed solely on account of his animosities; he was chosen because he is a judge with a singular power of eliciting the truth. And so it is with Mr. Justice Mathew. We particularly admire Mr. Morley's choice because Sir James Mathew is able to try a case quicker than any other living judge, and has never been known to

stand any nonsense from anybody. For these reasons the Irish landlords probably think that he would be better employed elsewhere.

The other members of the Commission are dismissed by the *Times* with a sentence: no one of them "has the slightest claim to authority." We are curious to know why. They are all men of weight, and they are none of them partisans. Mr. Redington is a Galway landlord, who was educated at Oxford, and has never been seen on a political platform. He has been a Commissioner of National Education for the past six years, and has been a member of other Royal Commissions. Mr. Roche is among the most distinguished lawyers at the Irish Bar. He has also generally stood aloof from politics, being averse to awkward places. He was for some months a director of the *Freeman's Journal*, but is said never to have attended a board meeting. Mr. Murrrough O'Brien has been for seven years the chief official valuer under the Purchase Department of the Land Commission, and knows the value of land perhaps better than anyone in Ireland except Mr. Edmund Murphy, the fifth Commissioner, who has probably as much experience as an arbitrator as any man in the United Kingdom. He is a Conservative best known in the North. Four more impartial men, equipped for their task with all the requisite knowledge, could not be obtained. Yet this is the Commission which the *Times* advises the landlords to treat as if it were a negro court in the Southern States under the ban of the whites.

Not merely does this advocate of law and order advise the landlords to decline to recognise the warrant of the Queen's representative in Ireland, but it adds that they need not be afraid of the consequences. "The ordinary powers of calling for witnesses and documents with which the Commission are invested must be inoperative except where persons choose to comply with the summons." This is unfortunately true. Mr. Justice Day's Commission was invested by special Act with the power of compelling witnesses to give evidence. The powers were not unnecessary. A Mr. McMordie, representing the Shankill Road Orangemen, suggested that his clients would stay away if barristers were not allowed to cross-examine; to which Mr. Justice Day replied:—"I do think it is a pity that you suggested that if you retired none of the witnesses would attend. I can only say I hope your observation will not mislead these witnesses, because, depend upon it, these witnesses will have to attend the Court." It will be interesting to observe whether the Irish Unionists will only assist the Queen's authority in those cases where they would be put in gaol if they did not. The *Times*, with pleasing recollections of Sir Richard Webster, suggests that if they do go they should be accompanied by counsel. This is a matter entirely in the discretion of the Commissioners. Mr. Justice Day refused at Belfast to hear counsel except as *amici curiæ*. The legal gentlemen thereupon left the Court in a body, and, though the Commission was only appointed on the 25th of September, all the 201 witnesses had been examined by the 25th of October. Whether or not counsel appear, we are confident that no lawyer living can unduly protract an inquiry before Mr. Justice Mathew, who (with or without counsel, and with or without the landlords) will carry the thing through. If the *Times* wished to render the Irish landlords hateful to the law-abiding English people, it could not do better than induce them to treat the Commission with contempt, and to show once again that they only love the law of their own making.

We pass from the heavy father to the comic man—from the *Times* to Colonel Saunderson; yet the spirit is still the same. The gallant gentleman

wrote to say that the sub-sheriff of a western county, which he was careful not to name, had received a letter informing him he could only have police protection by daylight. The sub-sheriff had already been wounded *fifteen times since 1887* in the discharge of his duty! This truly remarkable record was acquired under Mr. Balfour's benign administration; but the sub-sheriff, fearing publicity more than bullets, never allowed any of these fifteen murderous attacks to be recorded in the newspapers. He had at last become alarmed. Under the new régime, "the moment the shades have fallen in this western county Captain Moonlight is to reign supreme." As the sub-sheriff with the fifteen scars wends his way homewards to the castellated structure which is his appropriate abode, though assassins are as thick as blackberries—and after so much practice they must surely now be better shots—no policeman may interfere. And in the morning, as Colonel Saunderson puts it in words which cannot be parodied, the police "would have to stand by inactive and listen to the expiring groans of the unfortunate sub-sheriff without being allowed to raise a hand in his defence." It might have been thought that no reply was necessary to so absurd a story. But Mr. Morley has done well to show what the rule really is and what the landlords really object to. The rule (an old one) prevents the police from giving protection to a sheriff who is levying civil process between sunset and sunrise. It may be news to many Englishmen to learn that any sheriff would think of doing so. Distress between sunset and sunrise is illegal by the Common Law. So long ago as the time of Edward III. it was thought that landlords should cease their ravaging by night. A similar rule is applied to evictions by an Irish Act of 1848, and by another Act it is made a misdemeanour to take cattle and goods at night under any civil decree. So that what Colonel Saunderson objects to is that the sub-sheriff should be refused protection while in the act of committing a misdemeanour. This is really too much even from Colonel Saunderson. The burglars will soon be asking the police to hold the ladder for them in Eaton Square.

But would it be vulgar to say that Mr. Arnold Forster takes the cake? Mr. T. W. Russell and he are both British-born, but they are the bitterest pills in the Ulster pharmacopœia. *Ipsis hibernis hiberniores* is a maxim of general application. The measles, which does little harm to British children, are fatal to races whose ancestors have not been accustomed to the malady. So it is with the acerbity of Belfast. Belfast men prosper in spite of it; but it has quite killed poor Mr. Arnold Forster. Mr. Forster has a correspondent. The correspondent has for many years been in the enjoyment of protection from three policemen. The late Government ordered that for the future one policeman would be enough. At this the correspondent was displeased. Members of the constabulary are handy men about the house. The Government makes a liberal allowance for their maintenance—it is, indeed, the only way in which an Irish gentleman in reduced circumstances can take in lodgers without losing caste. So Mr. Forster's correspondent wrote to the Castle and complained. Mr. Morley told him the order was made by Mr. Jackson. The correspondent wrote to Mr. Forster saying that "the present Government before they are a month in office practically say to me, 'you must leave the country or endanger not only your own life, but also the lives of your wife and children.'" Mr. Forster used this statement at Cirencester, with oratorical improvements. He also used it in the columns of a contemporary prone to every form of exaggeration. Mr. Morley wrote to Mr. Forster

to ask the name of his friend who was in such terrible peril. The correspondent desired Mr. Forster not to mention his name, even in official confidence. We do not wonder. But surely such an incident must set even Mr. Forster thinking as to whether his friends in Ireland are quite the innocent, truthful, law-abiding people he imagines.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LATEST.

THERE is no objection to anyone, Mr. Chamberlain not excepted, publishing an "unauthorised programme," always provided it be understood that it is strictly unauthorised. The outfit of a public man is nowadays scarcely complete without something which he or his admirers are pleased to call his programme. Mr. Tappetit had his, which he, "the 'Prentice's Glory," addressed to the prentice boys met in secret session. Mr. Tappetit cried "Forward!"—why should not Mr. Chamberlain? We shall read Mr. Chamberlain's article, when it sees the light, with interest, and his friends may heap upon it praise, always provided they do not forget that it is in every sense an "unauthorised scheme," expressing the opinions of himself and a few others, but indicative of nothing else.

Taken one by one, the articles of the so-called programme are unobjectionable. It is fair to press the claims of a pension system or an Eight Hours Bill, to argue for a change in the licensing system, and to contend that the present law of employers' liability is lame and halting. But to tell working men that this miscellaneous bundle of proposals, picked up here and there, is a statement of their reasonable demands, is to show that one cannot with impunity be out of touch with those in whose name one professes to speak. He has made the old mistake—one into which no acuteness can, it seems, save him from falling. He has looked around him, and sought to see what things were of good account and in a fair way to win, and he has graciously said that he will stand by them when they were in no danger of falling. There were dark times with some of the measures to which he extends his patronage. We remember Canon Blackley crying as a voice in the wilderness in regard to pensions for the poor, few having a friendly word for his scheme, and those few not including Mr. Chamberlain. He is for an eight hours day for miners, subject to local option; and it costs nothing nowadays to proclaim oneself on the side of a cause so popular. Why did he not speak clearly when it was the fashion to say that an Eight Hours Bill was an anachronism and an economic impossibility? There are aspects of the Labour Question as to which we should gladly have a programme constructed by an acute statesman looking for no early returns for his labours, and willing to risk unpopularity; and we will point Mr. Chamberlain to work which awaits anyone with higher ambition than that of reaping where others have sown. In all probability the relations between employers and employed cannot be what they ought to be—there can be no return of durable peace—until both have learned to treat as improper what both in their dealings with each other now esteem legitimate. Capital must be "moralised"; so must Labour; and it would be good work—though thankless for the moment—to endeavour to bring about this result by practicable means, and to reduce to system the confused and discordant suggestions of men who do not understand, and rarely listen to, each other. This is Mr. Chamberlain's

great mistake. He who has made a veritable Sedan of his political fortunes has aspired to be a safe politician—to invest only in political securities certain to pay high dividends. He has gone in for quick returns and high profits in politics; all this prudence has proved so shortsighted. And yet, to all appearance, it is still an enigma to him why his programmes have again and again made shipwreck.

We will apply one test to his latest. Measures dealing with all the matters mentioned by Mr. Chamberlain will be introduced in due time by the Liberal Government. Will he do his best to support them? Will he reprove his political associates if they seek to fasten upon some superficial circumstance and endeavour to mutilate what is offered? Will he do the very opposite of that which we know to be the Liberal Unionist cue? This is the rub. These questions show the impossibility and vanity of a programme coming from Mr. Chamberlain. Let him give the world a programme of reaction; let him show how old forms of speech can be retained after the old sense has gone out of them. These will be real programmes, even if "unauthorised." But to attempt to speak of the interests of a class with whom he must more and more be brought in conflict is out of the question. Mr. Burns and Mr. Mann are likely to put such a Labour Programme in the same pigeon-hole with, say, the Duke of Westminster's plan of land reform or Lord Randolph Churchill's latest suggestions as to Labour. The latter, too, has his Labour Programme, consisting of one article—trust in "the generous mind of the Tory party," which is sure to treat Labour in a liberal and unprejudiced spirit. Can there be a doubt, if Mr. Chamberlain's friends were again in power, which programme would be preferred: that which he sketches, or the vague non-committal policy which Lord Randolph Churchill describes in his recent letter? Political effacement has its privileges—one being the right to issue freely and without responsibility any number of "unauthorised" programmes; and perhaps, as the sense of that effacement deepens, their number may be expected to increase.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AS CONTRACTOR.

THE London County Council has decided to make an interesting experiment. The works in connection with the Blackwall Tunnel have caused the dishousing of a number of families, and it is the statutory duty of the Council to rehouse them. In the ordinary course of things this would have been carried out through a contractor selected by the Council after public tender. For a fixed sum to be paid to him by the Council he would have undertaken to provide the dwellings required, and the Council would have had no further care than to supervise the work as it went on, and to see that the contractor kept to his contract. In the Blackwall case the tenders have been found unsatisfactory. The lowest exceeded by more than £3,000 the estimate of the cost made by the Council's own architect. The Bridges Committee, which considered the tenders, came to the conclusion that it would be more economical if the Council itself were to erect the buildings. By so doing, said the Committee—with some exaggeration, we think—it would save the amount of the contractor's profits and also the expense of supervision. They therefore recommended "that the Council do erect the artisans' dwellings to be constructed in connection with the Blackwall Tunnel without the intervention of a contractor." On

Tuesday last the matter came before the Council, and after a very one-sided debate, in which the Moderates showed no real fight, the recommendation of the Committee was adopted by a majority of nearly three to one. It was carried a step further. The Council agreed to add to the Committee's particular recommendation an instruction to the General Purposes Committee "to consider and report on the best manner in which works can in future be carried out, and to make proposals as to the necessary organisation and staff." That, in effect, means the creation of a permanent Works Department of the Council.

Sir John Lubbock, who is a man of ability spoiled by the absence of intellectual pluck, tried to frighten the Council by a picture of what would happen if it undertook to supply London with meat. We have a firm distrust of the thin-end-of-the-wedge argument. Like the argument from analogy, it is invariably a feeble evasion of the point at issue. The London County Council has no intention of taking a stall in Smithfield Market; it is going to erect artisans' dwellings in Yabsley Street. Very likely in the future it will do more in the same direction if this experiment succeeds, and in projecting a permanent Works Department it means to be ready to deal promptly with all similar cases. It has already had some favourable experience. It has just received the report of the annual work, done by itself, of repairing, painting, and cleaning its offices; and the work has cost about £54 less than the estimate. Mr. Burns, in a vigorous speech which appears to have produced much effect, mentioned several cases of economy resulting from direct action. In one case he says that £490 had been saved on a job of £1,315 by the Council carrying out the work themselves. In another, he says the Parks and Open Spaces Committee had spent £3,000 where no contractor would have undertaken the work for less than £6,000. And by way of contrast he reminded the Council that in four important contracts they had paid over £3,000 in supervision. We do not know the details of those cases; but Mr. Burns was not challenged on them, and we do not see any inherent improbability in the statement that the Council has already tried the experiment of doing work for itself, and found the experiment successful. How it will fare in a building scheme has now to be seen. If it succeeds in Yabsley Street, a larger field is ready for it. The Council has just received from its Parliamentary Committee the report on the new street from Holborn to the Strand, which, if Londoners have pride in their great city, should be one of many improvements which the next generation will see and by which they will benefit. With commendable caution, the Council has already determined that unless an equitable division of the cost of the improvement is made between the owners of ground values and the occupiers, the scheme shall not further be proceeded with. That is in the hands of Parliament, whose hands are full of many other things. Subject to this question, the Parliamentary Committee have had to decide between two rival schemes for the new street; and for reasons which seem to us convincing, they have chosen the one which, while it will cost less, will cover a larger area. It will cause the displacement of a great number of insanitary dwellings, and will thus compel the Council to undertake a large scheme of re-housing. The Committee have boldly faced the problem. They have gone so far as to say that if a suburb be selected for the new dwellings, the Council will be bound to procure free transit by train or tram from the place selected to within, say, 500 yards of the new street for every person displaced while he continues to occupy the new tenement to which he has been

removed. It is a large scheme, raising a host of interesting questions. When it comes to be undertaken the Council will have before them the results of the Blackwall experiment. If that experiment succeeds, that is to say, if the Council shows that it can in such matters do without contractors, then assuredly it will be repeated. Herein lies the chief interest of the vote of last Tuesday.

A hostile and Tory critic has said that the Council has adopted a recommendation, which, if it be logically followed out, will carry them far. But there is no logic in doing the same thing in all circumstances, and there is no reason why the Council should be carried further than the public advantage takes them. Where experience shows the middleman to be useful, there he will remain. In many directions undoubtedly there is a tendency, at which Mr. Herbert Spencer shudders, towards municipalisation. We believe that an association which is even now forming under the guidance of Mr. Tom Mann contemplates the more or less complete municipalisation of the docks, the supply of water and of light, the tramways, and the hospitals. Other municipalities have assumed such functions, and are performing them economically and efficiently, and London is sure to follow their example. Even in private undertakings a similar process of extension is going on. There is no use in making up our minds beforehand how far we shall go along this line. In these matters we must take short views of life. But we need not be scared by the old warning, for which certainly there was and is ample reason, against the wastefulness and inefficiency of State work, for the State and the Municipality differ very widely. The latter is subjected to a much closer criticism. Its failures may not affect us more deeply, but they affect us more nearly. And the London ratepayer may be trusted to see that his Council does not rush him into unconsidered and costly follies. He will watch closely the Blackwall experiment. Unless the Council proves that it can, without increase of expense or loss of efficiency, dispense with contractors, he will take good care that the experiment is not repeated elsewhere. The trial will be an infinitely better guide to us than any general principles, and therefore we welcome it.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

A SUCCESSOR to Lord Roberts must shortly be chosen, and no more important appointment will be made by the present Cabinet. The qualifications required for the post are rare; but they are at least clearly defined. The Russian outposts are rapidly and inevitably approaching the frontiers of India; so much the more essential have become knowledge and experience in handling the warlike tribesmen who may guard or betray these frontiers. Intricate questions of tribal politics have thus acquired a new significance. At the same time, great changes are in progress in the native army, the less efficient units being gradually weeded out and replaced by men drawn from the fighting races of India—men who could be placed in line to meet a European enemy. To carry out this conversion is a difficult and delicate task, requiring a long familiarity with the country and its many peoples. Special knowledge is the more necessary, since the Viceroy's Council is at the present moment exceptionally weak in experience of frontier affairs. The two civilian members hail from Madras and Bombay, while the military member, for the first time in the history of Indian administration, has been recently imported from the home army. Finally, in the East,

personality counts to an extent which we easily fail to realise. The ideal commander-in-chief must be a personage—not a mere name—to the native army of India; he must know the language and understand the ways of thought of the troops.

That the appointment should be made solely with regard to the interests of India, and that the views of the Viceroy should carry full weight, would appear to be elementary propositions requiring no defence. The sacrificing of the interests of India to the personal exigencies of the Horse Guards is, however, by no means unknown. The appointment is probably the greatest prize which falls to the large generals' list, and the temptations to manipulate it with an eye to comfortable re-arrangements in high offices at home are necessarily considerable. Already the military press has discussed the probabilities with a characteristic cynicism, all the more striking because wholly unconscious. Considerations of fitness, based on special knowledge and special qualifications, do not appear to enter into the speculations of the writers who are assumed to represent what are called "military circles." Experience of selection as sometimes applied in the British army probably accounts for much obliquity of vision. Thus the choice of an officer, who, however distinguished, has never seen India for thirty-two years, and whose only recollections of that country date back almost to boyhood, seems a natural proceeding to these mentors. To them it is all a mere question of names and decorations. They would probably be prepared to nominate as traffic manager of the Great Northern Railway an individual who had once served that company in a subordinate capacity, but had never travelled on any railway since 1860, provided that he had subsequently attained eminence on the London School Board. The public in such a case might not unreasonably object; as doubtless, if the national importance of the Indian appointment were realised, the selection of an officer ignorant of that country would be deeply resented.

Of the few possible successors to Lord Roberts one stands pre-eminent. Major-General Sir G. White has not merely served a long apprenticeship in India, but possesses every qualification that experience and distinguished service can give. Regimental service is somewhat rare in the modern military hierarchy, but Sir G. White won his Victoria Cross when serving with his gallant regiment, the 92nd Highlanders, in the Afghan campaign, where he achieved the reputation of a dashing leader of troops. As general commanding in Burmah during the operations from 1886 to 1890, he displayed ability of a high order. The command comprised about 30,000 men, chosen from all parts of the Indian army, and acting over a country as large as France. At one period no less than one hundred different columns were controlled and directed by the general, under exceptional difficulties of climate and transport. Since that date, Sir G. White has held with conspicuous success the important command on the Beluchistan frontier, where, in conjunction with the late Sir R. Sandeman, he has brought a great tract of wild country under control. There is not one of his possible rivals who has a record comparable to this, or who has ever commanded so large a force.

That Sir G. White does not hold higher rank is due solely to the grudging recognition of his great services meted out by the Horse Guards, which has promoted officers with none of his claims. As, however, the post of adjutant-general of the army has been conferred upon a younger major-general translated at a bound to the acting rank of full general, the plea of want of seniority can scarcely be raised. As futile is the objection that Sir G. White can afford to wait five years for the appointment which is

his by every right. The country needs the services of men in their prime. "The choice," wrote Scharnhorst, the regenerator of the Prussian army, "ought to be based . . . on services to be rendered," and the modern doctrine of the claims of mere age is refuted by the whole teaching of history. If the most important military post in the Empire is not now conferred upon an officer whose special experience and qualifications are absolutely unrivalled, the principle of selection will be degraded to a farce.

NEW LOANS AND RUMOURS OF LOANS.

THIS week two foreign Governments have appeared as borrowers in the London Money Market. In the course of a couple of months it is expected that an Austro-Hungarian loan will also be brought out here, as well as in Berlin and Vienna, and there are rumours that two syndicates of French and German bankers have been offering the Russian Government terms, which, however, have not been accepted. All this affords evidence that the great financial houses at home and abroad are ready to begin again supplying the public with new issues as soon as the public shows any disposition to take them. And we have no doubt that, if these two loans succeed, a multitude of other enterprises will likewise make their appearance, for it is notorious to all who are well acquainted with what is going on in the City that an immense number of loans and companies are already arranged, and the promoters are only waiting for a sign that the public is once more willing to invest freely. But we doubt very much whether the public has yet forgotten the lessons of two or three years ago. For a little while there may be some new issues, and there may be a continuance of the more active business upon the Stock Exchange; but the time will not be very long, for some kind of settlement regarding silver must be arrived at before confidence completely revives.

The two loans brought out this week call for little comment. Persia appears for the first time a borrower in our market, although we have had three Persian companies already brought out; indeed, it is said that it is the inability of the Shah to make good the concessions he granted to one of those companies which has favoured the British public with the present loan. If that be so, it is a very good reason why the investor should keep altogether aloof from it. A little time ago it was reported that the Czar was willing to lend the Shah half a million sterling to enable him to satisfy the Tobacco concessionaires. A great outcry was made in this country thereupon, and it is asserted that Lord Salisbury's Government interfered, induced the Shah to refuse the Russian loan and to negotiate for the present British issue. If the facts really are so, no doubt those who were so anxious to strengthen British influence in Persia will now make good their professions by subscribing largely. But the ordinary investor will be well advised to leave to them the patriotic task of upholding British influence in the East. The Chilean loan is altogether different. The existing Chilean debt is not large. Chili has always kept faith with her creditors. She is not now asking for an excessive amount, and the interest offered is attractive. Of course, the investor will do well to bear in mind how short a time ago it is since the country was torn by civil war. But, however serious may have been the losses in that conflict, and however uncertain may be the political future, it would be absurd to compare a barbarous country like Persia with a civilised republic like Chili. In one sense

the Chilian loan is intended to defray part of the cost of the civil war, and, oddly enough, not that incurred by the existing Government, but by the dead President. But it is only because he defrayed part of his expenditure by compelling the banks to make a forced loan to him, the advance being in the form of inconvertible notes. The new Government wants to call in and cancel these notes, and to do so effectually it has decided to obtain gold in London. The decision is wise from the Chilian point of view, though one of its results will be to increase the drain of gold from London just now, and so to help to raise rates in the London money market.

It has been known since the spring that an Austro-Hungarian gold loan for about twenty millions sterling was impending. How soon it will be brought out is not yet settled, but it will certainly not be postponed for very long. The Austro-Hungarian Government declares that its sole object is to resume specie payments, and so put the money of the Dual Monarchy upon a sound basis. The world, however, is so uncharitable as to scoff at the declaration. The scoffers point out that silver would be a far cheaper standard of value than gold, and would, besides, better suit the economic development of Austria-Hungary. But, they add, silver would not be an efficient war treasure, and just now all the great military Governments are amassing formidable war treasures. Therefore, the world persists in believing that the coming loan is really intended to provide Austria-Hungary with such an amount of gold that if war were suddenly to break out she would be able to mobilise and to act quickly. Everybody knows how immense are the gold treasures held by France, Germany, and Russia. Hitherto Austria-Hungary has been without such a reserve. Now, if she can accumulate twenty or thirty millions sterling in gold, her position will be completely altered. It may be predicted with reasonable confidence that there will be few subscribers to the coming loan in this country, while it is almost certain that there will be none in France. The success of the loan, therefore, will depend upon Germany and Holland.

Coming, in the last place, to the rumoured Russian loan, it has been asserted and contradicted, re-asserted and contradicted once more, that the Russian Finance Minister has been negotiating for a new 4 per cent. loan, of the nominal amount of 20 millions sterling. It is certain that syndicates of bankers have communicated with the Finance Minister on the subject, but up to the present, at all events, no agreement has been arrived at. Russia does not need a war treasure. For years she has been accumulating gold, and, though her people for fifteen or sixteen months have been dying of famine, famine-fever, and cholera, her Government has gone on doggedly pursuing the same policy. Gold every now and then is taken from Berlin, Paris, and London, and locked up in the Treasury vaults at St. Petersburg. If we may accept the returns of the Imperial Bank of Russia as absolutely trustworthy, reckoning the gold held abroad by the agents of the Russian Government, that Government at present possesses over seventy millions sterling of the metal. Why, then, it may be asked, does it think of borrowing more? The Imperial Bank of Russia holds more gold even than the Bank of France, and it holds nearly twice as much as any other bank in the world. The answer is, first, that if war were to break out it would be extremely difficult for Russia to borrow on any terms. Secondly, that mobilisation and the transport of troops are costlier and slower in Russia than elsewhere. And thirdly, that the famine has very disastrously affected the finances of Russia. In the first half of the present year the revenue fell off nearly three-

quarters of a million sterling, compared with the first half of last year, while the expenditure increased nearly nine millions sterling. There is little prospect of much improvement in the second half of the year, owing to another bad harvest, to the great drought throughout the south, and to famine-fever, cholera, and cattle-disease. The relief expenditure will consequently have to be enormous, and may continue next year, and even the year after. The expenditure at home, no doubt, may be defrayed by issuing paper, but abroad every purchase has to be paid for in gold or the equivalent of gold; and a second bad harvest threatens to disable Russia once more from exporting largely. Therefore, it would seem inevitable that she must borrow if she is to fulfil her foreign obligations, and if, at the same time, she is to part with none of the gold she has so patiently and so cleverly accumulated as a war treasure.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE week opened with two or three alarming incidents, but the event has in each case falsified apprehension. The illness of the little King of Spain—a "gastric derangement," due to over-fatigue at the fêtes at Huelva—seemed at one time likely to be dangerous in view of his delicacy of constitution, and reminded politicians that upon his death Spain might possibly drift within a measurable distance at least of civil war. Fortunately, however, he is rapidly recovering. The diplomatic rupture between Greece and Roumania appears to have no significance, unless it be that Greece is glad of an excuse to effect economy in its diplomatic service. The Greek schools in Bulgaria have been reopened and a satisfactory arrangement has been made between the Porte and the Greek Patriarch as to the existing and future Greek schools in Turkey. Count Kalnoky—*à propos* of the Budget of Foreign Affairs—has renewed his assurances to the Austro-Hungarian Delegations as to the satisfactory prospect of peace in Europe and the pacific intentions of the Dual Monarchy. Across the Atlantic, the "dedicatory ceremonies" of the World's Fair at Chicago are in full progress as we go to press. The cholera is almost extinct in Hamburg and Marseilles; it lingers on still in Buda-Pesth, and still occurs sporadically, it would seem, among the river-population of Germany and Holland, and on the eastern frontier of Prussia.

On Tuesday the French Ministry surmounted with ease the first of the two dangers that threatened it. It defended its conduct in the Carmaux strike conclusively, and induced the company to accept arbitration. Moreover, it is anxious to push forward a bill rendering arbitration compulsory in all mining disputes. Of course, the trouble is not yet at an end. The men are still excited, and always excitable; they have only accepted arbitration under pressure, and may not accept the award; the Paris Municipal Council has voted them 10,000 francs; and as the Marquis de Solages, an official of the company and deputy for the district, has just resigned his seat, a bye-election—at which, strange to say, M. Calvignac, the dispossessed Mayor, is not as yet a candidate—may rouse their feelings afresh. Still, the Ministry has done well so far. The question of the ratification of the Franco-Swiss commercial convention may be more dangerous to it. M. Jules Roche, the Minister of Commerce, speaking at Montbéliard on Sunday, said that he had ample evidence from manufacturers in support of the convention. But people are beginning to prophesy a Méline Ministry as the only Ministry that can really be homogeneous and command a permanent majority of the Chamber.

The Belgian International Exhibition to which we referred elsewhere last week seems likely to take place in 1894. Its proposer, M. Lemonnier, who represents Brussels in the Chamber, states that the technical

and financial difficulties are solved, that one manufacturer alone has offered 500,000 francs, and that the project only awaits the sanction of the Government. As Antwerp seems determined to secure the exhibition in any case, it is proposed that it shall be divided between that city and Brussels. An electric railway is to connect the two, and a speed of seventy-five miles an hour is seriously talked of—so that the journey would only take about twenty minutes. M. Volders, the Socialist leader, has made the sarcastic suggestion that the Brussels section shall be devoted to the arts of peace, and that of Antwerp to those of war, with a naval display on the Scheldt.

The special session of the Swedish Riksdag which opened on Tuesday is likely to be a stormy one. The new Military Bill (increasing the time of the annual training and its expense) is not popular: the property qualification prevents the artisan classes from effectual protest; and the Liberals incline to make the extension of the franchise a condition of their acceptance of the scheme. Our Copenhagen correspondent writes:—"No doubt M. Boström may look for a severe and protracted parliamentary fight, and he will have to defend the Military Bill against a double attack, upon both the military and the financial aspects."

The same correspondent continues:—"The debate on the Budget in the Danish Folkething is progressing without throwing much definite light on the actual political situation. Herr Estrup, the Premier, seems hopeful of carrying his Budget, which he maintains is a most conciliatory one, and he has stated that if the Moderates, who are the masters of the situation, did not see their way to help the Government to a Budget in the course of the present session, he did not see much chance of 'returning to regular constitutional forms' during the present century. The Moderates have not disclosed their intentions, and it would be rash to venture a forecast at present. Of a resignation of the Ministry there is not the slightest question. In the meantime the Radicals are faring badly; their old chief, Herr Hörup, who lost his seat at the last general election, was also rejected the other day at the election of two Revisors of State."

The Prussian Chambers are summoned for November 9th. The Reichstag meets on November 22nd. The Military Bill was signed by the Emperor last Saturday, and is now before the Federal Council. It is said to be very short; and no particulars are likely to be published till just before the debate. Speculation and adverse criticism are as active as ever. Prince Bismarck's organs have spoken out against any disturbance of the present system of Imperial defence; and it is thought that the ex-Chancellor may lead the Liberal Opposition. The Catholic Centre are less inclined to support it than ever. It is stated on the best authority that the Chancellor has gone most carefully through the Bill, and will accept no material modification.

The manifesto of the Italian Ministry has been damned with faint praise by the Italian Press. Its authors are credited with good intentions, but hardly with the ability to carry them out. The absurd juggle with the pensions, to which we referred last week, and which a distinguished correspondent deals with elsewhere, comes in for comparatively little criticism. The proposed monopoly of petroleum, which even the Ministry only expects to add 15,000,000 francs annually to the revenue, is very coldly received. But though the papers are full of election news the struggle cannot be said to be interesting. It is estimated that about 350 of the 508 members will be re-elected, and that the new Parliament will be almost all Ministerialist. One well known and turbulent member, Signor Colajanni, a Socialist, will not stand again for want of means.

Travellers in Italy are warned that it is almost impossible to get small change. Municipal notes are talked of to supply the deficiency. Serious floods occurred last week in northern Italy and Liguria.

The trial of the manager and the consulting engineer of the Lake of Geneva steamers, with the engineer of the *Mont-Blanc*, the steamer whose boilers gave way off Ouchy in July last with fatal results, began on Monday at Lausanne. The facts revealed were very damaging to the manager, M. Rochat, who was also a large shareholder in the company, and had sacrificed efficiency to economy.

The work of the delegations at Buda-Pesth has been relieved from dullness this year by the vigorous opposition of M. Eym, the Young Czech delegate who forms a permanent minority of one. He has criticised severely the administration of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and demanded that those countries shall be granted a Provincial Assembly of their own. He has also violently attacked Austrian policy towards Russia, and drawn from Count Kalnoky the pacific assurances referred to above. This, at any rate, is a service.

But the Dual Monarchy has more serious troubles than M. Eym. The Ministerial crisis over the eternal Mixed Marriages question in Hungary is still acute: either Count Szapary or several of his colleagues, it is said, must resign; and a new explosion of nationalist feeling has been produced by an impending celebration at Buda-Pesth. On November 22nd a monument to the members of the Honved (the Hungarian National Guard) who fell in the attack of the city in 1848 is to be unveiled; and the Government has thought proper to arrange that the veterans of the Guard shall also deposit wreaths at the statue of the Austrian general, Hentzi, who conducted the defence. M. Eötvös, the publicist, declares that this is an insult to them; a debate has taken place, and Count Szapary has dryly replied that they can stay away if they object; while Kossuth is said to have expressed his surprise that General Hentzi's monument is still intact.

The new "taxes on education"—i.e., the institution of fees at the University of Athens—have cut down the number of students by one-half and involved M. Tricoupis in rather serious difficulties with them. The excavations at Delphi, directed by the French School of Archaeology at Athens, and long delayed by their artificial association with the conflicting interests of Greek and French viticulturists, have at last been begun.

Mr. James G. Blaine, following the example of Governor Hill, has spoken in favour of the candidature of his former rival for the Presidency, and has urged Irishmen to vote for Protection, and thereby injure England. The Democratic split in New York City seriously endangers Mr. Cleveland's prospects in that pivotal State.

Chili is said to be preparing to cede Arica and Mollendo to Bolivia, in case the *plébiscite* of the population to be held next year secures them to her. The object is to interpose neutral territory between herself and Peru, in view of a possible war of revenge by the latter.

Venezuela seems settling down into peace, though Barcelona in the east is still besieged. A "revolution" is announced in the province of Santiago del Estero (N.E. Argentina). The Governor and his Ministers are prisoners, and have appealed to the National Government for aid.

PROGRESSIVE BULGARIA.

THE late Viscount Strangford, who, born and bred at his father's embassy at Constantinople, was certainly one of the best judges of Eastern questions, long before the war of 1877 always maintained that the future of the Balkan peninsula depended upon the Bulgarians. He gave expression to that view in numerous articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, afterwards collected in the two volumes published by his wife, and history has proved that he was right. Even under the intelligent administration of Midhat Pasha the Tuna vilayet was the most prosperous of European Turkey, but his period of office was

unfortunately a short one, and subsequent misrule, fostered by the ill-advised immigration of Circassians, by which the Porte hoped to frighten the Mussulman element, destroyed much of what he had created, and led to the deplorable conflicts of 1876. It was, however, before these events that Russia had taken the Bulgarians under her special protection, and Ignatiev succeeded, in spite of the indignant protests of the Greek Patriarchate, in securing them ecclesiastical autonomy as a prelude to political emancipation. The latter was obtained by the war and the Treaty of San Stefano; but it was greatly abridged by the action of the Berlin Congress of 1878 in cutting asunder the homogeneous race into a vassal principality and the autonomous province of Eastern Roumelia. It was a very doubtful merit when Lord Beaconsfield, on his return, praised himself for having saved "that beautiful province" to the Sultan, for it was clear to every unbiassed observer that the two divided parts must of necessity strive for reunion. On the other hand, the Treaty of Berlin had the merit of fixing exactly the rights of the new principality; it was expressly stipulated that the Russian army was to leave it within nine months, and that the people should be entitled to choose their prince freely through the Sobranje, subject only to confirmation by the Porte and the great Powers. The Russians, of course, were confident of maintaining Bulgaria in their grasp notwithstanding these stipulations, and Prince Bismarck later on said that it was generally understood at Berlin that Russia should exercise a paramount influence at Sophia. But such understanding, even if it did exist, which is doubtful, is, as what lawyers call "evidence outside of the document," irrelevant. The Treaty, which alone is decisive, says not a word about it. Certainly the other Powers could not prevent the Bulgarians from being governed and commanded by Russians if they chose to be, and during the first years after the peace this was actually the case. Russia would never have consented to the election of Prince Alexander of Battenberg if she had not confidently hoped to find in him a docile tool. But the Russians overstrained the bow, maltreating the inhabitants and squeezing the country in a manner which made it forget that they had been the liberators. Under Alexander II., who, when his troops retired, congratulated the Bulgarians in an eloquent proclamation (April 11, 1879) on having recovered their independence and having established their nationality on a solid basis, the reigning Prince could still appeal to a friendly monarch for redress against the haughty conduct of his officers; but after the accession of Alexander III., who had a personal spite against the Prince, this resource failed altogether, and when this long-suffering ruler at last rebelled against his oppressors, and, supported by the Sobranje, affirmed his independence, his deposition was resolved upon. The first attempt failed, and, to the great vexation of the Russians, the deputies refused to accept their proposal for a reunion with Eastern Roumelia on condition that the Prince should be set aside, that union afterwards being carried spontaneously by the people. By the infamous plot of August 21, 1886, the Prince was kidnapped, and, although he returned in triumph, he lost his head and abdicated; but the Bulgarians showed themselves equal to the difficulties of the situation in which they were placed. General Kaulbars, who arrived to re-establish the authority of the Czar, had to retire in dismay, and when Prince Alexander's men refused to return they elected Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, who, although not officially acknowledged, has maintained himself very creditably; and all the plots and murders instigated by Russian agents, as the documents lately published in the *Svoboda* irrefutably prove, have been unable to shake the existing order of things.

Governed by men of exceptional ability such as Stambuloff, Grekow, Natchevitch, and others, the country, within this short period, has made astonish-

ing progress; it has proved what Lord Strangford always said, that it is inhabited by a steady, moral, laborious, and thrifty race. Even in France, where the Press generally treats—for Russia's sake—the Bulgarians as a set of ruffians, an impartial observer, Captain Lemondie, has acknowledged in the *Economiste Français* that a people which has achieved so much is sure to do still greater things. Bulgarian progress began at the lowest days of national existence. When the Russian liberators arrived they were astonished at the degree of prosperity enjoyed by their down-trodden Christian brethren, and wished that their Moujiks might share it; but the country was ruined by the war, by Circassians as well as Russians; agriculture was then in its most primitive state, now much of the country has been turned into corn land equal to the best parts of Roumania. From 50½ million francs the exports rose to 71 million in 1891, the imports from 64 to 81 millions, England's share being 16 and 17 million francs respectively, whilst Austria imports from Bulgaria 34 millions and sends only goods worth three millions; the Government favours the import of agricultural machines by admitting them free of duty and all other improvements, so that foreign visitors at the late exhibition of Philippopoli were astonished at the beautiful specimens of corn, rice, fruit, flour, honey, cheese, wine, preserves, drugs, etc., which they found there. The women are skilful in embroidery, with which they adorn the picturesque national costumes. Sofia and other cities—such as Varna, Silistria, Widin, Rustchuk—are rising from filthy villages into well-paved and lighted communities; last year's Budget provides 11 millions for public buildings. Bulgaria had been endowed by Midhat with good roads, but the present Government has largely extended them, so that there exist now about 3,200 kilometres; 1,352 kilometres of railway have been built, of which 507 belong to the State. The great international highway to Constantinople passes right through the country, and many new lines are in construction for facilitating commerce; whilst extensive works are in progress for improving the two principal ports of Burgas and Varna. The public credit is well organised and centres in the National Bank, whose business has risen from 225,000,000 francs in 1887 to 511,000,000 in 1891; the currency is gold for the foreign commerce, and silver for the internal traffic; there are few notes. The public income has risen from 47,000,000 francs in 1886 to 88,000,000 in 1892. The largest part, 43,700,000 francs, is derived from direct taxes, and only 16,000,000 francs come from excise and customs. The Budget is well balanced; the former deficits have disappeared, and the loans have been mainly applied to productive purposes. When Russia hoped to embarrass the Government by asking for the repayment of the cost of the occupation, the Finance Minister was able to answer "*Passez à la caisse*," and the whole sum was paid at once. Of the public expenses, the War Budget absorbs 24·7 per cent.; agriculture, commerce, and public buildings, 27·8 per cent.; seven millions are provided for schools. It is rather odd that a country in such a flourishing condition was obliged to borrow at first at 6 per cent., while Portugal, now bankrupt, could do so at 4½ per cent.; but this will evidently change, as the Bulgarian bonds are at 106. In fine, we have here the example of a fast rising country, and it is only to be wished that the interested enmity of its implacable foe may not succeed in checking this progress.

GEFFCKEN.

IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND.—I.

"IRELAND," says Professor Froude, in his "Life of Thomas Carlyle," "is an enchanted country. There is a land ready, as any land ever was, to answer to cultivation. There is a people ready to cultivate it, to thrive, and cover the surface of it with happy, prosperous homes, if ruled, like other

nations, by methods which suit their temperament. If the Anglo-Saxons had set about governing Ireland with the singleness of aim with which they govern India or build their own railways, a few seasons at any time would have seen the end of its misery and discontent. But the Anglo-Saxons have never approached Ireland in any such spirit. They have had the welfare of Ireland on their lips. In their hearts they have thought only of England's welfare, or of what in some narrow prejudice they deemed to be such, of England's religious interests, commercial interests, political interests." Thus far Professor Froude, in whom Irishmen are wont to recognise a biting, severe, and prejudiced critic of their ways and doings.

But, if he has written truly in the above striking paragraph, no better apology for Home Rule was ever framed. The old-world idea that one nation may go on holding another nation down by the throat indefinitely—thanks to some divine right of conquest, or mission from on high to subdue the heathen—is, at all events in Western Europe, no longer maintained. Our "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" is supposed to be free in the whole and in all its parts. The Government under which we live is self-government. Whatever else Democracy may mean, it certainly does mean no less than this. And with self-government we cannot conceive that Ireland would be sacrificed to the so-called "interests" of party, whether political, or religious, or even commercial, on this side of St. George's Channel. Ireland, left to herself, would see that she took no hurt, or would have to pay for her want of wisdom, and to learn by experience, as all races must learn, that we cannot play the fool with the nature of things. But the sham constitutionalism and real despotism which have combined to rule that unhappy country, from Westminster and Dublin Castle, have enjoyed a long tenure, with results which it would do Englishmen little harm to go and see for themselves on the spot. Whether they would come back Home Rulers may be uncertain. What is not in the least uncertain is that they would, if their eyes were at all open, perceive in every part of the island signs and assurances that Dublin Castle has had its day; that Protestant ascendancy was never anything but a stupid *decivilising* tyranny; that landlordism has been a dead failure; and that the revolution now going forward has reached a stage where it may be guided by skilful patriotic hands, but cannot possibly be turned back.

Yes, of course; but Englishmen, though always ready to govern Ireland, do not dream of crossing the sea to look at their handiwork. They explore Africa, but shrink from the County Mayo. The Rocky Mountains are better known to them than the Galtees; and there is a widespread notion that the Irish peasant amuses himself by lying in wait with a fowling-piece behind his stone hedges, to take aim at every unoffending tourist who scurries along the road on a jaunting-car. This of the most kindly and hospitable nation in Europe, who have a welcome for the merest stranger that comes to their door. The average Briton has within him a sort of ludicrous, insane picture of "the Irishman at Home," made up of reminiscences from Lever and Donnybrook Fair, with a melodramatic colouring supplied by Dion Boucicault, and tragedy borrowed from newspaper cuttings, or from answers heard at random during the Parnell Commission. Such things are not only, for the most part, caricatures; they are mischievous calumnies, and the true reason why English public opinion, so justly sensitive when the rights of the subject are threatened in London, allows with hardly a protest perpetual Coercion Acts to be inflicted on Tipperary. Neither the land nor the people are known to the English voter who, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, has shaped the destiny of Ireland since the Reform Bill. Thackeray, indeed, has dwelt on the beauties of Rosstrevor with unwonted enthusiasm;

and all the world has learnt by heart Tennyson's delightful echo-song of Killarney, "Blow, bugles, blow; set the wild echoes flying." But how few of the ten thousands that run and race about the globe have thought it worth their while to explore the charming April-land—played over alternately by storm and sunshine—which lies across the sixty-four miles of smooth or tumbling water between Holyhead and old Dunleary, now called Kingstown? Yet it is the same country of lakes and woods which suggested the magic landscapes of the "Faery Queen," and which to-day is as picturesque, and in many a place almost as desolate, as when Munster was "planted," and Ulster confiscated, three hundred years ago or thereabouts.

The Irish Sea can be silver-smooth when it pleases; and it is a fascinating view which moves into the foreground as one is entering Kingstown Harbour—the purple peaks of Wicklow standing up in dreamlike splendour when sunset lingers on them, and the white buildings along the coast conspicuous amid a greenery which betrays at once how constantly the showers freshen it. A little way inland, among the mountain-lawns and thick overhanging woods, is the drive which Professor Froude not untruly reckons as "one of the most beautiful in the world," passing by the Dargle and the Fall of Powerscourt, and round by the Glen of the Downs to Bray. And there, too, are Glendalough and Glencolumbkille—not the sentimental solitudes of Tom Moore's Anacreontic melodies, but places of everlasting remembrance, where, in Elizabeth's time, English gentlemen hunted the natives, and shot or hanged them—men, women, and children indiscriminately—for the day's sport. These things stand recorded in the histories by those who did them, and who were by no means ashamed of what they did, even when it came, as with the chivalrous Gilberts and Sir Peter Carews, to killing infants who had scarcely left their mothers' breasts. John Bull, now somewhat uneasy at the remembrance when thrust upon him, would fain take it all as read and proceed to the next business. Not so the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes and Eustaces, with whom agrees the whole Irish race scattered over the world; they have suffered what they do not intend to forget. Feelings of this kind, which excite a deal of scorn in the House of Commons, are, nevertheless, the fuel of determined politics and a power in themselves. They may be laughed at; but they must be reckoned with. The moment you land in Dublin you are conscious of their presence, and go where you will, from the Isle of Rathlin in the far North to Dingle and Smerwick in the West, and onward again to Vinegar Hill and Wexford, these memories dog your footsteps. Irish history, with its innumerable oppressions and villainous cruelties, is not merely written, but burnt, into the hearts of the tenacious and unconquerable race who "spring sobbing from the soil," though struck down never so often. It is a country full of ghosts which will not be laid so long as the old ascendancy continues. You cannot tear their traditions from the people. Tried, of course, the experiment has been, not once, but repeatedly—by the institution of the system of "Charter Schools," as in bolder ways, when it was imagined that by fines and famines, and confiscations, the Irish language and the Catholic religion could be stamped out together. The language is dying fast enough, but the religion has come more and more to the front; and Irishmen of all classes, except the landlord class, know pretty clearly why it is that they are laggards in the race of social progress.

These millions—"surplus millions," Disraeli called them, not without pity, when they were double their present numbers, and "surplus" they still have the air of being, in the eyes of "sound economics"—but these millions have learnt as by instinct the truth which Edmund Burke expressed just a hundred years ago in his "Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe," that the laws which Englishmen invented for Ireland ran

up into "a horrible and impious system of servitude." They know, as well as he did, that "their declared object was to reduce the Catholics of Ireland to a miserable populace, without property, without estimation, and without education;" that they "divided the nation into two distinct bodies, one of which was to possess *all* the franchises, *all* the property, *all* the education; the other was to be composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them." It is not wonderful if these disinherited and enslaved Gibeonites have long memories. But their memories have been quickened by present sufferings, and by the extraordinary arrogance which, even when it undertakes to do them a benefit, has ever done so with the worst imaginable grace. Is an Irishman a dog, they argue, that he should whine and be thankful when some bone, in the shape of a Relief Act or a Land Bill, has been disdainfully flung at him? Or is he such an idiot as not to reckon at its true value the creed of humanity and enlightenment, which cannot observe its own maxims of toleration in appointing—we do not say a magistrate or a town-clerk at Belfast—but even the master of a workhouse in a Galway district where the landlords and their families are the only Protestants?

So impossible is it, even in one's first view of the Wicklow Hills, to refrain from conjuring up the vision of the past to explain the present. If the Irish Question is insoluble, we must not believe that it is the Irish who have made it so. There has been an English garrison, or privileged colony, which in the last resort could always send for an English army to back them up. That fine set of men, the Irish Constabulary, are trained in feelings of active dislike, and even contempt, for the mass of their fellow-countrymen, which no self-respecting nation should tolerate. They are not mere soldiers, still less are they an inoffensive citizen police; they have the look of Janissaries, and remind one at every turn that the country is held under martial law. In Ireland you meet policemen and soldiers everywhere. There is no conscription, but you cannot help feeling that you have got away from the peaceful British home system into the Continental, as you move between Dublin and the South. You see barracks and workhouses at the entering in of every considerable town. At all the railway stations groups of police are standing about, troops are being drafted from one depôt to another; you scent the atmosphere of Mayence or Belfort, and wonder who is the enemy. The enemy? Look at him in those ragged and by no means cleanly garments, which tempt you to say that the population have put on all their old clothes in honour of your arrival. The enemy, whom these thousands of picked men stand ready to encounter, would be called, in other latitudes, the nation. For they amount, as we say, to millions, and include the farmers and farm-labourers, the bulk of the town artisans, shopkeepers occasionally, a good sprinkling of the middle-class, some landlords, and nine-tenths at least of the Catholic clergy. Very few among these are disloyal to the invisible royalty which abides at so great a distance from them; they insist on the advantages of the English connection, and laugh at the idea of becoming a separate independent power. Neither have they any ill-will towards their Protestant neighbours. That sort of bigotry is dead in Celtic Ireland. But still, it is for these that your double army of policemen and soldiers is kept up, and the state of siege maintained, year in year out, as in a country which is conquered but not subdued. Such is the *damnosa hereditas* taken over from Lord Salisbury and his friends by our new Democratic Government. In this shape the Irish Question has lasted on for a solid three centuries. The method of repression, one would think, has had sufficient trial. If it has failed, there must be something wrong in the method itself. Home Rule, which would admit that there is an Irish Nation, of which the majority are Celts and Catholics, and

leave the landlords, the clergy, and the people to settle their own affairs according to the best of their united judgment, would, at all events, have looked the facts in the face. A new and untried method, as its critics warningly tell us! But the mere sight of Ireland condemns the old. And, what is more, a Democracy which governs by a "state of siege," and merely in virtue of the sabre and the bludgeon, is no democracy at all, but a worse sham than its aristocratic predecessor. Home Rule and a Free Ireland are synonymous terms on the principles of democracy. It may be the worst of all possible Governments which, in one dialect, appeals for sanction to "the majority told by the head," and in another is "broad-based upon the people's will." That feeling it was, however, of a gross anomaly in the treatment of Ireland, not consistent with the Liberalism which is now the essence of the Constitution, that first impelled individuals, and has at length persuaded the bulk of the voters, to admit the Irish people, not only to the franchise, but to that predominant influence which the franchise intends to give to the majority. Every other attempt to settle Ireland has failed. But in England, since 1832, Democracy, growing stronger and more practised in policy, has not failed; it has simply prevented all our institutions from tumbling to pieces in a "general overturn." Why should we not try it in Cork and Dublin, even if the necessary consequence was that it must be tried in Belfast as well? Cut off the appeal to England, and the "colony" will cease to be a garrison, and will remember its old enthusiasm for a Free Ireland, its Volunteers of 1782, and its duties to the country in which it is planted.

B.

THE BELATED SPY.*

MAJOR HENRI LE CARON, otherwise Thomas Beach, has come into the world of literature too late. If he had published his "Recollections" immediately after his dramatic appearance in the witness-box before the Special Commission, there might have been a factitious interest in his revelations. The misfortune of his book now is that it tells us very little that we did not know; and the staleness of the narrative is not carried off by the air of martyrdom to the public interest which it suits this ornament of the Secret Service to assume. Everybody knows that it is necessary for the Government to employ men who do not scruple to take oaths which they scrupulously break, and to form friendships to which they are deliberately false. The Secret Service may be an indispensable adjunct of civilisation. So is the hangman's office. We are not, however, called upon to recognise the supreme patriotism of Jack Ketch, nor do we feel drawn towards the professional spy who proclaims his devotion to his country, and begs us to believe that systematic treachery is the white flower of a blameless life. In the language of the police-courts, it may be said that Major Le Caron appears to feel his position keenly. For many years he has played a double part, and he asks us to believe that he is not one whit ashamed. But the simple fact that he perceives the necessity of making an elaborate vindication of his office carries its own moral. The system of espionage may be valuable, but it is not lovable. There is a wholesome prejudice against Major Le Caron's craft, and he cannot be surprised if the world is somewhat sceptical as to the exalted motives which inspired him to betray the faith which he was pledged to serve. There is much in this volume about the corruption of Irish-American politicians. The author spares no expression of contempt for the self-seeking of men like Alexander Sullivan. He accuses Mr. Parnell of mercenary intrigue. The Irish people, he

* "Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service." By Henri Le Caron. London: William Heinemann.

says, knew not that Parnell's enthusiasm was "the enthusiasm of the dollar, or its equivalent in English coin when totted up to £40,000, and his only weapon the House of Commons lie." We say nothing of the gross ignorance which this passage reveals, for nobody will dream of looking to this quarter for political intelligence, even of the most elementary kind. But that a spy, the paid emissary of the Secret Service, the man who broke bread with comrades whom he was employed to betray, should give himself the airs of moral censorship is a little too ludicrous for serious consideration. This is the man who complains that the Secret Service is ill-paid. The system is not "properly financed." "A retainer of £20 a month, with a stray odd cheque for expenses thrown in," offends his patriotic soul. He has heard that the Secret Service is "repugnant to the British heart," and he thinks it is a sufficient retort that London is "the cesspool of Europe, the shelter of the worst ruffians of every country and clime." There is "no stinting of men or money" for the American Secret Service, though we have never heard that New York is a spotless mirror of virtue; but that Major Le Caron has been paid all that he is worth will, we believe, be evident to every reader of his book.

By far the most striking revelation in these "Recollections" is that the writer knows so little. Compare his account of the second Fenian raid on Canada with his account of the dynamite conspiracy. He knew all about John O'Neill, for the manifest reason that the Fenian organisation up to 1870 was a book that any simpleton might read. Major Le Caron was an organiser of the Fenian "invasion" of Canada in that year. The first "invasion" four years previously was patronised by Andrew Johnson, the one President of the United States who, in dishonesty and incapacity, ranks with most of the royal pedigrees of Europe. Neill's enterprise was sold by Le Caron to the Canadian Government. In any event, it was doomed to disaster; but the spy has the distinct credit of having brought about its final discomfiture. This is described with much detail, and the most interesting passage in this volume shows how narrowly the author escaped detection. But the dynamite conspiracy was a much more serious matter, and we fail to discover that Major Le Caron rendered the smallest service in the detection of Gallagher and his associates. In this part of the narrative he is content to be an interested bystander. He knew Gallagher in America, but he makes no claim to the distinction of having secured the arrest of the most dangerous of all the conspirators of that sinister period. The whole of the narrative might have been written by anybody with the aid of a newspaper file. We are told how the nitro-glycerine factory was established in Birmingham, and then follows this significant passage: "All the elaborate arrangements, however, were destined to come to naught; for, before any 'active' work could be done, thanks to the vigilance of the police in London and Birmingham, Gallagher and his associates were arrested, and the whole of the nitro-glycerine seized" (p. 241). But why was this affair left to the police of London and Birmingham? If Major Le Caron knew at the time all he now professes to have known, why was the Home Office not placed in possession of sufficient facts to forestall the vigilance of the police? He boasts that he has saved many lives. They are not the lives which were threatened by the dynamite conspiracy. They were not even the lives of Canadians, for nobody can believe that if the spy had never existed, the Fenian raid in 1870 would have been anything but a sorry farce. The gallant troops of O'Neill turned tail at the first shot. What, then, is the remarkable claim which Thomas Beach, *alias* Le Caron, has upon his countrymen, to whose service he says he devoted himself after serving in the Federal army through the American Civil War, at the close of which he was left without a career? We do not dispute his courage. He was associated with men who would

have "removed" him without a scruple had they known that he was selling their secrets to the British Government. He has much to say about the murder of Dr. Cronin, which he lays at the door of Alexander Sullivan. That crime, whoever was its author, admits of no condonation; but Major Le Caron will admit, we presume, that had he not escaped discovery and its penalty, his memory could not have made the appeal of unblemished innocence to the tribunal of civilisation. He carried his life in his hand, and his dexterity avoided the forfeit; but we take leave to disown any sympathy with his methods, and any admiration of his achievements. By his own admissions, he accomplished very little, and the political significance of his testimony has long been discounted. The rise of the constitutional organisation in Ireland is not prejudiced by Major Le Caron's opinion of statesmen whom he is unable to understand, or of the undisciplined forces in America which have been tamed by a policy on which his judgment is worthless. In estimating the services of a spy, we merely ask what he has done, and, tried by this test, Thomas Beach, *alias* Le Caron, is a very poor representative of a very unsavoury trade.

CORPUSCULA JURIS.

THEY make a solitude and call it a Long Vacation. As if there were not enough Sundays in the legal week all the year round, so they enforce an unholy Sabbatarianism from August to October; to say nothing about the administration of justice—first principles must take their chance where aristocratic traditions reign. That is the affair of a virtuous democracy (successfully disguised as "the public"). But there are impalpable impersonal interests at stake, the merest *nugae* of materialism (such as that of earning your living), which, alas! for our fallen nature, are all the more fascinating because every gentleman ought to be above them. Once upon a time a man wrote an article. This sentence occurred in it: "And now even lawyers aspire to earn their living in their vocation." What he meant was that in this *fin de siècle* of "Struggle-for-life" law had become a trade as well as a profession, an art as well as a science. But an inspired printer's devil turned it out "in their vacation"—the subtlest combination of *coquille* and epigram on record. Which is the truer, the truism or the parody? The moral of the wrong vacation seems to be that they run one another as hard for veracity as they did for typographical honours.

For the problem is to combine the maximum of anti-utilitarian methods with a modicum of latter-day common sense, and such a system demands a victim. From time to time the common herd claims this honour, but the junior barrister—especially in the incipient stages of the malady—knows better. He is or has a grievance.

Against whom? A French novelist said, *C'est les femmes qui perdent les femmes*; and even if we hold that dog won't eat dog, yet it may be true that dog will worry puppy—doubtless, through a venial forgetfulness of decades of what a puppy's feelings are. If the lions were painters, or the "juniorrest" Bar kept a diary, they might be expressed thus.

We will say nothing about the pecuniary perils of the approaches to the temple of justice—the antecedent education, the (triumphal?) entry, the dinners, the examinations (if forwarded by coach), or the (solemn) call—(remember how Traddles "wined" at the mention of "that hundred pounds" years after);—but why, when you have just chanted the mystic formula, "Imprimatur full-blown practitioner" do you treat us as if we were clients and exact an endless series of fees? Again, we say nothing about the hiring of chambers (of which, by the way, you have a monopoly), the deeply